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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

OCT., 1900

Our Oldest Treasures in Danger

The San Francisco Argonaut has been waging an admirable warfare in favor of the groves of giant redwoods, which are in danger of being destroyed by lumbermen. We quote as follows from its editorial comments:

To the sordid commercial instinct, the big trees of California appeal, not from their majesty, not from the impressive fact that they are sole survivors of a past age and cast afar their gracious shadows when Christ was on earth. They are, to the men who buy and sell, nothing but so much lumber. They are measured for the boards they contain, for the money they can be made to yield. They are being sacrificed to greed, and in a short time all the noblest among them will be put to the saw unless decided steps be taken to protect them. Some effort in this direction has been made, but so far it has been inadequate. The Mariposa group alone is safe, but it is not the most interesting. The other groves are being logged or are in danger. With every season the encroaching mill draws nearer.

During the recent session of Congress a committee was appointed at the suggestion of the Agricultural Department to prepare a report to be presented to Congress, and to set forth the peril of the big trees, as well as the measures to be taken to overcome it. Investigation was prolonged until after Congress had adjourned. Otherwise the report would almost surely have resulted in definite legislation. Meanwhile, the Calaveras grove, the finest of all, is threatened with extinction. It has passed into private ownership, and the owner has every legal right, as he seems to have full intention, of leveling it to the ground. That such a course would excite indignation and regret hardly needs saying. These trees constitute a feature of California, but they are one of the wonders of the world. Sequoia and General Grant parks are supposed to give protection to the trees within them, but each is being eaten into by a saw-mill, such a mill as has turned the verdant, watered slopes of the lower Sierras into arid and barren wastes. Both parks are fringed by private lumber claims aggre-

gating many hundreds of acres; and when these are being denuded, the line of demarcation is not apt to be sharply drawn. The groups in Tuolumne, Fresno andulare also are disappearing. The loss to scenic beauty, unless the vandalism be stopped, will be beyond estimate, and the loss to science something that if human ingenuity could replace would require five thousand years. It is a peculiarity of these mammoths of the vegetable kingdom that they do not reproduce themselves. In one grove there are young trees, but of no great promise.

As to the extent of big tree forests in the ages of which these hoary sentinels are sole survivors, nothing is known. However many miles they once may have covered, the glaciers exterminated all but the groups of the Sequoia, and left of the redwoods only a strip from the Oregon line to Monterey Bay. Outside of California there is none of either variety. Attempts have been made to guard these trees against fire and the ravages of flocks and herds, but scant efforts have been made to check destruction for purposes of trade. Vast areas have been turned remorselessly back to desert, blackened stumps and abandoned camps alone telling the story. Surely the time has come for this destruction to be kept within bounds. Unique among marvels, most ancient and most majestic of living growths, there are now left of the trees of notable size not more than 500, and the saw is ready for these. Save for accident or human design, they seem immortal. The tallest that has been felled, showing by rings its record of century after century, has been sound to the very heart. Those that lie prostrate have succumbed, not to weakness but to fire. Those that still stand erect, but lifeless, have been stripped of bark, an act as brutally iconoclastic as the tearing of golden images from the temple. Some have revealed the age of 3,600 years, and others still more gigantic are probably 5,000 years old. Trees that rise more than 300 feet, that nearly half that distance from the ground put out branches six feet in diameter, are not to be regarded as lumber without causing resentment in all who feel the appeal of beauty and grandeur. The famed "Father of the Forest" was 400 feet high, and had a cir-

cumference of 110 feet. There are others closely approaching this monster in magnitude, but so few that not a single one, in any of the groups, should be sacrificed. Commerce has taken its toll, vandalism had its day. Both should now be put on a common plane, and bidden to keep hands off.

China and Japan

There is nothing more doubtful or more interesting than the possible future history of the Chinese people. No two writers are agreed as to what it may be, and the Powers who have rather temporary possession seem to be in as great a dilemma as are the lay writers of the press in general. A writer in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia calls attention to the fact that China is to-day quite as progressive as Japan was forty or fifty years ago:

The first modern treaty with Japan was extorted about forty-five years ago, and literally at the cannon's mouth. At that time the feudal system prevailed, the great lords fought one another for amusement or spoils and frequently rose against the general government, which was as weak as that of China. The Emperor, like the nominal ruler of China, was an autocrat and "The Son of Heaven" at whom no ordinary mortal was allowed to look; like China's Emperor he was also a puppet in the hands of a real ruler and a court circle. The people were as ill-fed, ignorant and suspicious as the Chinese of to-day; neither their lives nor possessions were respected. They dressed in long gowns like the Chinese, wore their hair in a manner compared with which the Celestial's pigtail is a thing of beauty, regarded magic as an actual and transcendent power and believed all foreigners were "devils." The members of the first Japanese Embassy to the United States were in appearance as comical as any band of buffoons, and their manner was as conceited, stolid and suspicious as that of a lot of prairie Indians. For years after the treaty ports were opened there was intense hatred of the foreigner and his religion. Yet to-day Japan ranks with the civilized nations; the Emperor, who is his own master, dresses like an American gentleman, as do most of his subjects who can afford it; he has granted a constitution, of which his people are very proud and fond, the rights of rich and poor alike are protected by law, cruel punishments have been abolished, the foreigner's life is as safe as it would be in any civilized country, all religions are tolerated, some vices and bad customs supposed to be inherent are abating rapidly, all good customs of civilization are being accepted and most of the bad ones are being avoided. The changes, which were not effected without friction, began at the top among the great nobles, and the other classes followed their leader.

China's Future

The problem which European nations have to solve in China is not so much the immediate one of indemnities and securities against a repetition of the past, but it is the problem of what to do with a race of many millions which may become a menace to the civilized world in the future. The New York Evening Post says of this:

So long as there are foreign residents and foreign interests in China, every nation represented is bound to do its share towards insuring their protection, and the enjoyment of whatever rights are guaranteed by treaties. No civilized state can permit its citizens to be assaulted or killed, and their property looted or destroyed, either at the caprice of a mob or by the connivance of a foreign government, and wherever such indignities are perpetrated a suitable indemnity may rightfully be exacted. The attainment of these immediate results may prove difficult, and in any case calls for great discretion and self-restraint; but to do these things forthwith, and thoroughly, is the first duty.

Back of this immediate sentiment, however, and to a large degree determining its methods and its effectiveness, lies the vast, dark problem of the future of China. Long an impending issue, and a perpetual breeder of international bickering and distrust, the events of the last few weeks seem to be forcing matters swiftly to a crisis. It has been often pointed out that Europe cannot deal with China as with one of its own states. China, in the European sense of the terms, is neither a state, a nation, nor a government. It has geographical position, but no national unity. Essentially barbarous in its conception of life, its barbarism is streaked with many-colored light where the body of civilization has rested upon it. It is a country of vast population and various race elements, divided into numerous administrative districts, largely independent of each other, and subject to but doubtful control from the central government. Its territory is cut into in all directions by foreign concessions, and its most important revenues are mortgaged for the repayment of foreign loans. Its people, despite their boasted learning, are as a whole ignorant, superstitious, and fanatical, with a deep hatred of foreigners, and a contempt for the outside world which always goes with isolation and barbaric conceit. To deal with such a people, whether by force or by diplomacy, is a task of enormous difficulty. That a European army would, in the long run, get the better of never so large a force of Boxers and undisciplined levies, no one doubts; but even to do so much is not, of itself, to subjugate China. It is important to note that the rapid progress of events in China has been accompanied by a decrease of talk about the par-

tion of the empire. So long as China was granting "concessions," right and left, apparently with indifference as to what it might lead to, it was interesting to think how the territory might all be parcelled out, some day, among the various rival claimants, and administered, of course, always in the interest of civilization and progress. Yet the more partition is considered, and the consequences certain to follow from it seriously reckoned up, the less possible does such a solution of the problem appear. Whatever we may have thought of the Chinese heretofore, it is pretty clear now that they can be counted on to resist a dismemberment of their country to the bitter end, by force so long as that is possible, then by diplomacy and intrigue. Further, it is by no means certain, and, for that matter, never has been certain, that Europe itself really desires partition. The practical difficulties surrounding such a course would be endless. International disputes without number, interminable boundary controversies, increased armies and navies, not to speak of constant fear of the Chinese themselves, are part of the price. The events of the last six weeks, in short, far from commending partition as an easy way out of a grave situation, have made it seem rather a last desperate resort.

While this is undoubtedly true there are advocates still of the idea of a partition. Among them is the London Spectator, which in a "Forecast for China," believes that a partition of the Empire is the only solution of the trouble. This notion is commented upon by the New York Sun in the following paragraphs:

The Spectator maintains that the only mode of averting a repetition of the outrages perpetrated at Peking is to partition the coastwise provinces of China among the civilized Powers. It takes this position because it does "not believe that the Chinese Empire can be conquered as a whole or governed as a whole by Europe acting as a syndicate, whether the effort is made through an international council, or through a nominal Emperor who should be guided by a council of Ambassadors." That is true. Such a syndicate would not long hold together, and an Emperor known to be the mere mouthpiece of foreign Envoys would soon cease to exercise authority over his nominal subjects.

The Spectator is wrong in assuming that it has made an exhaustive enumeration of the courses that may be pursued after the capture of Peking. There are several other methods of dealing with China besides those which the Spectator designates, and any one of them is better than to carry further the process of partition, which has already had disastrous consequences by arousing the innate patriotism of the Chinese people. If we desire to

blot China, considered as a separate political entity, from the map of Asia, the most effectual mode of doing it would be to commission either Russia or Japan to conquer and annex the whole of the Middle Kingdom. That would be a drastic remedy, but the jealousy of other Powers will prevent its adoption. Neither Japan nor Great Britain would consent to see the mission conferred upon Russia, and all of the European Powers would witness with profound misgiving Japan's acquirement of a stupendous increase of strength. This solution is out of the question, but experience has shown that partition would be equally impracticable. Over and over again in her history, China has been dismembered; but the partition has never been permanent, although in more than one instance it has lasted for upward of a hundred years. Always in the end have the lopped-off provinces been recovered by that part of China which remained independent, and it must be remembered that the advocates of partition confine their designs to the coast and the northern frontier, and purpose to allow the vast interior of the Middle Kingdom to retain independence. If the history of three thousand years affords any criterion for a forecast of the future, the independent core would ultimately recover the peeled-off sections, unless the latter could be re-peopled with foreign emigrants, which is, of course, impossible. From this point of view, nothing would be more fatal than to base an opinion on the assumption that there is any analogy between China and India. From the Vedic age until the present hour the Indian Peninsula has been split up among alien races and hostile religions, and England manages to govern it to-day simply because she has learned how to balance the Hindoo against the Moslem. The Chinese people, on the other hand, since the time of the Wall Builder, the famous Chin Chi Hwangti, the Napoleon of China, and one of the greatest men that ever lived, have been a homogeneous nation that has always conquered its conquerors, and never has been lastingly dismembered. The wisest, as well as the cheapest, method of solving the Chinese problem would be, after exacting ample pecuniary reparation for the insults and injuries suffered, and insisting upon the condign punishment of all the guilty parties, no matter how high placed, to strengthen, the Progressive party in China by helping to place the supreme power in the hands of a Sovereign known to sympathize with their purposes. The Emperor Kwang-su himself and Prince Ching are proofs that it is not impossible to find such a ruler in the Manchu reigning family, and, even were it otherwise, an acceptable candidate could probably be discovered among the descendants of the Mings.

An Historic Parallel

The siege of the ministers in Peking has had two parallels in history in the sieges of Khartoum and Lucknow. The first of these occurred only a few years since, when Chinese Gordon and a few followers were immured in Khartoum and were besieged by the Mahdi and his followers; the second occurred forty-three years ago, when the Sepoys of India besieged some 1,700 men and women in the Residency of Lucknow. These events are briefly reviewed in an article in the *Kansas City Star*, from which we quote as follows:

Lucknow and Khartoum had, in common with Peking, a dramatic interest that could attach to no ordinary siege or battle. Capture meant death, if not outrage and torture. Long before Havelock's little army had cut its way through the mutineers to Lucknow England knew the details of the massacre of the 200 women and children who were thrown into the well at Cawnpore. It was well understood that a similar fate would be that of the defenders of the Residency should the Sepoys succeed in storming its walls. The British people were crying passionately for vengeance; many urged that the captured mutineers be burned alive or flayed; a speedy death was too easy for the murderers of Delhi and Lucknow. And during this suspense Havelock was crawling painfully along the weary fifty miles from Cawnpore to Lucknow—a journey that occupied him more than two months. The Sepoy mutiny broke out in the spring of 1857. It reached the province of Oudh, in North Central India, about the end of May. Sir Henry Lawrence, the Governor, had time to move all the foreign inhabitants of the capital to the British Residency, which he fortified and provisioned. The siege began the first day of July. On the second Sir Henry was mortally wounded by a shell and died two days later. Meanwhile Cawnpore's 500 Europeans had made terms with the Nana Sahib, in command of the rebels, and had capitulated only to be shot down by their treacherous captors. The women and children, about 200 in number, were kept imprisoned for several days until Sir Henry Havelock, who had left Allahabad early in July with a force of 1,000 men, was within a day's march of the city. Then the Nana sent five men with swords into the prison. While they were going through it incessant shrieking was heard; when they came out the building was quiet. The next morning the bodies of the dead and dying were tumbled together into a well. Meanwhile the besieged at Lucknow waited anxiously for the relief, so near at hand yet so far away, and the civilized world held its breath lest news should come that the 10,000 desperate Sepoys had forced their way into the Residency and made it a second Cawn-

pore. It was not until September 25 that the relieving force cut its way into the city. But the mutineers closed in behind it and the garrison was not finally relieved till the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell November 17, with an army of 5,000 men.

While the suspense attending the siege of Gordon in Khartoum was great, it was not so intense as that during the India mutiny or the Boxers riots. The fate of no women and children was involved. But the prominence of Gordon, his popularity and the procrastination of the Gladstone Government in sending troops for his relief, combined to give interest to the situation. The British general went to Khartoum as the Governor of the Soudan in February, 1885. A month later the city was threatened by the attacks of the rebellious Mahdi, but the British Government still took no action. In April Gordon sent a message asking whether an appeal to the millionaires of England and America for a million dollars to send an expedition to the relief of the city would avail. Finally, late in May, Lord Wolseley was designated to command an expedition of 10,000 men to go to Gordon's relief. The force did not get off till August. It advanced with harrowing slowness, and by the middle of October was 450 miles from Khartoum. The thousands of the Mahdi were pressing hard, meanwhile, on the little Egyptian force of 2,500 men, who remained faithful to Gordon. Early in January an advance guard was sent out from Wolseley's column. It reached Khartoum by boat on January 28. Two days before the Arabs had gained an entrance to the city by treachery and had stabbed Gordon to death as he was leaving the palace to rally his men.

William Steinitz

The recent death of William Steinitz, in the insane asylum near New York, closed the career of a man who held the chess championship of the world for a period of not less than twenty-eight years. The *Brooklyn Eagle* gives this account of his life and interesting career:

Steinitz was a Bohemian by birth and in his boyhood easily attained to premiership among the chess players in his native City of Prague. In 1862, when he went to England, after some tournament experience at Vienna and elsewhere, he took with him a reputation established in fair field against players of more than local standing, but he had yet to meet the men who were the recognized masters of the game. Paul Morphy, for whom Steinitz never displayed any remarkable appreciation, had retired from the international arena. Howard Staunton, too, was no longer in the field, but Anderssen and Paulsen were still active in chess circles, and there were other antagonists worthy of the Bohe-

mian's steel. Blackburne and Tschigorin, Zuckertort, Paulsen, Bird, the erratic, and Gunsberg and others of lesser note fell victims to the newcomer whose brilliancy was equaled by his steadiness in the crisis of a game and by a wonderful fertility of resource which so frequently impelled him to discard conventionalities and to challenge success by daring and novel play. That he should have won his way to a pedestal theretofore but seldom occupied was the natural result of the combination of rare talent, indefatigable perseverance and superb self-confidence; when he fell from that pedestal he merely gave way to a younger man who had profited by the lessons of Steinitz's career and who had brought to the encounter an originality of style fresher than that of his opponent and a nerve which was unshaken by the reputation of the man he sought to mar. It was Dares and Entellus over again, with a reversed result. The older man was beaten by a score accepted as decisive by every one but himself. This was in 1894. Since then Steinitz competed in numerous tournaments, usually with fair success and in 1897 he was once again pitted against his conqueror, Lasker, in a match of ten games up, played at Moscow. Again Lasker won by a margin more decisive than before and when the strain of the contest was over Steinitz was obliged to remain for a time in an insane asylum. Although well enough after his release to play in one or two notable contests he never fully recovered his mental balance, and his vagaries during the last few months preceding his death have given excuse for sensational statements and ridiculous comments by newspapers which neither understood nor appreciated the relation of temperament to insanity.

Women and the Census

The last census shows that some 3,900,000 women of the country were wage earners against 18,800,000 men. It is predicted that the proportion of women workers will be greatly increased in the next census, since there has been a very noticeable growth in businesses where women can replace men. It would be interesting to know to what this departure from the traditional place held by women at the fireside is to be attributed. A writer in the New Orleans Picayune believes that the idea that woman seek independence is a wrong assumption, that while there always have been some women who were impatient of restraint, this cannot account for the wholesale abandonment of a social position for which woman has been fitted by nature, and which she has held since the beginning of things without complaint. We reprint as an interesting contribution to the subject the ideas which follow out of the Picayune article:

It has well been asked: Why this remarkable

change in social conditions—what is the cause of it? What is this vast increase in woman's labor but the finger pointing at the decay of chivalry in men? What does it tell but the sad tale of woman's suffering impelling her to seek the means of self-defense? Does it not show the devitalization of manhood, the failure of the manly spirit, a terrible default on the part of what has heretofore been held as the stronger sex? It is something which has never existed in any other age or period of the world's history.

Among savage tribes, women are the slaves who do all the drudgery, but they still have the protection of the men. Every woman in such a state of life belongs to some man, whether he maintains a monogamic institution or a harem. It is much the same with the barbarous nations. There are no women cut adrift to shift for themselves. In Greece and Rome, and in Europe during the later ages, women were all under the protection of men. In the two ancient nations there were female slaves who performed domestic service. In the Middle Ages the spirit and order of chivalry grew up with the object to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the sex. To-day women's rights and safety are protected by elaborate systems of law; but the law does not provide for their subsistence. Never was there a time when the law placed so many safeguards around women or gave them so much liberty as at present; but it is because the law, recognizing the default of their natural protectors, finds it necessary to assist them with such independence as will enable them to take care of themselves.

The failure of manhood, which has driven the women to help themselves, is due to many causes, but probably most to the effects of spirituous liquors and narcotic drugs. Alcoholic beverages have only come into common use in the last 300 years. Opium, although known to the Orientals from time immemorial, has only become the means of individual intemperate indulgence in Western Europe and America in very recent times, while the other numerous narcotic, anæsthetic and nerve-destroying agents invented by modern chemistry have been known only for a few generations. Tobacco, which was discovered with America, is now used over the world to soothe and calm nervous excitement. The effect of these powerful agents through centuries in some cases, and for generations in others, has been vastly greater than has been even imagined. In this way the nervous systems of great numbers of persons have become disordered to a degree frightful to contemplate. Many astonishing crimes and inexplicable mental and bodily disorders have resulted; but, worst of all, is the breaking down of the energy and moral force of a great body of the population, chiefly

men, for they are the worst abusers of those powerful drugs.

It is this influence that has created such enormous numbers of tramps, loafers, hoodlums and other worthless males whose peculiar characteristic is that they will not work and are determined to live on others. These classes of criminals, which are constantly increasing in numbers, are the real causes that are driving so many women to seek gainful and useful employment. These are the creatures that pretend to be seeking work and never find it, or, if they ever accept the employment offered them, will only work for brief periods to gain the means of some personal indulgence. They swell the ranks of the criminals, but they are only capable of the most dastardly acts. Of course, there are men enfeebled by age or helpless from injuries received in the line of duty, whether in war or peace, who are, therefore, unable to support themselves and their families; but the greatest number of the males who do not support themselves, much less their families, are loafers, hoodlums, tramps, who are so from choice and deliberate intention. The causes which have chiefly contributed to produce these idle criminals are constantly operating with increased force, and their numbers will rapidly multiply, so that the women will be driven more than ever to go out into the world to labor for their own support and for the maintenance of these armies of idle criminals who are their fathers, brothers, husbands, sons and such other relatives. The greatest difficulty with which the socialists will have to contend, when all the wealth and resources of the country shall be held and operated for the benefit of the whole people, will be how to dispose of the armies of criminals and non-producers. They will either have to be supported or killed as cumberers of the earth and foes of the human race. In the present system of society and law there is neither any remedy for the evil nor any punishment for the criminals who are the fruits of it.

Abandoned Homes

Every three years the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture sends out a bulletin of the abandoned farms of the State, showing the situation and other details about the land considered unremunerative by the owners who have left it. The last catalogue was brought out in 1897. The present bulletin gives some indication of the history of these farms, showing that many of them have been bought since the last catalogue was printed, and with one or two exceptions the new owners have been satisfied with their purchase. The Boston Transcript referring to the subject says:

This method of bringing the existence of disused land to public notice prevails in several other New

England States. Rhode Island has recently adopted it, and it is discovered that in even that little Commonwealth there are 349 untitled farms. These have not in all instances been deserted because of non-production, but through the breaking up of families, the fascinations of city life for the younger generation, and so forth. These farms will average about eighty-seven acres in extent, and the average cost is \$900, though some are as low as \$300. This suggests a recurrence to the experience of Mr. Van Wyck, a market gardener of Long Island, who sold out there two or three years ago and purchased an abandoned farm at Paxton, six or seven miles from Worcester. About eighty-five acres were included in this purchase, or a tract equal to the average of deserted farms in Rhode Island. We some time ago published a statement of the very successful results of his operations in connection with his new venture, 7,500 bushels of potatoes in a single season, 25,000 cucumbers from one acre, and cabbages, tomatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, beets and cauliflower by the hundreds of barrels. There was nothing extraordinary about this land. In fact, it had been regarded by a former owner as practically worthless and almost a burden. But Mr. Van Wyck applied knowledge to the neglected soil and it rewarded him many hundred fold. "The land is not run out," is his comment. "It is the young people who have run away. The science of tilling the soil is forgotten as men get further away from nature, and as gardening decreases the farms must be left.

The Providence Journal, commenting upon the situation in that State, says that "the man with the hoe is a type that becomes merely the man with the pick or the shovel in the city. Even abandoned farms must seem like a dreamland to the children of the tenements." The redemptive requirements that are needed to restore the soil to its ancient dignity are knowledge, industry and progress. The man of wealth may farm for the enjoyment of it with small regard for his profit or loss account; but the problem must be treated from the side of farming as a business. The knowledge necessary to make agriculture profitable ought to be more abundant than it ever was before. Every State has its agricultural college and there are in addition many schools of horticulture, floriculture and forestry. We ought to be getting the benefit of this knowledge more than we are. We see sporadic evidences of it, but it is not building up the waste places as much as we should like to see. We do not expect to see those trained to skilled husbandry sacrifice themselves for the redemption of the soil, but it seems to us like an inviting field of effort, and one in which both reputation and fortune might be won.

Burying a Coolie*

Chinese coolies live in parties of ten, twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred, or even more, in a large and lofty shed, the roofs and walls of which are made of palm leaves. The floor is of earth, there is no ceiling and, usually, no windows. There are door spaces, but no doors to close them. Sometimes the eaves come down rather low, and there are no walls at all. The roof is supported on posts, and the ground within the shed is covered by very rough, wooden bed-plates, made to carry a mat. Over each of these a thick mosquito curtain hangs, night and day, by strings from the roof. A Chinese pillow and blanket constitute the other trappings of this primitive bed.

When a coolie dies, the processes of laying out, of conveyance to the burial ground, and planting in the earth are simplicity itself. Some one sleeping near becomes alive to the fact that his neighbor is dead. The headman of the shed is informed, and perhaps he looks at the corpse. Then word is sent to the burial contractor (where matters are arranged on that footing), and he despatches three or five men to dispose of the corpse.

The strings of the mosquito-net are cut, and the curtain falls on the body. Then the mat is folded over it, from one side and the other, the ends are turned over, the whole is tied with a cord, and the parcel is ready for removal. If the burial party consists of five men, the shoulders or head of the corpse are slung to one carry stick, the feet to another. The bearers walk two to each stick, and literally run away with their burden; the fifth man jogging on in front with a lighted cholok, a slender stick of incense.

Some years ago an English company held a concession to work galena in one of the States under Siamese influence. As usually happens, when forest is first cleared in order to start some new enterprise, the galena mines were not over healthy, and a good many of the coolies died. So the manager contracted with a party of Hokkien Chinese to bury every dead Chinese coolie, at the uniform rate of two and a half dollars (then about seven shillings and sixpence) "per tail." The galena mine was situated in rather low, marshy land. The Chinese burial-ground was on a neighboring hill, reached by a wide cart track passing through rocky ground, clear of jungle. Along this road, one day, a contract burial party was carrying the body of one of the company's laborers. It was about 2 p. m., and the morning

had been excessively hot with that heat which tells so clearly of an atmosphere charged with electricity. As the party came in sight, the air was stifling, and not a leaf stirred. Half the sky was as molten brass, while the other half was covered by a gigantic black rain cloud, which had appeared within the last half hour. Suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning, and a simultaneous clatter of deafening thunder, followed, almost immediately, by a few enormous splashes of rain. The burial party staggered for a moment, but held on, rather increasing its pace. The sunlight vanished and a blast of wind suddenly rushed down the road, tearing the leaves from the trees, and whirling a cloud of dust before it. Another flash of lightning, which seemed to strike the earth at their feet, another deafening peal of thunder, and then a deluge of rain—a kind of waterspout which hissed over the road, and beat on the sand and gravel till they jumped several inches from the ground. That was too much for the burial party, in their exceedingly light clothing; so, without ceremony, they dropped their burden in the middle of the road and rushed to the shelter of an overhanging rock, which stood a few yards away on their left.

Whilst the bearers sit, smoking and chattering under the rock, the storm wastes its fury on the hillside. For ten minutes the sheet of rain is rent by successive flashes of lightning that blind the eyes, and the dazzling electric fluid plays, close around the corpse, in vivid blue streams and forks of fire, intensifying the gloom of those short intervals made dark by the ceaseless downpour of floods of water, which seem to be thrown viciously to scourge the earth. The roar and rattle of thunder is almost ceaseless; while the lightning is so close that its peculiar crackling sound is, every now and then, distinctly heard. The road is a river. The water beats angrily against the dead man's head, divides into two streams, which swirl round his sides, and, uniting below the obstruction, dash down the road, tearing it into great holes, and—sweeping gravel, pebbles and fair-sized boulders in their headlong course—rush down the hill to swell a neighboring torrent.

Gradually the fury of the elements abates; there are longer intervals between the flashes of lightning; the thunder is deeper, has more volume, and rolls into a re-echoing distance. The violence of the rain decreases, it no longer whips the ground, and, as the thick downpour diminishes, the curtain of darkness rises somewhat, and gusts of wind

*Reading from the Real Malay. By Sir Frederick Athelstane Swettenham, K.C.M.G. John Lane. \$1.50.

blow wisps of water in every direction. A glint of sunshine strikes across the hill, but disappears, as fast-driven clouds again shut out the light. One of these inky blacknesses, from which occasionally darts a zigzag of blue flame, is moving away down wind, and, in the now wider intervals between the grumbling of the thunder can be heard the hiss of the retreating rain storm.

All this time—perhaps half-an-hour or less—the dead man has lain where he was dropped, in the middle of the road. There he is now, but something extraordinary has happened to him, for, when the coolies threw him down, in their haste to get to shelter, his body lay straight and stiff enough, rolled in its simple shroud of mosquito curtain, with the thin grass mat for all its coffin. The bundle has not only been exposed to the full violence of the storm, but, for a considerable time, it lay in a river of pitilessly cold rain-water. The corpse is in the same place still; by some miracle, instead of lying out stark and straight, it seems to be sitting up. For the half toward the hill, that is the upper half of the body, is now at right angles to the lower half, this attitude having been gained after many ineffectual wriggles in the mud of the still streaming road.

That black cloud is disappearing over a distant jungle and the sun is again flooding forest and hillside, rock and road, with an intense and blinding glory; turning the scattered rearguard of the rainstorm into a shower of golden dewdrops. The road literally blazes with light, in the surrounding green, and, drawn by the sun's heat, a cloud of steam is already rising from it. The wreaths of vapor are caught by a faint breeze, and, as they sweep across the road, are wafted lightly round that half-bent mat, and absorbed into the shimmering atmosphere.

The members of the burial party, having consumed a large number of straw cigarettes, loaded with infinitesimal quantities of Chinese tobacco having abused their masters, complained of the insufficiency of their wages, and detailed their more recent escapades, come forth from the rock with the carrying sticks, to seek their burden, complete their task, and earn the two and a half dollars, of which very little more than half will fall to their share. As the first man comes up, and realizes that the corpse has taken upon itself to assume an entirely new attitude, he is for a moment speechless with astonishment. Only for a moment, however; the bare idea of a dead man, half-way to the burial ground, sitting up, and as it were coming to life again, after one has taken the trouble to set him so far on his way, is a liberty not to be put up with for a moment. Coolie number one exclaims: "Ah! you miserable

son of a misguided mother! you would, would you—take that!" Suiting the action to the word, he swings the heavy carrying stick through the air, and brings it down, with a resounding thud, on the erect portion of the mat. Something like a groan comes from the inside of the bundle, and the thing sways over. To help it along, coolie number two gives it another double-handed blow, screaming at the top of his voice: "You would give us all that trouble for nothing, would you, you accursed wretch; may pigs uproot your unconfined body, and wild dogs worry your bones."

The half of the bundle that was upright is now on the ground, and, while all the members of the party strain their vocabularies to find suitable terms of abuse for so thoroughly abandoned a scoundrel as this Cantonese-come-to-life, the sticks are kept plying on the mat, and change hands several times in the operation, in order that every one may have an opportunity of showing his contempt for a thing that would play such a scurvy trick on a party of honest workmen.

The mat seems to give a convulsive wriggle or two, but before the blows of the carrying sticks cease, the bundle has, for all practical purposes, resumed the shape and position it had before the thunderstorm worked its most inconvenient miracle. When the coffin is once more slung, and the burial party is ready to start afresh, the only real difference is that there is a wet, red stain on the under side of that end of the bundle which contains the head of the corpse.

The odd man lights an incense taper and takes his place at the head of the party; the bearers settle their sticks comfortably on their shoulders, and, an instant later, the five men are swinging along the road with that peculiar jog-trot invariably adopted by Chinese carrying a heavy load with a stick.

After the storm everything seems intensified. The sun shines with superb brilliancy, the sky is radiantly blue, the clouds are marvelously white. The greens of the forest are deeper and of the grass more intensely emerald; the shadows of rock and tree are sharper, the songs of the birds clearer, the crickets scream more shrilly in the grass, the croak of the frogs is hoarser than an hour ago. Nature smiles, and the hearts of the burial party are glad—not because they are in sympathy with nature, but because the burial-ground is in sight, and they have almost earned their reward. If the road is stained, at uncertain intervals, by crimson blood-clots that sometimes dye the feet of the bearers, the fact does not interfere with the certainty that the galena mining company will pay two dollars and a half for the contract burial.

Hypnosis*

Hypnotism in proper hands may be applied successfully in restoring degenerates and reforming the criminal classes. Addiction to drugs and stimulants, immoral impulses, habits of lying and stealing, dangerous delusions and dominant ideas, suicidal and homicidal mania, erratic and unmanageable dispositions in children, lack of reverence for superiors, and general incorrigibility—are curable by hypnotic suggestion. I have no hesitation in adding to this list the passion for gambling in adults, and the gambling mania so marked among American school-boys.

Hypnotic suggestion is adapted to the treatment of acute amnesia or loss of memory, of melancholia, monomania, unballasted wits, and mild forms of insanity in their incipency, where the attention of the patient can be fixed and his mind controlled so that it ceases to wander from image to image and from thought to thought—an indispensable condition of success in all cases.

Stammering, stuttering and similar speech defects, are amenable to hypnotic treatment.

High purpose and noble endeavor may be substituted in character for carnal propensities and sordid aims, worthy ideals for bestial standards, intellectual brilliance and living interest for obtuseness and indifference. Habits of thought concentration may be made to take the place of habits of rambling, ability to use grammatical English for uncertainty in syntax, a taste that approves elegance for an inclination to slang.

Children, as a rule, are more impressionable than adults, and the fulfilment of suggestions given to them is more pronounced and more permanent. Here the result of suggestion amounts practically to regeneration, moral perversity not having become fixed by the indulgence of years.

A very important condition of success is the desire of the subject to be cured, or at least his acquiescence in the treatment. I have a private patient who began by stimulating with liquid peptonoids and ended with whisky, whom I endeavored to hypnotize without her knowledge and against her will—a procedure I have never attempted except in this one case, and heartily disapprove of. I yielded to the mother's entreaties and the attending physician's policy, and made the patient believe I was applying tests to her ocular muscles. Her objective opposition was broken down, and she passed into the first stage

of hypnosis—when suddenly it dawned upon her what I was attempting. She cried out, "I believe you are trying to mesmerize me," sat up, and the spell was broken.

While acquiescence in the treatment is essential, will-power has nothing to do with hypnotic suggestion, neither the will-power of the operator nor that of the subject. Paralysis of the will, which is the "bête noire" of the popular mind, is inconceivable. The mesmerizee is inspired or empowered, as the case may be, and works out his own salvation in his own objective life without conscious effort of any kind—or, if the blacklisted thoughts or feelings should fugitively recur, it costs him no struggle to banish them. Above all, he is in no degree subject to another will. His superior self or personality is put in command; and he is then normal, happy, energetic, buoyant, without wishing or willing to be so. He simply cannot help it. And yet he is conscious of an uplift, sensible of a new control of himself, by himself, for himself—and glories in it. If skilfully dealt with, he is not converted into a mere automaton.

The thoughts, feelings, aspirations and moral status of the hypnotist are communicated most vividly and accurately to the subject, whose mind becomes mysteriously tuned in unison with that of the operator. And herein lies the true danger of hypnotism—the injury potential to the mesmerizee. I have been startled by hearing patients tell me days after hypnotization of feelings and incentives to action of which I had said nothing, but which I knew to be in the background of my consciousness at the time of treatment. An actress whom I was inspiring with confidence and preparing for her part, assured me on one occasion that she had experienced a remarkable change in her disposition and her attitude as regards the purity of the stage. She could not think of engaging to a manager whose plays were not above suspicion, and her newly adopted ideals were so exactly in conformity with my own that there could be no question regarding their source. The danger of exposure to moral soiling on the part of a sensitive woman in the hands of a coarse and unprincipled hypnotist needs no paragraph of warning. Of a young man whom I was treating for moral defect, and to whom I had said nothing objectively or subjectively of my ardent love for nature and her wild life, his mother writes: "P. has never been a lover of nature, but now he is deeply interested in trees, birds, flowers, etc. This

*Reading from *Hypnotism for Mental and Moral Culture*. By J. D. Quackenbos. Harpers. \$1.25.

to me is simply wonderful, as it proves how sensitive he is becoming to your influence, and that your thoughts are in a degree his thoughts." The time has indeed come, as Maeterlinck predicted it would, when souls may know of each other without the intermediary of the senses.

Another essential is robust health, cheerful spirits, and freedom from agitation on the part of the operator. Anxious surmises, disturbing suspicions, preoccupation, the reception of unpleasant letters, seriously interfere with hypnotic influence. The most favorable mood has been described as a "wise passiveness." Undivided attention must be given to the work, especially at the first séance. After that less force is, as a rule, required. Hypnotic power remits with remission of attention. Patients are conscious of relaxation and reconcentration in an exhausted operator. One woman described my influence as having a perceptible "ebb and flow." The hypnotic force of an individual is strengthened by regular exercise and weakened by excessive application. The treatment in one day of more than three or four cases is unfair both to the suggestionist and to his patients.

Studied gentleness tempered with firmness is a "sine qua non." Shouting, coarse-voiced, unsympathetic hypnotists have their labor for their pains. All harshness, severity, or brutality, either on the part of the operator, or of friends and relatives before or after the hypnotizing, interferes with success. The treatment must be of the "suaviter in modo fortiter in re" nature—persuasive rather than peremptory, constructive as well as destructive. And in proportion as the suggestions are concrete and incisive, the effect sought will be secured. Under certain circumstances persons can be brought forcibly into rapport—a refractory child by an introductory reprimand, or, if need be, thrashing; a hardened criminal, objectively antagonistic, by a staggering hypodermic of morphia. Hypnotism might play a great part in the tracing of crime. No man should be convicted on confession wrung from him under hypnotic influence; but if he could be forced to confess facts that would serve as clues and make possible the absolute proving of guilt, the practice would be valuable. Any man thus incriminating himself should have the benefit of State's evidence, on the theory of a duplex personality.

Too much should not be attempted at one treatment. Better results are obtained by confining the suggestions to a single main thought. Success usually attends not more than one of every two or three cardinal suggestions simultaneously made. Hence if a cluster of delusions holds sway in the objective consciousness, we should deal

with one at a time, beginning with the most dangerous and disposing of that at once. Suicidal thoughts demand immediate attention.

Hypnosis may be absolute, the suggestions may be selected with the greatest judgment and made with persuasive emphasis, the patient may be controllable during the sleep, and yet post-hypnotic fulfilment may be actually nil. I have treated such a case. It was one of extreme neurasthenic insanity; and I reached the conclusion, after many days of study, that there was not sufficient lecithin in the brain cells to retain an impression for any length of time, but that there was just enough to be directly impressed by my personal presence. Hence I fed the cells with phospho-glycerate of lime, in order to increase the receptivity and the retentiveness of the mind that was operating through starved and inadequate organs. Six months after the treatment the patient was restored to perfect brain health and happiness. As the brain cells became filled with the natural phosphorus-bearing substance, the suggestions given weeks before began to take effect, and all delusions vanished.

Frequent repetition of the hypnotic procedure increases the susceptibility of the subject. Whereas hypnotization often repeated as a strengthening and educating influence, with a view to inducing a healthy mental habit, is absolutely innocuous, the continual use of a hypnotized person for exhibition or other unworthy and useless purposes may eventually lead to physical exhaustion, weakening of the mental powers, hysteria, and even insanity. Hence the wisdom of restricting hypnotic treatment to those who thoroughly understand its dangers and are possessed of sufficient principle to use it conscientiously.

Finally, the value of hypnotic suggestion from the educational standpoint cannot be overestimated. Not only may dull minds be polished, unbalanced minds adjusted, gifted minds empowered to develop their talents, but the educating mind of the school-child may tread that royal road to learning which ancient philosophers sought for in vain; the matured mind of the scholar may be clothed with perceptive faculty, with keenest insight, tireless capacity for application, unerring taste; and the imaginative mind of painter, poet, musician, discoverer, may be crowned with creative efficiency in the line of ideals that are high and true. The lesson of hypnotism here is a lesson of man's susceptibility to limitless progression. Judicious suggestion secures the output of faculties inherent in his nature; and the state of hypnosis would seem to prove that we have within us an immaterial principle entirely independent of sense organs and sense acquisitions.

The Greatest Conflagration in History*

BY JUDGE LEO CHARLES DESSAR

[Cahina, the last Queen of the Berbers, lived in the latter half of the seventh century and united all of North Africa west of Egypt into one great and powerful nation. She was beautiful, learned in the lore of the ancients, brave in battle, wise as a ruler, yet withal tender and womanly. She was called "The Sorceress Queen," and by her occult power held a wondrous sway over her people. Her army had just won a great victory over the Moslem hordes that threatened to overrun her country, but after the battle Hassan, the leader of the enemy, escaped. To the mind of the Queen this portended future disaster, so she invited all the generals and great men of her empire to a royal feast, where she told them of the inspiration that had come to her to save the nation from the hands of the invaders.]

Cornelius received from the Queen a message, in which she regretted she would be unable to receive him that evening. It was accompanied by a Royal command to him to summon all her ministers, the chief dignitaries, the commanders of the army, and the nobility to attend a Royal feast on the third night following, in the Roman banquet-hall of the palace, to celebrate the victory over the Mohammedan army.

This beautiful room had been constructed by order of the great general, Belisarius, while he was Governor of Africa, in imitation of the luxurious banqueting halls of Rome. Cahina had never used it, as she greatly disliked the Roman fashion of reclining on couches while eating. But, for many days preparations had been going on under the Queen's directions, to make the hall ready for the most superb feast the country could possibly make.

On the appointed night the Belisarius Room was thrown open for the first time, for the purpose for which it had been originally intended. Great was the astonishment of the leading men of the kingdom when they received the summons through Cornelius. Their wonder grew until the very hour for assembling in the hall. They marveled at the splendors before them—the tessellated black-and-red pavement, the gilded walls, the profusion of beautiful marble columns, and the groined ceilings. The hall was brilliantly illuminated with a roseate light, shed from hundreds of lamps, under which were suspended exquisitely formed censers of gold, in which burning perfumes exhaled fragrant vapors. It was a veritable banquet of the senses. The beauty of the

hall, and the richness and splendor of the decorations, appealed to the eye; the sense of smell was held captive by exquisite odors that transformed the room into a rose-garden of Araby. Delightful music, rendered by skilled musicians of the realm, showed that the ear, too, was invited to take active part.

Upon ebony couches with silver frames, covered with rare shawls and soft cushions, the guests reclined. Between the two immense crescent-shaped tables, made of citron wood, and inlaid with ivory, stood a great bronze fountain. It represented the god Neptune; and from it spouted jets of scented water, which cooled and perfumed the air.

Never before had there been such a feast in the kingdom. Mountain and plain and sea had been relentlessly laid under tribute to surrender their best toward supplying the sumptuous board. Nubian slaves, in spotless white, kept at the elbows of the guests, and filled their golden flagons, as rapidly as they were emptied. A powerful Egyptian wine was served—a wine so strong that in Egypt only men were allowed to drink it. Under its benign and stimulating influence the feasters soon gave themselves up to boisterous mirth.

When the festivities were at their height, a herald announced the approach of the Queen. She appeared—a vision of beauty—radiantly attired in robes of State, a jeweled diadem upon her brow. Attending her were the ministers of the kingdom and the military chiefs of the victorious army, Cornelius at their head. When she beheld the motley assemblage, accustomed to squatting on mats, now awkwardly lolling on couches and quaffing strong wine, in weak imitation of those voluptuous Romans that held their ancestors in bondage, her proud lips involuntarily curled in derision. She seated herself in the Royal chair, which was raised above the others and at the centre of one of the tables; with queenly dignity she bade her guests a cordial welcome. Cornelius had the seat of honor at her right hand, and Hormusjee at her left.

As the feast proceeded, the Moors, Berbers, and Bedouins cried more loudly for flagons of fiery ecobalda. They quaffed large quantities, their faces became flushed, their eyes sparkled, and their tongues grew more and more free. The temporary restraint because of the presence of Royalty gradually vanished. In proportion as the wine was consumed their conviviality increased. They

*This selected reading is taken from Judge Leo Charles Dessar's new historic romance, *A Royal Enchantress*. Continental Publishing Co. \$1.50.

became more hilarious, and their voices rose louder and louder; the buzz of conversation grew into a tumult of noise and confusion. Finally one of the Berber mountain-chiefs arose and whirled his goblet about his head.

"Twine a wreath round your cups," he shouted, "and drink with me to the glory of our great Marabout Queen. She it was who led us to victory, and she it was who predicted that we would crush the Mohammedan fanatics, and drive out of the land those who escaped death. May the gods grant our great Queen and Prophetess a glorious life and a reign of more than a hundred years, and give her many children and grandchildren." *z*

All present rose to their feet and wildly shouted approval of the Amgar's sentiment, till the very arches seemed to ring with the echo. His exploit was received with so much favor by the others that, not satisfied with mere approval, they became fired with the desire to emulate his example; and so each tribal chief felt it incumbent upon him to pledge a sentiment to the Queen's health.

After this, the din of singing, shouting and boisterous laughing became unbearable. The Queen viewed this scene of dissipation with serenity and composure. By her attitude, she even seemed in a strange way tacitly to encourage them to drink still deeper and to become more hilarious. She turned to Cornelius with a sad smile on her lips, and the light of love in her eyes.

"When I compare thee, my Cornelius," said she, "with these unbridled spirits, then indeed art thou the pride of my soul, and I love thee even more, if that were possible, for thy temperance and moderation. Greatly would I prefer a simple meal with thee, where we could live only in dreams of love and future bliss. But oh! beloved, the happy hour is approaching when our souls will be united. Tell me, Cornelius, how can men so brave and dashing in battle be transformed into such gluttons and wine-bibbers as we now behold them? I feel that in the hour of the country's crisis no dependence can be placed on such men. Something desperate must be done to check their vices, that I may control them in the hour of necessity, should the Moslems attempt another invasion."

Without waiting for a reply to her questions, which seemed spoken merely for the relief that comes from expression, the Queen lapsed into dreamy silence.

Cornelius had a vague, irritating consciousness of some coming tragedy, a strange foreboding he could not shake off. Why had Cahina ordered this orgy? Why had she, who could not look

upon the scene without horror and disgust, herself encouraged it? But his mind seemed to swim in a sea of unanswered "whys"—and he merely waited.

The wine circulated still faster among the guests. Some of them became furiously excited from its fumes; while others were mercifully made somnolent, and fell forward on the table, adding the bass note of their audible sleep to the tumult. Louder and still louder became the uproar. As the bottles were emptied and the guests became filled, higher and higher rose the excitement, until at last the scene became but a roaring debauch of those, whom a few short hours had transformed from men into beasts.

The Queen, who for some time had been growing restless, as if holding herself under control by a strenuous effort of the will, arose impatiently, then reseated herself, as if facing some supreme duty.

"I can endure this disgraceful sight no longer," she said sharply, turning to Hormusjee. "Go at once to the vaults, and see that all is prepared."

The priest hastened away. When he returned in a few moments he signified to the Queen that all preparations had been completed as she desired.

Cahina in an instant became strangely animated. Like one inspired she sprang to her feet. She stood for a moment, seeking to attract the attention of her guests. Then, with eyes vainly flashing and with contempt and anger in her voice, she cried:

"Hold! hold! ye men of Mauritania, cease this shameful uproar, else ye and the Nation perish in this vortex of your vices. Even now the spirit of my warrior ancestress appears before mine eyes. Behold!" and with the word she stretched a white arm toward the fountain.

Every eye, whether maddened or dulled by the fiery wines, was instinctively directed toward the fountain. And even as they looked, the lights were extinguished suddenly, and the hall was plunged in darkness. A strange uncanny silence fell upon the assemblage. For a moment the rhythmic plashing of the water, falling in the fountain, and the labored breathing of the distressed wine-bibbers were the only sounds heard. To the guests, the sudden change from brilliancy and hilarity to utter darkness and dread silence was appalling.

A loud, crashing sound broke the awful stillness. Then, as if by magic, a mellow light appeared around the fountain. In rapid succession, streams of dazzling colored fire shot up from the centre and formed a rainbow arch at the top. The assemblage was spellbound at what, to their

superstitious minds, seemed a manifestation by the Fire-god. They reclined motionless on the couches, not even daring to move. The fumes of the wines were partly dispelled; their addled brains became clearer. They were more deeply affected when their straining eyes saw the fire gradually change color until, to their unspeakable horror, it seemed that the fountain was spurting streams of blood. Then, terror-stricken beyond all control, they rolled off the luxurious couches to the floor, prostrating themselves helplessly in the climax of their fear.

"Oh, great Prophetess!" they cried, "have pity; do not destroy us, mighty Queen, and daughter of the gods. Let thy celestial light again shine upon us."

Upon hearing this, the voice of the Queen rang out in solemn and awesome tones.

"Peace!" she exclaimed. "From the fountain of blood, my guardian spirit commands me to exhort you to harken to the divine commands of the god of fire, who speaks to the Nation through me. Hear ye! the discomfiture and retreat of our Moslem enemy is but temporary; its armies will soon return with increased forces. The wealth of our cities, the treasures of silver and gold dug from the earth, the fruits of our gardens and orchards, the produce of our fields attract to our land these Arab despoilers. But there is still one hope for the Nation and my beloved people."

The attention of the listening host grew intense as she spoke of but one hope between them and destruction.

"To me the gods have granted a vision," she continued, in a voice vibrant with emotion, "in which was marked the one path we should follow in this crisis. In their great wisdom they have shown how we may destroy the desire of the Arabs to prey upon our rich country. This means would seem to us a severe and painful measure, yet the gods reveal that it will ultimately be of supreme benefit, and redound to the glory of the Nation. Therefore they command you to destroy your cities, and to bury in their ruins the pernicious treasures that excite the greed of the Moslems.

"It is further ordained by the gods, whose wisdom no believer can question, that you fell your fruit trees, lay waste your fields, and spread a barrier of desolation between ye and the country of these robbers, that their avarice be destitute of temptation, and that they cease to disturb our tranquillity. And when they realize that the country can yield them no booty, they will seek elsewhere, and forget. Then will our glorious country again blossom and flourish, and be grander, more beautiful, and more powerful than before."

As Cahina delivered her divine exhortation, her eyes were glazed, and were staring at the fountain. When she ceased to speak, she stood rigid, waiting a moment to give the awe-stricken guests an opportunity to realize fully what she had told them. Then she demanded that they tell her at once if they were ready to comply with the edicts of the gods.

Inspired with superstitious fear, and laboring under the spell cast upon them by the miracle of fire, they cried out frantically and loudly, as if fearing the gods might not hear their prompt response: "The word of the gods, as revealed through thee, great Prophetess, is our law. Command as thou wilt; we obey thee blindly in all things."

Cahina was too wise to grant an instant's time for reflection. She knew that the psychologic moment had come. She commanded Hormusjee to fetch a torch, and to order all the Nubian slaves to come with sledges and axes to begin the work of destruction. With the torch in her hand, she directed the burly negroes in their patriotic vandalism.

As one dominated by a superior power, she led them from one place to another. They smashed to pieces the rich tables and other articles of furniture; tore down and slashed rich draperies, ruined magnificent statues with their sledges; hacked and hewed the noble throne-chair, but lately occupied by their Queen, and destroyed every other movable thing in the hall in whatever way their ingenuity and the frenzy of destruction could suggest. The great mass of debris was piled together in the form of a huge funeral pyre. Into it they threw all the gold and silver plates, vases, flagons, costly dishes, and ornaments—all the highest tangible evidences of a great civilization.

As they finished, the Queen strode forward; with the frenzy of one inspired she tore the jeweled diadem from her brow, madly stripped off all her precious jewels and ornaments of gold, tore loose her magnificent robes of State, and in seeming delirium tossed them all upon the heap.

This done, she gazed upon the assemblage, now overpowered by the great tragedy enacting before them.

"Noble patriots," she shouted, in a tone of supreme command, "follow the example of thy Sovereign in complying with the dictates of thy gods."

For response, the men, scarcely knowing what they did, ran forward, tearing from their persons all jewelry and valuable ornaments, and hurling them into the heap. They even threw their purses of gold into the pyre, and fought furiously, and

some were even trampled under foot, in their insane haste to be among the first to sacrifice their possessions to the Queen's command.

The floor near the tables was strewn with broken dishes and fragments of the feast. To make the confusion greater, pools of wine from broken bottles made slippery places on the tiled floor, where the slaves stumbled as they rushed hither and thither.

The streams of blood-colored fire still rose from the fountain—with the exception of the torch held by Cahina, the one light on this awful scene of destruction—making it seem like an inferno. The gorgeous banquet-hall, but a few moments before resplendent in its decorations and furnishings, and teeming with life and gaiety, was now dismantled, and ruined.

Those who had been laughing and shouting in the exuberance of their happiness now stood in terror too great for words, their tense, drawn faces uplifted to the Queen. What frightful thing would happen next? What other great sacrifice would be demanded of them, in the name of the gods, by their Sorceress-Queen? They trembled in the fear that she might ask even the sacrifice of their lives.

But with a swift whirl of the torch she set at rest that fear. Hormusjee sprinkled a white powder on one side of the pile of debris, and to this powder Cahina applied the torch. Instantly a bright blaze was kindled, and the dazed and bewildered guests watched the first thin line of fire grow into a tongue of flame, that curled rapidly round the pile, until it burst forth into a fierce, blazing crater, shooting up columns of smoke and flame to the beautiful arched ceiling. This soon sputtered with the heat, and then became ignited.

The awed and terror-stricken people gazed stupidly on the weird scene. With a mere latent animal instinct, involuntarily, and scarce knowing what they were doing, they retreated to the doors. Still, like children loath to leave their toys behind, they lingered at the threshold, reluctant to sacrifice their precious ornaments to the flames, which had now seized upon the structure itself and were destroying the gorgeous hall.

Soon the entire structure became a burning mass. Sparks were flying in all directions. The hot breath of the flame made longer stay impossible. A sheet of fire, leaping outward, spread to other parts of the palace, and the magnificent home of the Royal incendiary became a seething caldron of fire and smoke.

Suddenly the voice of the Queen roused her subjects, with the imperious command: "Now follow me, ye faithful, to finish the work ordained by the gods." She then rushed from the hall.

Cornelius had been a silent, shocked witness of the cruel devastation. He sought not to interfere in the carrying out of Cahina's plans, knowing it would be as impossible to stop her in her course as to stay the flames her torch had started. The miraculous transformation of this queen into a fiend dazed him. He detained her for a moment, as they passed through the gates, prompted to do so by an inspiration that seemed to pierce the confusion of his mind. In a whisper he begged permission to remove from the treasury the moneys deposited there for the purpose of paying the soldiers—one of the great needs of the early future.

Cahina turned to him with eyes feverish and sparkling with the glow of wild enthusiasm, and looked at him as if unable to grasp the full import of his request. Seemingly dismissing the subject from her mind, she gently replied, in strange contrast with her mood: "Whatever the chosen of my heart desires, must be for my welfare; therefore, do as thou wilt." Then she left him quickly, and disappeared among her excited subjects.

In the distance, far down the valley could be seen the houses of the Berber farmers, made beautiful and clear, in an instant, by this costly illumination. The walls encircling the city seemed turned to gold by the witchery of the flames. The dark, narrow streets were all brightened and transformed by the wondrous light. The river, flowing far below, on three sides of the city, reflecting the conflagration, became a great water-mirror filled with thousands of mad, dancing, twisting serpents of fire.

Cornelius caught the whole scene as he rushed along to find Rezin, now Captain of the Sacred Band, to assist him in his work. He found him quickly, and together they went to Cahina's apartments. Though a thick smoke rolled and became more suffocating each moment, there they found her two faithful Nubian slaves standing bravely at their post of duty by her door. The four men entered the room, and procured many precious stones and jewels of great value. These they placed in a large vase. Then, with great difficulty and danger, they at last succeeded in secreting it in one of the stone grottoes in the gardens of the palace. They next forced their way into the treasury, and, with the aid of other slaves, transferred all the strong boxes filled with coin to the same place in the garden.

The burning of the palace attracted all the inhabitants of the city, many of whom attempted to extinguish the fire, until Cahina, declaring it was the will of the gods that the palace and the city should be destroyed, forbade every effort to quench the flame. She sent her crier to pro-

claim to the people the mandate communicated to her from the spirit-world. This he did, in the very words the Queen used in making the revelation to her guests at the banquet.

The rabble, having nothing to lose, received the proclamation with favor. It was to them a rare excitement, an excellent diversion. The rich were thrown into wild consternation; they saw with horror and dismay unspeakable this certain destruction of their property. The wealth that gave the cities of Cahina's realm their grandeur and luxury was held in the hands of aliens: Jews, Mohammedans and Christians—for the Berbers it had no attraction. They cared for naught but their flocks and grazing grounds. To the high-priest and his followers the Queen repeated the spirit-message; it was her intention, she told him, to fulfill it rigorously.

"Thy slave," he replied meekly, bowing low, "must obey gladly the will of the mistress who controls his life and fortune."

The sentiment of servile submission to the will and every caprice of the Prophetess-Queen, as expressed by the high-priest, prevailed among all classes throughout the kingdom. Her power over them was such that no one murmured at this blighting edict. She herself had no premonitions of that new and strange life that was to open to her on the morrow. Even Askalon, consecrated as ever to his own interest, was silent and did not disapprove; he saw in the dire calamity an opportunity to create, later, such animus against Cornelius that the Commander of the army would be obliged to depart forever. Not a subject raised his voice against the cruel command that drove his wife and little ones from their homes and cruelly destroyed their means of support.

Cahina lacked not for aid to carry out her bidding. The high-priest, anxious to gain favor, begged that the execution of the commands of the gods be entrusted to him, as the chief disciple of the deities. This proposition found favor with Her Majesty, and she gave him command of the army that was to carry out this fearful destruction. He gathered round him the priests, many of the returned soldiers, and those of the rabble most persistent in offering their services. Forthwith they started to devastate the magnificent city of Constantine, its temples and palaces, its amphitheatres, and its pompous dwellings; and to render homeless its confiding, loyal and helpless inhabitants.

The priestly band marched in advance, chanting weird dirges, accompanied by the clashing of cymbals, the shrill notes of flutes and the hoarse blare of trumpets. They were followed by a small army of half-drunken soldiers and a riotous rab-

ble, composed of the outcasts, thieves and vagabonds from the slums of the city, incited to pillage and destruction by the viragoes of ferocious mien, who went about by night in that quarter of the city, and were secluded by day; they now came forth in the daylight like lean snakes after prey; they formed a cursing, shrill-voiced, hideous fringe to the destroying army, and gloated over the awful work.

The priests marched first to that part of the city where were situated the palaces of the high-born and the stately houses of worship of all sects. Through them they rushed, driving the occupants before them. They ripped, tore and smashed everything within reach, then they applied the torch. From these they proceeded to the more modest dwellings of the merchants, and soon these also were pillaged and in flames.

The destroyers next turned their attention to the huts of the lowly. Thousands of eager hands soon razed them to the ground. In this section of the city the homes were composed wholly of wooden structures, through which the fire spread with such great speed that all avenues of escape were cut off. Here the infant, the aged, the sick and decrepit were caught and destroyed; and also those who, from various causes, were unable to flee to places of safety.

The vandals were not satisfied with destroying the city itself; the lust for destruction caused them to attack the formidable walls surrounding it. These were razed to the ground by a host of men, armed with sledges and weapons of all kinds, and using every means known to military science. All that was saved in this great disaster were the belongings of a few merchants, who did not wholly lose their presence of mind, but rushed to their bazars and quickly gathered up whatever valuables they could, and fled with their families from the doomed city—many hiding their treasures carefully in secret places in the mountains.

The awful work was not accomplished at once. For five days and nights it went on unceasingly and thoroughly; and when it was finished—Constantine was but a memory; a site, not a city! This magnificent capital, surpassed only by Carthage, and celebrated for its splendor and wealth, its noble structures, its beautiful thoroughfares, vast commerce, peerless monuments, and other works of art, no less than for its impregnable fortifications, was entirely destroyed. Nothing remained but crumbling ruins and heaps of blackened stones and ashes. All landmarks of its ancient glories were wiped away. Not even an outline of its thoroughfares remained. Only a region of ruins and débris was left to mark this once-splendid capital of the Orient.

Living English Poets: Alfred Austin

Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, was born near Leeds, England, in 1835. He was educated at Stonyhurst and at St. Mary's College, Ascott. He took a degree at the University of London in 1853, and was admitted to the bar in 1857, but has devoted himself almost entirely to literature. He has been a writer for the *Standard Quarterly Review* and editor of the *National Review*. He has written a volume of critical essays, then novels, and many volumes of poems and poetic dramas. Among the latter are: *The Human Tragedy*, 1872; *Savonarola*, 1885; *English Lyrics*, 1890; *Prince Lucifer*, 1891; *Narrative Poems*, 1891; *Fortunatus the Pessimist*, 1892.

Mr. Austin's chief characteristic, says William Watson, is a nobly filial love of country and a tenderly passionate love of the country. English literature prior to Tennyson contains no such full utterance of this dual passion, this enthusiasm of nationality underlying an intimate and affectionate knowledge of every bird that makes an English summer melodious, and every flower that sweetens English air; and it seems to me, says Mr. Watson, that if the question be asked, "Who among the poets of a later generation can be said to share with Lord Tennyson the quality of being in this double sense English through and through?" any competent person trying to answer the question honestly will find the name of the author of English lyrics the first to rise to his lips. If Mr. Austin is thoroughly English in thought and sentiment, he is above all, lyrical in expression. He reaches his greatest beauty when he essays songs on such subjects as he knows and loves best. The selections which follow this note are sufficient to show him a true and tender poet, a writer of lyrics among the most beautiful of his time.

AS DIES THE YEAR.

The Old Year knocks at the farm house door.
October, come with your matron-gaze
From the fruit you are storing for winter days,
And prop him up on the granary floor,
Where the straw lies threshed and the grain
stands heaped;
Let him eat of the bread he reaped;
He is feeble and faint and can work no more.
Weaker he waneth, and weaker yet.
November, shower your harvest down,
Chestnut, and mast, and acorn brown;
For you he labored, so pay the debt.
Make him a pallet—he cannot speak—
And a pillow of moss for his pale pinched cheek
With your golden leaves for coverlet.
He is numb to touch, he is deaf to call.
December, hither with muffled tread,
And gaze on the Year, for the Year is dead,

And over him cast a wan white pall.
Take down the mattock, and ply the spade,
And deep in the clay let his clay be laid,
And snow flakes fall at his funeral.

Thus may I die, since it must be.
My wage well earned and my work-days done,
And the seasons following one by one
To the slow, sweet end that the wise foresee;
Feed from the store of my ripened sheaves,
Laid to rest on my fallen leaves,
And with snow-white souls to weep for me.

AN APRIL LOVE.

Nay, be not June, nor yet December, dear,
But April always, as I find thee now:
A constant freshness unto me be thou,
And not the ripeness that must soon be sere.
Why should I be Time's dupe, and wish more near
The sobering harvest of thy vernal road?
I am content, so still across my broad
Returning smile chase transitory tear.
Then scatter thy April heart in sunny showers;
I crave nor summer drouth nor winter sleet:
As spring be fickle, so thou be as sweet;
With half kept promise tantalize the hours;
And yet Love's frolic hands and woodland feet
Fill high the lap of Life with wilding flowers.

THE HAYMAKER'S SONG.

Here's to him that grows it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That lays it in and mows it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To him that mows and makes it,
That scatters it and shakes it,
That turns, and teds, and rakes* it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
Now here's to him that stacks it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That thrashes and that tacks it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
That cuts it out for eating,
When March-dropped lambs are bleating,
And the slate-blue clouds are sleeting,
Drink, lads, drink!
And here's to thane and yeoman,
Drink, lads, drink!
To horseman and to bowman,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To lofty and to low man,
Who bears a grudge to no man,
But flinches from no foeman,
Drink, lads, drink!

A WILD ROSE.

The first wild rose in wayside hedge,
This year I wandering see,
I pluck and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.
And when my gaze first met thy gaze
We were knee-deep in June;
The nights were only dreamier days,
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple, and apart;
And, from that hour, thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And, ever since, when tendrils grace
Young copse or weathered bale
With rosebuds, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
When gazing down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear;
Bid her come swift and soon.
O would that she were always here!
It then were always June.

THE LOVER'S SONG.

When winter hoar no longer holds
The year in its gripe,
And bleating voices fill the folds,
And black trios pair and pipe;
Then coax the maiden where the sap
Awakes the woodland's drear,
And pour sweet wild flowers in her lap,
And sweet words in her ear.
For springtime is the season, sure,
Since Love's first game was played,
When tender thoughts began to lure
The heart of April maid,

Of maid,
The heart of April maid.

When June is wreathed with wilding rose
And all the buds are blown,
And O, 'tis joy to dream and doze
In meadows newly mown;
Then take her where the graylings leap,
And where the dabchick dives,
Or where the bees in clover reap
The harvest for their hives.
For summer is the season when,
If you but know the way,
A maid that's kissed will kiss again,
Then pelt you with the hay,

The hay,
Then pelt you with the hay.

When sickles ply among the wheat,
Then trundle home the sheaves,
And there's a rustling of the feet
Through early-fallen leaves;
Entice her where the orchard glows
With apples plump and tart,
And tell her plain the things she knows,
And ask her for her heart.
For autumn is the season, boy,
To gather what we sow:
If you be bold, she won't be coy,
Nor even say you no,

Say no,
Nor even say you no.

When woodmen clear the coppice lands
And arch the hornbeam drive,
And stamp their feet, and chafe their hands,
To keep their blood alive;
Then lead her to where, when vows are heard,
The church-bells peal and swing,
And as the parson speaks the word,
Then on her clap the ring.

For winter is a cheerless time
To live and lie alone;
But what to him is snow or rime
Who calls his love his own,

His own,
Who calls his love his own?

MOTHER-SONG.

White little hands!
Pink little feet!
Dimpled all over,
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
What dost thou wail for?
The unknown? the unseen?
The ills that are coming,
The joys that have been?

Cling to me closer,
Closer and closer,
Till the pain that is purer
Hath banished the grosser.
Drain, drain at the stream, love,
Thy hunger is freeing
That was born in a dream, love,
Along with thy being!

Little fingers that feel
For their home on my breast,
Little lips that appeal
For their nurture, their rest!
Why, why doest thou weep, dear?
Nay, stifle thy cries,
Till the dew of thy sleep, dear,
Lies soft on thine eyes.

GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

The crab, the bullace, and the sloe,
They burgeon in the spring;
And when the west wind melts the snow,
The redstarts build and sing.
But Death's at work in rind and root,
And love's the green buds best;
And when the pairing music's mute,
He spares the empty nest.

Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown.
Close the coffin and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and sere without,
And white and plump within,
And juicy gourds are pass'd about,
And trickle down the chin;
When comes the Reaper with his scythe,
And reaps and nothing leaves,
Oh, then it is that Death is blithe,
And sups among the sheaves.

Death! Death!
Lower the coffin and slip the end:
Death is master of clown and lord.

When logs about the house are stock'd,
And next year's hose is knit,
And tales are told and jokes are crack'd,
And faggots blaze and spit;
Death sits down in the ingle-nook,
Sits down and doth not speak;
But he puts his arm around the maid that's warm,
And she tingles in the cheek.

Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown:
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

Contemporary Celebrities

Von Waldersee The acceptance by all the nations taking part in the Chinese invasion of Count General Von Waldersee of Prussia for the supreme command adds interest to the following account of him, which is from the London Telegraph:

If I had to compare Alfred Count Waldersee with any English soldier, I should name the late Gen. Gordon; if I had to mention his approximate double among either living or dead Frenchmen, I should point to the late Gen. Trochu. This comparison would, however, only apply to the man's moral character; of his military capacities I am not called upon to judge here, although by an almost common consent of the German General Grand Staff they are estimated very highly, so highly, indeed, as to have led more than once to the unanimously expressed opinion that, in the event of any European war in which Germany should be called upon to play a part, Waldersee would take the place of Moltke. That opinion has not only found credence in Germany since Moltke's death, but was rife during the later years of his life, and the great strategist himself considerably contributed to its propagation. There are some who have persistently pinned their faith in the matter of Moltke's successor on Gen. Count von Haeseler, the Chief of the Army Corps quartered at Metz, and it is an open secret that, in the event of such a war, the Emperor himself might be wavering in his choice between these two. Count von Haeseler is, however, if I am not mistaken, a few years older than Waldersee, who is sixty-eight, or, if not older, at any rate less robust, in addition to being little short of a wreck, owing to infirmities contracted on the battlefield of Gravelotte. Haeseler, in fact, wears a silver apparatus, having had a couple of his ribs staved in, just as Galiffet wears a similar contrivance owing to the injuries received in Mexico.

Waldersee, though white and looking much older than his years, is physically unimpaired, for, if I remember rightly, he has never been wounded. He came unscathed out of the battles before Metz, he escaped unhurt at Sedan, and the siege of Paris did not give him a scratch. He is, perhaps, a little too apt to attribute all this immunity to a special Providence watching over him. Trochu said: "I am a Breton, a Catholic, and a soldier"; Waldersee, were he more demonstrative than he is, would willingly say: "I am a Prussian, a Protestant, and a soldier." For in a country of Prussians, Protestants, and soldiers no one is so much of a Prussian, a Protestant, and a soldier as he. In

fact, he is little else than these three things, for his education has been purely military, and he has taken few pains to acquire the subtler and gentler graces of life. His marriage with the widow of Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who is an American named Lee, has intensified his originally very strong religious tendencies, which at one time threatened to drift into anti-Semitism. Dr. Stoecker, the protagonist of that movement in Prussia, was an assiduous and always welcome guest in Countess Waldersee's drawing-room. In fact, at one time it was feared that the Countess, who exercised a great influence over her husband, and who managed to extend that influence even over the present Empress, whose grand-aunt she is in virtue of her first marriage, would finally bring the young Emperor beneath her spell. Those fears were dissipated when the Emperor showed that he was not quite so easy to convert to intense Christianity by appointing Caprivi as Bismarck's successor. This is Count Waldersee as I know him. Of the honesty and uprightness of the man there can be no doubt, and if the rumor of his appointment to the chief command in China be true it is decidedly a step in the right direction.

The Sultan

The account of the Sultans of Turkey which follows is from the pen of the Moulvie Ruffiuddin Ahmad, and appears in the British Realm:

Of all contemporary monarchs the Sultan of Turkey is, historically, the most interesting personality. First because he occupies the ancient throne of Constantine, and secondly because his Imperial hands grasp the flag of the Prophet of Arabia. The moral influence of the Sultan, as Caliph of Islam and Protector of the holy shrines in Arabia, among two hundred millions of Moslems in the world is simply unique. Abdul Hamid II., the second son of Abdul Mejid, was born on September 22, 1842 A.D. He succeeded to the throne of Usman, on the deposition of his elder brother Murad, on August 31, 1876. As a boy Abdul Hamid was extremely modest, grave and dignified. He could not be said to have been brought up to the calling of a monarch. He received his education along with Princes of the blood royal in the Imperial Palace. Books and teachers taught him very little. His real education began when he accompanied his uncle, Sultan Abdul Aziz, in his travels in Europe. He distinctly remembers every little thing that he saw

in London, Paris and other capitals twenty-nine years ago. He made a good impression upon all who came into contact with him during his visit to England. A distinguished English statesman told me that the mechanical form of respect and devotion observed by Abdul Hamid and his brother Murad in the presence of Sultan Abdul Aziz was exceedingly and agreeably novel to the English courtiers.

Abdul Hamid has remarkably nice features and a very kind and sympathetic expression. The Sultan is the politest and most affable monarch in Europe. As instances of his extreme simplicity, I may mention that in a recent interview with him I was much surprised when His Majesty offered me a cigarette and asked me to smoke. I hesitated to comply with the Imperial wish, thinking that such compliance would involve disrespect, but His Majesty repeated his desire, which I was then bound to satisfy. It is not usual with sovereigns to invite their guests to dinner by word of mouth, hence the simplicity of the Sultan struck me beyond measure when he asked me to dine with him without the slightest formality.

Unlike other Oriental monarchs, who generally spend their time in idleness and luxury, Abdul Hamid is extremely hard-working and lives a sober and pious life. He gets up every day long before sunrise and does not retire to rest till late at night. He prays five times daily, in accordance with Moslem law. His private life, even to the admission of his opponents, is free from reproach.

Before describing the merits and defects of Abdul Hamid as a statesman, it is necessary to cast a glance at the state of Turkey at his accession to the throne. It is no less necessary to take into consideration the limitations placed upon his power as well as other difficulties occasioned by the Treaty of Berlin. No monarchs of Europe, in recent times, came to the throne under more tragic and heartrending circumstances than Abdul Hamid. His uncle, Sultan Abdul Aziz, was driven to commit suicide owing to a sudden wave of unpopularity among his subjects, and before his body was cold in his grave Sultan Murad, his nephew and successor, was deposed by the same infuriated mob. The Bulgarian rebels, encouraged by the gold of Russia, and supported by the incendiary rhetoric of Exeter Hall, were in open revolt. The Figure from the North, having succeeded in her diabolical schemes in the South, carried fire and sword to the very walls of Constantinople. The brave and valorous Turks, who undertook to fight unaided by any of their former allies, not only with the greatest military power in the world, but also with all the petty States

that had sprung up on the ruins of their own Empire, were in a state of utter national prostration. Abdul Hamid found himself face to face with national bankruptcy, a shattered navy, and a disorganized army—with mortal enemies without, and avowed rebels within his empire. The secret intrigues of his courtiers and the thinly-disguised jealousies of his Ministers made him suspicious even of his own shadow. He could trust no one except his own inward monitor. He could rely upon no allies except those that his own judgment and discretion would win for him. The Sultan was asked to bring peace and order from out of this chaos. The greatest statesman of Europe would have shrunk from such a task. I venture to say that no statesman of any reputation would have consented to form a government in any great democracy under the aforesaid circumstances. But Oriental monarchs unhappily do not possess "greater freedom and less responsibility" so fully enjoyed by leaders of the opposition in a democratic country. They have not the liberty of action enjoyed by the meanest of their subjects. Abdul Hamid put his shoulder to the wheel.

One should also bear in mind the difficulties of governing an empire like that of the Ottomans, consisting as it does not merely of one race and of one religion, but of diverse races, beliefs, and nationalities. Take the case of Christians alone. They are divided into Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Armenian Catholics, and I don't know how many other Catholics, each sect having a Patriarch or Pontiff claiming to be the divinely authorized head of his creed. All these denominations are full of hatred and jealousy for each other and one and all are competing for political supremacy in the kingdom of the Turk. The Sultan finds it an extremely difficult work to please them all or to keep them from cutting each other's throats. Any one who has resided in Turkey must have observed that the Christians hate each other more than they ever do the Moslem. I have not spoken of the English or American Protestant missionaries and their disciples, whose zeal for conversion very often lands them and their governments into unknown serious difficulties.

In India practically there are only two great communities, the Hindoo and the Mohammedan, yet the British Government, after a rule of 100 years, and an unbroken peace of nearly forty years, and among populations deprived of arms, find it no easy task to prevent the two rival communities from bursting forth into fanatical riots.

But the Sultan has a much more serious administrative stumbling block in his way than that described above. This is the "capitulation."

I have only spoken hitherto of the difficulty of

governing the Sultan's own subjects, Christian, and Moslem; how about the foreigners? He has no power to govern them. Nay, more, they have power to bring his government to a standstill any time in the course of twenty-four hours. The greatest administrative difficulties in Turkey, as everybody knows, is the "capitulations."

Lastly there are intricate political difficulties resulting from the jealousies of the great Powers. Every word and every act of the Sultan is closely observed by the ambassadors. Should the Sultan show the least favor to England, the Russian ambassador waits upon His Majesty to know the why and wherefore of the act and vice versa. When Cyprus was ceded to England by the Sultan, the greatest difficulty was felt to keep the convention secret from the ambassadors of the other powers till the execution of the treaty. And when the news was public property the Russian and French embassies moved heaven and earth to annul the same. The poor Sultan can hardly do the most trivial thing without offending one or other of the Powers. He has to consider deeply before he gives an audience to an Englishman lest France might get alarmed. He can hardly invite an Austrian Duke for fear of receiving a note for the immediate payment of war indemnity from Russia. The consequence of all this is political stagnation.

The Mexican President Colonel T. G. Stuart, of Kentucky, gives the following description in the New York Sun of a visit to the President of the Mexican Republic, Gen. Porfirio Diaz:

"An American friend, resident in Mexico, volunteered to accompany me, as far as he could, and we proceeded to the National Palace in as fine a carriage as the city could produce. We arrived at the National Palace in good time and shape, and the sentinel at the gateway, having been informed of our coming, passed us into the inner court with the usual salute. This National Palace, by the way, is not, as our White House is, the official residence of the President, but merely his office in connection with the offices of the State Ministers. He has his own private residence in the Castle of Chapultepec. At the entrance to the State chambers of the President we were met by an officer in uniform, who, recognizing us, passed me on into the chamber, leaving my friend to wait for me, as he was not included in the call. Inside, I was met by an officer, to whom I gave my card and he offered me his arm with a low bow, and escorted me to the diplomatic room, where another officer took me in charge and passing me beyond a number of waiting diplo-

matists, Governors, Ministers and other officials, gave me a seat near the entrance to the President's room. In a few moments an officer of the President's staff came out, and, with the usual salute, offered me his arm and escorted me into the great State chamber of Mexico, that is to say, one of the Halls of Montezuma, which you have all read about, and in its magnificent appointments it was worthy of any Montezuma that ever lived.

"As we entered the chamber a tall and distinguished looking man rose from a chair near the centre of the room and waited to receive me. I was duly presented by the officer with me to the President, who shook hands most cordially and introduced his son, Capt. Porfirio Diaz, Jr., a handsome young fellow of about 25 years, of most delightful manners and speaking English with a fascinating accent. Apologizing to the President for my lack of an interpreter, I was graciously assured that his son would only be too glad to act in that capacity, and then the most cordial relations were at once established. After the customary interchange of compliments the President bowed me to a seat on a sofa, with his son at my left, and seated himself on a big chair before us. We then proceeded to talk business—the son interpreting—and the President showed that he knew how to talk it. He assured me of his hearty approval of the co-operation of Americans and Mexicans in all enterprises for the development of the country, and opened the way for me to all the official information I might need. I had expected that I might get ten minutes of his time, for he is the busiest man in Mexico, but he became so much interested in the matter I presented that he prolonged the interview for two hours, and I left him with his assurances that he would gladly extend every courtesy in his power during that visit to the country or any future visit I might make. A cordial invitation was also extended to call at any time I desired to see him, either formally or informally. At parting a pretty little incident occurred which struck me very pleasantly indeed. After I had shaken hands and said 'good-by' young Diaz, who was to escort me from the palace, first saluting his father and bowing low, took his hand in his own and touched it with his lips, murmuring softly in Spanish a loving good-night. The young captain did not put me in charge of any other officer, but carried me himself through the different rooms of the palace to the porte cochère, where we bade each other good-night like a pair of old friends. As to President Diaz, I may say that he is not only the greatest man in Mexico, but would be a really great man in any country. In personal appearance he strongly resembles the late Gen. William Preston,

and although about 70 years old, he does not look to be a day over 50, and is erect of carriage and soldierly of bearing. He is fully six feet tall and will weigh 200 pounds, with small and shapely hands and feet, strong face with piercing black eyes, and dark hair, a complexion not at all swarthy, and a deep, resonant voice. His manner is that of the courtly gentleman and soldier, somewhat reserved at first, but growing delightfully affable as the acquaintance proceeds. His mind shows a wonderful grasp of the affairs of his country in all their details, and his friends feel a pardonable pride in the wonderful growth and advancement of Mexico under his wise and beneficent administration. He has been President of the Republic for more than twenty years, and has recently been re-elected by acclamation. So great is public confidence in him that he can hold the office as long as he will consent to act, and he is as much esteemed by foreigners as he is by his own people."

An Adventurous Life Dr. George Ernest Morrison, whose despatch from Peking to the London Times was the first news from the besieged city, is the Times' correspondent in China. That journal gives the following outline of his daring career from the time when he left the Melbourne University. He is an Australian by birth:

Appetite for adventure grows with what it feeds on. Naturally enough, then, when Morrison went down from the university at the end of his second year—he tried for honors, but failed to secure even a "pass"—a roving life claimed him. He began with an enterprise that was half-philanthropic. In 1882 the Kanaka labor question was beginning to attract attention. Morrison's object in shipping as an ordinary seaman for a voyage from Port Mackay to the South Sea Islands was to study the traffic in South Sea Islanders, who were wanted as laborers on Queensland sugar plantations. He found that the evils of the traffic were great. His articles on the subject in the Melbourne Age subjected him to the most violent attacks, but his exposure had its effect on the authorities. For a time the traffic was suspended altogether. Then it was permitted again, but this time under regulations which enforced humanity, and could not so easily be evaded. Morrison's next voyage was to New Guinea, when he returned to Australia on a Chinese junk, making his earliest close acquaintance with the Celestial. Already he was more or less familiar with Chinese ways, however, for close to his home at Geelong there was a Chinese colony on the bank of a river, and he had often helped, as a boy, to save the villagers from destruction by the floods that from time to time put their dwellings

and lives in peril. Dr. Morrison used to tell an amusing story to illustrate the happy-go-lucky method of Chinese navigators. The captain of the junk professed to navigate by dead reckoning, and when the coast came in sight he reckoned that he was eighty miles south of Cooktown. As a matter of fact, he was 120 miles north of that port. His reckoning was exactly 200 miles out!

Soon after this experience came Morrison's famous walk across Australia from Normanton in the north to his home in Victoria. His record was 2,043 miles in 123 days. He walked alone and carried no arms. When he was overtaken by floods he waded and swam. When he could find no habitation to take him in, he did his own cooking with utensils and provisions carried in a "swag" upon his back. As soon as he reached Melbourne he found work to his hand. This was to take charge of a small pioneer expedition in New Guinea, which he had already visited and which had just been annexed by Great Britain. The expedition was a failure, and for Morrison it turned out a disaster. He was wounded in the bush by two native spears, and, with the heads sticking in him, was left for dead. Fortunately he was soon picked up and made a wonderful recovery, though it was not until nine months afterward that the second spear-head was taken out of his body. This marvelous feat of surgery was performed by Professor Cheyne, of Edinburgh. While he was in Professor Cheyne's hands, Morrison, by way of filling up his time, continued at Edinburgh University his medical studies begun at Melbourne, and in 1887 he took his M.B. and C.M. degrees. After this he was soon roving again. He first shipped as an emigrant to Philadelphia, then took steamer for Jamaica, and walked round the island studying the fruit trade. Working his way back to New York as "assistant purser" on a fruit steamer, he started for Europe again before long, and a few months later he was assistant medical officer at the Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain.

But life at Rio Tinto had no charms and few alleviations. At the end of eighteen months Morrison was off to Morocco, where he tried the rôle of court physician. His patron was the Shereef of Wazan, but the Shereef did not keep his eccentric medical attendant long. Morrison was soon back in Spain, wandering about until his footsteps turned toward Paris. Here he studied with Dr. Charcot for a while, and then, toward the end of 1890, he went home to Australia. As usual, he dropped into good employment at once. For two years he was resident surgeon in charge of the hospital at Ballarat. At last he seemed to have settled down in life. But the seeming was de-

ceptive. The fever of unrest was upon him again, and at the end of two years he threw up his appointment and set out for the Far East. He wandered for some time in China, Japan, and the Philippines before he started on his second famous walk—across China from Shanghai to the Burmese frontier. Of this wonderful journey he gave a most interesting account in his book, *An Australian in China*. It is enough to say here that Dr. Morrison went alone, unarmed, and speaking very little Chinese; that the authorities gave him every assistance; that his 3,000-mile trip, half by water and half by land, took him 100 days and cost him £18, his native dress included.

It was on his return to England after this remarkable journey that Dr. Morrison's services were first enlisted for the Times. In November, 1895, he proceeded to Siam, where the attitude of France and the Anglo-French dispute with regard to certain regions in the valley of the Mekong were giving rise to some anxiety. The agreement signed on January 15, 1896, between the British and French governments removed any immediate danger of international complications, but in the course of nearly twelve months' adventurous travel in the interior of Siam, up the valley of the Mekong, and across the borders of China into Yun-nan, Dr. Morrison found ample materials for a series of graphic and instructive letters which attracted even more attention, perhaps, in Paris than in London. At Yun-nan-fu he fell dangerously ill with what he believed to be a form of bubonic plague. He had been plundered a few days before by brigands and had lost his traveling pharmacy with the rest of his kit, and neither medicine nor medical advice was procurable. The only treatment he could think of was to try and drive out the sickness by profuse perspiration. So he had a big fire lighted in the long, flat brick stove common to all Chinese houses, and laid himself down on the heated surface until his very skin was scorched and blistered by the burning bricks. "It was something like the old compurgation by fire," as he once described it, "but I came out of the ordeal triumphantly, and it is probably the most original cure I ever effected."

An Enlightened Chinaman To the world at large Earl Li Hung Chang is supposed to have been the most enlightened of Chinamen. The following account of Yuan Shih Kai, the Governor of Skantung, which appeared lately in the *Chicago Record* describes an Oriental of even larger proportions than those of his globe-trotting compatriot:

Lord Charles Beresford, on his late tour of the Orient, remarked at Tientsin, "I have met one man

in China, and that man is Yuan." The Rev. Timothy Richard, editor of *Signs of Progress* in China, and superintendent of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge Among the Chinese, one of the best-known and best-informed men in China, said in Tientsin in 1898: "Yuan is the best man in China," referring to him, of course, as an official. Among Japanese and foreigners alike, Yuan has the reputation of being strictly honest. He has the reputation of never "squeezing," and he is certainly a man of very great ability. The celebrated Dutch painter, Hubert Vos, last year chose Prince Ching and Yuan Shih Kai as the two men in China worthy of his brush and of a place in his collection of world notables that he was painting for exhibition at the Paris Exposition.

Such a man might be expected to be in the forefront of the reformers, and but that he is too cautious to be rash and too wise to be radical he might be. Had the men who attempted to reform China in a day had more of a similar moderation they might not have plunged their cause into such sudden disaster. Of as advanced ideas as any man in China, and as true a patriot, he is a man who would be willing to take years to bring about what the reformers attempted to bring about in days. That party calls him "the arch traitor of China."

His Excellency Yuan Shih Kai is now forty-one years of age. He comes of an official family of high standing in the province of Honan. In 1881 he was sent to Korea, where as a young civil officer he was connected with a Chinese military guard stationed at the Korean capital. In 1884 in an act of exceptionally aggressive daring he led the guard into the palace, drove out the Japanese and saved the lives of certain members of the Korean royal family. He was soon after made Minister to Korea, holding the position till the breaking out of the war with Japan, when he barely escaped with his life. In Seoul he was called "a hog," because, while foreign ministers were required to walk within the palace grounds, he rode in his chair to the very palace door, his guard going before with bayonets fixed. Yuan was, however, but obeying orders. China at that time held Korea to be a vassal state, and there is no doubt that Yuan's instructions required him to carry himself accordingly.

One indication of Yuan's progressive character and of his favorite attitude toward foreigners and foreign ideas is that he has for nearly two years, until recently, employed an American tutor for his oldest son, a young man of pure morals and clean habits, who is greatly interested in foreign learning. This tutor was dismissed last Feb-

ruary, the anti-foreign sentiment making it impossible for Yuan to take a foreigner with him into Shantung. A gift of several hundred dollars and a farewell dinner at which the military band furnished music were among the tokens of goodwill given on his departure. All this indicates how far Yuan is from being hostile to foreigners or anything of value that they may have.

William J. Bryan William Jennings Bryan, the candidate for President on the Democratic ticket, has received no small amount of attention from biographers of late, who are unanimous in finding his home life exemplary. The Review of Reviews, in an article on Mr. Bryan at home, gives the following memoranda about his young days and present surroundings:

Mr. Bryan was married in 1864, three years after his graduation from college, and one year after his admission to the bar. His wife, Mary Baird Bryan, is one year younger than himself, and attended the Presbyterian Seminary in Jacksonville, Ill., during the same years that her husband was attending the Illinois College in the same city. Mrs. Bryan was the daughter of a merchant in the village of Perry, Ill.—her family, like that of Mr. Bryan, belonging distinctively to what are called the middle classes, no member thereof having attained great wealth, and none having been reduced to abject poverty. Even since their marriage they have continued their student life together—Mrs. Bryan, during the years immediately following, studying law with her husband as instructor, pursuing the course prescribed in the Union College of Law, Chicago, and being admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Nebraska in 1888. She did not, however, study with any idea of practising law, but merely to keep in touch with her husband's work.

Three children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, all of whom are still living. The oldest, Ruth Baird, is now nearly fifteen; the second, William Jennings, Jr., is eleven; and the youngest, Grace Dexter, is nine. "The older girl," Mrs. Bryan has justly observed, "is very much like her mother; the younger strongly resembles her father, and the son seems to be a composite photograph of both parents." Mrs. Bryan is one of the many thousand refutations of the old fear that the higher education of women would lessen their interest in the affairs of home.

The Bryan home at Lincoln was built by Mr. Bryan soon after he entered the practice of law at that place. It is a comfortable dwelling, but not in any way a pretentious one. The large library in which Mr. Bryan spends most of his time has, as its most notable feature, three large portraits of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln—Jefferson,

significantly enough, occupying the central place. The books that fill the shelves are, in the main, devoted to political economy and American history, though some of the standard novelists are also represented. It is, however, distinctively the library of a serious man.

Mr. James Creelman still further elaborates this question of Mr. Bryan's intense interest in political matters in an article in the Independent, from which we quote the following paragraphs:

Mr. Bryan graduated as valedictorian of his class. The next day Miss Baird graduated as valedictorian of her class. From the time of his earliest boyhood Mr. Bryan had aspired to be a Senator of the United States. It was the hope of his highest imagination. He trained himself by study and by practice in debate. Everything had to yield to this ambition. He has frankly confessed that when he first thought of marriage with Miss Baird he tried to imagine how she would do as the wife of a Senator in Washington. These facts are important evidences of Mr. Bryan's deliberate nature and systematic life. Trace his career from country school to supreme political leadership, and it will reveal at every point the patient planning of a wholesome ambition for public life. There never was a political career less accidental. There never was a politician less temperamental. The study and practice of elocution, the study of law, the study of public questions—all these were carefully considered preparations for political leadership. Impulse had little to do with them. The boy planned what the man should be.

A pen picture of Mr. Bryan at home, among his children or with his neighbors, or on his well-kept farm, would reveal a kindly, upright, debt-paying unassuming citizen, full of gentle, rollicking humor—a man without an impure thought or an impure act. It would portray a profoundly religious Presbyterian, without cant or presumptuous piety; a man who neither drinks alcohol nor smokes tobacco, and yet does not deny other men the right to do so—frequently offering cigars to his friends—a graceful horseman, an expert hunter, a generous host.

Mr. Bryan's three great attributes are deliberation, decency and honesty. He is intensely American in all that distinguishes an American from a European. He has the same square-jawed courage, broad humanity and quaint dignity that made Abraham Lincoln the typical American of his day. He has Lincoln's deep religious feeling and Lincoln's unwavering faith in the Declaration of Independence as a sure political guide. He is North America personified, with all its continental prejudices and confidence.

A Broken Reed*

[Pepeeta, the heroine of *The Redemption of David Corson*, is supposed to have been stolen from high-born Spanish parents in her babyhood, by a band of gypsies. The gypsies keep her with them until she is seen by a man who makes his living by the practice of various charlatanic tricks. He, struck by her beauty, buys her from the gypsies, and later, marries her. Pepeeta's soul lies dormant until it is suddenly awakened by the preaching of a young Quaker mystic. His words fill her with a passionate desire to solve the riddle of her life. In her ignorant helplessness she turns to gypsy lore for an answer, using an incantation, the formula of which had been given her by a gypsy crone.]

With an instinct like that of a wild creature she made her way swiftly toward the great forest which lay at a little distance from the outskirts of the village.

Her ignorance, her inexperience, her sadness and her beauty would have stirred the hardest heart to compassion. Arrived at the point where she was to confront the great spiritual problems of existence, she might almost as well have been the first woman who had ever done so, for she knew nothing of the experiences of others who had encountered them, and she had scarcely heard an echo of the great life-truths which seers have been ages in discovering. She had to sound her way across the perilous sea of thought without any other chart than the faded parchment of the gypsy, and those few incomprehensible words which she had heard from the lips of the young Quaker.

It is good for us that upon this vast and unknown sea of life, God's winds and waves are wiser and stronger than the pilots, and often bring our frail crafts into havens which we never sought! Perhaps the act which Pepeeta was about to perform had more ethical and spiritual value than the casual observer would suppose, because of the perfect sincerity with which she undertook its performance. No priestess ever entered an oracle, no vestal virgin a temple, nor saint a shrine with more reverence than she felt, as she passed into the silence of this primeval forest.

As soon as Pepeeta had escaped from the immediate environments of the village, she gave herself wholly to the task of gathering those ingredients which were to constitute the mixture she planned to offer to her god. She first secured a cricket, a lizard and a frog, and then the herbs and flowers which were to be mingled with them.

*Reading from *The Redemption of David Corson*. C. F. Goss. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

Thrusting them all into a little kettle which swung on her arm, she surrendered herself to the silent and mysterious influences of the forest. At the edge of the primeval wilderness a solemn hush stole over her. She entered its precincts as if it were a temple and she a worshiper with a votive offering. Threading her way through the winding aisles of the great cathedral, she was exalted and transported. The fitful fever cooled in her veins. She absorbed and drew into her own spirit the calm and silence of the place, and she was in turn absorbed and drawn into the majestic life around her. The distinctively human seemed to slip from her like a garment, and she was transformed into a creature of these solitudes. Her movements resembled those of a fawn. Her great, gazelle-like eyes peered hither and thither, as if ever upon the watch for some hidden foe. It was as if her life in the habitations of men had been an enforced exile, and she had now returned to her native haunts.

As she penetrated more and more deeply into the wood, her confidence increased; she stepped more firmly, removed her hat, shook out her long black tresses, listened to the songs of birds piping in the tops of trees, and exulted in the consciousness of freedom and of kinship with these natural objects. With a sudden and impulsive movement, she drew near to the smooth trunk of a great beech, put her arms around it, laid her cheek against it and kissed the bark. She was prompted by the same instinct which made St. Francis de Assisi call the flowers "our little sisters,"—an inexplicable sense of companionship and fraternity with living things of every kind.

Her swift footsteps brought her at last to the summit of a low line of hills, and she glided down into an unpeopled and shadow-haunted valley through which ran a crystal stream. Perceiving the fitness of the place for her purpose, she hastened forward smiling, and, heated with her journey, threw herself down by the side of the brook and plunged her face into its cool and sparkling waters. Then she lifted her head and carried the water to her lips in the palm of her dainty hand, and as she drank beheld the image of her face on the surface of a quiet little pool. Small wonder that she stooped to kiss the red lips which were mirrored there! So did the fair Greek maidens discover and pay tribute to their own loveliness, in the pure springs of Hellas.

Refreshed by the cooling draught, the priestess now addressed herself to her task. Gazing for an

instant around the majestic temple in which her act of worship was to be performed, she began like some child of a long gone age to rear an altar. Selecting a few from the many boulders that were strewn along the edge of the stream, she arranged them so as to make an elevated platform upon which she heaped dry leaves, brushwood and dead branches. Over it she suspended a tripod of sticks, and from this hung her iron kettle. Drawing from her pocket flint and steel, she struck them together, dropped a spark upon a piece of rotten wood, puffed out her pretty cheeks and blew it into a flame. As the fire caught in the dry brushwood and began to leap heavenward, she followed it with her great brown eyes until it vanished into space. Her spirit thrilled with that same sense of awe and reverence which filled the souls of primitive men when they traced the course of the darting flames toward the sky. In the presence of fire, some form of worship is inevitable. Before conflagrations our reveries are transformed into prayers. The silently ascending tongues of flame carry us involuntarily into the presence of the Infinite.

Filling her kettle with water from the running brook, she stirred into it the herbs, the berries, the lizard, the frog and the cricket. This part of her work completed, she sat down upon a bed of moss, drew forth the sacred parchment and read its contents again and again.

"When the cauldron steams, dance about the fire and sing this song. As the last words die away Matizan will leap from the flames and reveal to thee the future."

Credulous child that she was, not the faintest shadow of a doubt floated across her mind. She thrust the parchment back into her bosom, and as the water began to bubble, leaped to her feet, threw her arms above her head, sprang into the air, and went whirling away in graceful curves and bacchantean dances.

Pepeeta, dancing upon the green moss beneath the great beech trees, seemed to be in the hands of some external power, and could scarcely have been distinguished from an automaton! She had brought her tambourine, and holding it on high with her left hand or extending it far forward, she tapped it with her fingers or her knuckles, until all its brazen disks tingled and its little bells gave out a sweet and silvery tintinnabulation.

The dancer's movements were alternately sinuous, undulatory and gliding. At one moment her supple form, bending humbly toward the earth, resembled the stem of a lily over-weighted with its blossom; the next, a branch of a tree flung upward by a tempest; the next, a column of

autumn leaves caught up by a miniature whirlwind and sent spinning along a winding path.

Her eyes glowed, her cheeks burned and her bosom heaved with excitement. She seemed either to have caught from nature her own mood, or else to have communicated hers to it, for while she danced all else danced with her, the water in the brook, the squirrels in the tree-tops, the shadows on the moss, and the leaves on the branches.

Following the directions of the parchment, she continued to spin and flutter around the fire until the water in the kettle began to boil. At the first ebullitions, she stood poised for an instant upon her toe, like the famous statue of Mercury, and so lightly that she seemed to be sustained by undiscoverable wings, or to float, like a bubble, of her own buoyancy.

Settling down at length as if she were a humming-bird lighting upon a flower, she began to circle slowly around the fire and sing. The melody was in a minor key and full of weird pathos. The words were these:

"God of the gypsy camp, Matizan, Matizan,
Open the future to me—
Me thy true worshiper, here in this solitude,
Offering this incense to thee.

"Matizan, Matizan, God of the future days,
Come in the smoke and the fire;
Kaffaran, Kaffaran, Muzsubar, Zanzarbee;
Bundemar, Omadar, Zire."

As the last syllable fell from her lips, the loathsome decoction boiled over, and the singer, pausing as if suddenly turned to marble, stood in statuesque beauty, her arms extended, her lips parted, her eyes fixed. Expectancy gave place to surprise, surprise to disappointment, disappointment to despair.

The lips began to quiver, the eyes to fill with tears; her girlish figure suddenly collapsed and sank upon the ground as the sail of a vessel falls to the deck when a sudden blast of wind has snapped its cordage.

While the broken-hearted and disillusioned priestess lay prostrate there, the fire spluttered, the birds sang cheerfully in the treetops, and the brook murmured to the grasses at its marge. No unearthly voice disturbed the tranquillity of the forest, and no unearthly presence appeared upon the scene. The great world spirit paid no more attention to the prone and weeping woman than to the motes that were swimming gaily in the sunbeams.

As for her, poor child, her life faith had been dissipated in a single instant, and the whole fabric of her thought-world demolished in a single crash.

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

Writing as a Trade.....New York Times

All the men and women who have risen to distinction in the field of letters have served a long and laborious apprenticeship in the technics of the art before they have reached the ear of the public. The poets alone seem to have a gift of speech at the outset, and even they learn much in the course of years and practice. But the young aspirant should not model his line of procedure on that followed by the acknowledged geniuses. Only genius can hope to imitate genius. For ordinary talent there is no royal road to literary mastery. The art of writing must be studied diligently, painfully, humbly. The use and abuse of words and phrases must be considered, not for a day, but for many years. The formation of sentences must be the thought of one's waking hours. The manufacture of a style is the labor of years. The old saying that "style is the man" is perfectly true, but it has deluded many a youngster into the belief that all he had to do was to express himself according to the impulse of the moment, just as he would in talking, and that thus he would be a writer.

"Style is the man." It is not the boy. It is the reflex of the mature mind, the embodiment of thought which no longer stumbles, but walks with sure feet, and makes for itself a broad and beautiful path of words. Let those who are wondering why their effusions do not burst into print at once stop and consider whether they really have anything particular to say and then whether they have any particular way of saying it. There are more persons with something to say (perhaps not something immortal, but still worth saying) than there are with a genuine mastery of literary expression. The latter does not come by nature; neither does it come with experience. It comes only by practice, and not an easy practice at that. It was that most literary of all recent writers, Robert Louis Stevenson, who said that the man not willing to spend a whole afternoon in search of the right word to express an idea was unfit for the business of literature.

*Books.....Richard Le Gallienne**

I once had a dream of editing a little library of books for the scholar gipsy, such books, in such miniature yet comfortable format, as he would care, and be able, to carry with him in a wayfaring knapsack. Nothing has ever been so exquisite as

the format of that little unborn library. If you can imagine exactly the kind of book that would go with a meal of bread and honey by the roadside, you will have some idea of the deliciousness of my edition, say, of Spenser's Minor Poems. Well, I took the dream to a publisher, and, as he was a lover of beautiful books as well as a publisher, he thought it a charming little dream, and longed to set paper-makers and printers and binders at work upon its embodiment immediately. There was but one difficulty: "Who, then, would buy?" In his shop he had so many dreams to sell. Prudence counseled that he should add no more for the present. "For," he said, "it is a melancholy fact that your tourist, particularly your cyclist, on whom we should chiefly rely, never reads anything—either at home or abroad. Your bookish pedestrian is extinct, or only survives in numbers too small to carry off even the most limited edition."

Personally, I think the publisher was too pessimistic, though I confess that two or three booksellers I likewise consulted confirmed his view. One of these, something of a philosopher, with an eye for the causes of things, suggested a possible reason. "It comes a good deal," he said, "of some of you literary men, so to say, fouling your own nests. It was Stevenson who began it with his talk of longing for a more manly way of life—as if he could have been happy for five minutes in a world without words. Then Mr. Lang, perhaps the most literary temperament that ever lived, would have you believe that to write a good book is nothing compared with playing a good game of golf. And, of course, all the imitative youngsters follow suit. It is a pose, a fashion, like any other, and it will pass; but, meanwhile, it is not very good for the book trade."

There is a great deal in what the bookseller said. At the moment, books are at considerably more than a threepence in the shilling discount. Only battle-axes are at a premium. "Life is more than literature," like many another good phrase gone wrong, has run amuck in certain brains; and we have the strange spectacle of a highly-organized civilization aping the barbarism from which it started.

"Life?" Yes! But it seems rather the taking of life that is meant; and if life is more than literature, how much more is it than mere golf and cricket, or even soldiering and sailing? No one would deny that the "crowded hour of glorious life" is worth all libraries, including even

*From *Travels in England*. John Lane. \$1.50.

my Knapsack Library, though perhaps it depends a little on what you crowd into that hour; and I fancy that Scott must have meant something more than, say, a good time with a Gatling gun.

Of course, a book is no more a substitute for life than a fiddle is a substitute for a beautiful woman; but a book is more important than a cricket bat, and a fiddle than a sword. Similarly, had I to choose between the lark and Shelley, I would choose the bird with the bigger brain and the many meanings in his voice.

Fortunately, however, no such choice is necessary, and I confess that, as a matter of personal practice, when the lark begins over the down I shut my Shelley. One poet at a time. (On the other hand, I prefer Izaak Walton always to fishing.) I have mentioned Shelley advisedly, as representative of one of the two types into which true knapsack writers are divided. True knapsack literature either fulfils Walter Pater's ideal of literature in approaching as near as possible to music, or it is like the smoking of a pipe. For us to take it away with us, a book must either be a song or a companion. Shelley is not much—or, perhaps, too much—of a companion; but who shall match him at a song? While for a thoroughly seasoned briar, who is there still that can compare with Charles Lamb?

But, before I steal bits from my unwritten preface to "The Knapsack Library," I realize that I have not quite finished the vindication of that library's existence. Says your plain athletic man—there is no such sentimentalist—"With all this glorious nature about you, this blue air, this green grass, these variously colored cows; this haughty exercise of prize muscles: what do you want with books? Are not these enough? Leave your bookishness in your London chambers, dear bookworm, and come eat with us the simple grass, like Nebuchadnezzar."

"Bookishness!" I never talked of that. I am no book worm; nor, indeed, and book-feeding insect, unless it be a book-butterfly happy in the sun of literature. Nor did I for a moment mean that one should read while rowing, or cycling; nor would I advise it during football, or cricket—though in the latter game it might, perhaps, be recommended to "stonewallers" as a pleasant way of passing the time—(it would be delightful to watch the effect of an Australian cricketer reading Marcus Aurelius at Lord's).

In fact, however it may sound, my Knapsack Library is not necessarily intended for reading at all; for, more than likely, it would be composed of the books one knows by heart. In book-love, as in any other form of love, there is a physical as well as a spiritual. I know, say, pretty well all

I care to read of Mr. Swinburne by heart—the reader must excuse my thus bragging a prodigious memory—but was that any reason why I shouldn't carry for the last fortnight in a cruel saddlebag "Faustine," and "Felise," and "Dolores," and fifty more imperishable shapes of music? It is not enough to say a poem you love, you must see, even touch it too. You want it with you in its bodily presence, that at evening you may place it on your dinner-table, as you would set a rose in a glass; or that at morning it may be a lark at your bedside. You pack it among your clothes for lavender. There is, perhaps, hardly a purpose to which a real book may not be put—including reading.

Literature and International Good-Feeling.....Saturday Review

Literature is not the whole of life. The man who is merely or even distinctively literary—whether his literary pre-occupation be that of a reader or a writer—is, as a rule, a much more incomplete character than the man who has seen much of life and knows very little of literature. Certainly in society he is, beyond all comparison, duller, and, as to practical matters, his judgment is most worthless. We shall not be thought guilty of undervaluing literature when we assert that those literary persons who are supposed to attach most importance to it are the very persons who realize least how great its importance is. Just as they know but little of England who only England know, so they know little of literature whose knowledge is only literary. Literature is valuable not because it is a substitute for life, but because it illuminates life, and enriches it. It depends on practical experience, even when serving as a refuge from it. What is love-poetry to a man who has never loved? The love-poem is the oracular dream which assists us to interpret the passion; but it is only through experience of the passion that the interpretation of the dream is to be found. Macaulay, commenting on the allusive character of Milton's poetry, said that "it acts like an incantation," and that at its spell "all the burial places of the memory give up their dead." A similar thing may be said of all imaginative literature. At its spell all the burial places of experience give up their dead, and they are given up to judgment. But the relations of literature to life are not confined to relations of the kind we have just indicated—that is to say, relations to the life and experience of the individual. It has analyses relative to life of a wider kind; and these, we think, have been very imperfectly apprehended. It has relations to the life of each nation within itself. It reacts on it, helps to mold it, modify it, and gives it consistency. This is a func-

tion of literature to which criticism has often drawn attention; but besides its relations to national life, it has relations to international life also; and to these we would draw attention.

Literature, regarded thus, is a kind of moral and social heliograph which overcomes racial, historical and geographical obstacles, and makes millions who never know each other through personal intercourse, and might, for various reasons fail to understand each other, if they did, familiar acquaintances and mutually sympathetic friends. The passionate admiration, for example, which Shakespeare has met with in Germany constitutes a bond of sympathy between the English and the German nations, which is certainly not confined to the domains of literary taste and philosophy. It forms, for both nations, a constant witness to, and a constant reminder of, the fact that there subsists between them a deep moral and a deep intellectual brotherhood, which tends to neutralize the prejudices arising from differences of manners and temperament, and even to mitigate those arising from differences of political interest. Nor has this literary influence been due to England only. If England has given Shakespeare to Germany, Germany has given Goethe to England. Shakespeare and Goethe have created a common world, of which the hearts and minds of Englishmen and Germans are alike citizens; and hence there must in each country be a large class, and a class influential out of all proportion to its numbers, to which war between the two nations would seem not only war, but civil war. And if literature forms such a bond between England and Germany, it forms a bond between England and France, which is stronger and more striking still. It is more striking because of our greater proximity to France; and the stronger and more familiar character of the mutual antipathy between the French temperament and the English. It is stronger, because the French language is more widely known in England than the German, and a knowledge of French literature more widely diffused. It may very likely be true that there is between France and England less literary reciprocity than there is between England and Germany. The great French writers may be better known in England than the great English writers are known in France; but though it takes two nations to make a quarrel, the temper of one nation may do much to prevent one, and English familiarity with and admiration for the great literature of France is a force which undoubtedly makes for peace with our nearest neighbors, even should there be no corresponding influence acting similarly on them. As a matter of fact, however, certain of our English writers enjoy in France a

popularity which is not only great, but important; the novels of Scott having had, for a certain time at all events, a distinct influence on the social and political temper of the nation, and having re-aroused sympathy with the ideas of a stable conservatism, a love for the past, and a reluctance to break with its traditions, which the genius of Dumas did much to perpetuate.

The Conditions of Great Poetry.....Quarterly Review

Let us begin with those which are national—which spring into exceptional vitality in connection with some expansion or development of national life and power. The principal point which is here to be observed is this. Every national expansion or development of the kind in question may be generally and broadly divided into two stages: the first being the stage of struggle through which victory and success are reached; the second being the stage during which the resources that victory has won are being consciously appreciated, and applied to further uses; and it is the latter stage alone which is favorable to great poetry. All the evidence of history tends to support this conclusion. Great poetry has no doubt been produced in nations which have not been going through this latter stage of success; but it has never been produced in nations during the stress and struggle that have preceded it. To illustrate this fact it will be enough to turn again to the age of Shakespeare. In the sphere of politics, of national religion, and of social civilization alike England was then, as it were, entering into a new inheritance. It was no longer fighting for its treasures. It was sorting them, admiring them, employing them in many ways, and dreaming of other ways in which they might be employed some day. The same thing may be said of the great poetic epochs of Athens and Rome, and of France under Louis XIV. But it is not necessary here to go into further details. Stated briefly, the truth amounts to this; that the national conditions most favorable to the production of great poetry are conditions of national vigor, confident of success and looking forward to further triumphs. Under these conditions the minds of men generally are in a state which is midway between the calm of speculation and reflection and the preoccupation of practical endeavor. It unites the intellectual vision of the one with the ardent passion of the other. It is this state of mind to which the poet appeals, and which in the great poet reaches its most complete development.

We do not say that these national conditions are indispensable to the production of great poetry; but if they are absent, then it is all the more necessary that the conditions of religion or

thought should be favorable. If we consider religious conditions, we shall find the one which most strongly affects the production of poetry to be a religious belief at once generally diffused and accepted with unquestioning and intense conviction. This of itself may be sufficient to admit of the production of great poetry, apart from any special heightening or development of national life; but whenever such a development of national life takes place, religious belief is directly or indirectly an element of it.

Finally, let us consider the philosophic or intellectual conditions favorable to great poetry—conditions which may co-exist with the others, or else may take the place of them. That some great and general outburst of intellectual and philosophical activity may have on poetry an effect very similar to that of some great national development, or of strong religious belief, is attested by the case of Goethe. In certain instances such a movement may assume a national character; but the case of Goethe shows us that this is by no means essential. What influenced his genius was a quickening of thought throughout Europe, which had nothing to do with the fortunes of the State of Weimar. And just as it was independent of the life of any special nation, so was it independent of the dogmas of any special religion. It was not only independent of them; it represented a revolt against them; or at all events it involved a repudiation of them in their literal sense. Now if strong religious belief is favorable to great poetry, we might naturally expect that the disintegration of it, at the hands of philosophy, would be the reverse; and we might easily adduce examples to show that such is the case. The fact is, however, that philosophy, when it frees itself from dogmatic religion, and endeavors to reach truth by independent means of its own, is capable of doing this in two widely different ways. It may do so in a spirit which, so far as definite belief is concerned, is mainly negative and destructive; and it may do so in a spirit which, in the very act of negation, conceives itself to be re-expressing what it denies, and re-expressing it more completely. In the former case we have an extinction of belief; in the latter we have a transformation; and whilst an intellectual movement which tends to the extinction of belief is unfavorable to poetry, an intellectual movement which tends to the transformation of it may be no less favorable than the settled belief itself. For such a movement, so long as it remains in this stage, is practically an equivalent of the very thing which it seems to be destroying. It is itself a religion which, whilst it is losing the stimulus of definite conviction, gains what for the time is equally opera-

tive on the mind, namely, the stimulus of indefinite hope.

At the root of all great poetry there is some form or other of strenuous and impassioned optimism, some heightened sense of the value and importance of existence. And this is as true of the poetry which expresses sadness, or even deliberate pessimism, as it is of the poetry which expresses the delights of love, hope, and endeavor, the beauty of good, or the majesty of great conduct. For all pessimism that is really impressive in poetry is neither more nor less than the shadow of some vivid optimism; and the gloom of the shadow is in proportion to the brightness of the light that casts it, just as the bitterness of a lover's loss is in proportion to the intensity of his passion. It is easy to see that a development of the national life such as that which took place in this country during the age of Shakespeare, and an intellectual movement such as that which conditioned the career of Goethe, were essentially optimistic, in the sense that they intensified men's consciousness of the value and richness of existence, and made them regard it with heightened and deepened feelings; and a moment's reflection will make it equally clear that the Catholicism of the Age of Faith, in spite of the terrors of its Inferno, and what many regard as the tyranny which is exercised over the human spirit was an optimism, in the sense in which we are now using the word, of the most absolute and overwhelming kind. It was founded on a belief in the unerring justice of God, and it impressed on men, with a vividness which has never since been equaled, the inconceivable preciousness of every human soul.

The Main Current of Fiction.....Springfield Republican

The student of contemporary American literature must have noted here and there gratifying signs of an increasing interest in portraying what is characteristic and national in our life. Hamlin Garland made too much of a splurge with his prairie tales, yet his idea was the right one. Stephen Crane had the right notion, too; his eye for color was marvelous, and he might have done something big in another decade. Harold Frederic was another instance of the untimely death of a man who was working with his eye "on the object," even though that object was temporarily transferred to England. Among the more recent novels, Mr. Norris' *McTeague* in spite of its ugliness, George Ade's *Arty and Doc* Horne in spite of their triviality, Booth Tarkington's *The Gentleman from Indiana* in spite of its boyish crudeness, Robert Herrick's *The Web of Life* in spite of its false touches, Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* in spite of its irritating didactic-

ism, all have this quality in common, that they show an eager search for what is typical in our national life.

Now this trait is precisely what American fiction, with some notable exceptions, has lacked. Our novelists, or most of them, have somehow or other never got into the main current of fiction, have never interpreted the life about them with the broad treatment of scores of English and European novelists. Just what that main current is it would be difficult to say, beyond the fact that includes all those novels in which normal contemporary life is treated in a normal and broadly human way. It is easier to point out some of those works of literary art that belong to it than to define its boundaries, which are as fluctuating and intangible as those of the Gulf Stream. In *Tom Jones* we find the current running full and strong, albeit muddy. In *Pride and Prejudice*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion* its turgid tide is clarified, and runs limpid and slow, but not shallow. In *Waverley*, *The Antiquary* and *Guy Rannering* the flood has grown broader and stronger, and in *David Copperfield*, *The Newcomes*, *Adam Bede*, *Richard Feverel* and *The Return of the Native* we can see it flowing down to our own day. Across the channel, the same main current, sometimes foul with the dirt of cities, runs in *Père Goriot*, *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, *Le Nabob*, *Anna Karénina*, in *Smoke*, and in *Fathers and Sons*.

To make the principle of division clear, it may be well to jot down in the same haphazard fashion a list of famous books that lie out of the main current, such as *Ivanhoe*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Frankenstein*, *A Strange Story*, *The Moonstone*, *Lorna Doone*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Hypatia*, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Trilby*, *The Jungle Book*—the list might be indefinitely prolonged. It will be observed that the distinction is largely one of subject matter. The question of realism versus romanticism is not involved, nor that of subjective or objective, personal or detached treatment, nor even George Moore's distinction between primary and secondary emotions, by which he exalts French fiction at the expense of British. Wherever a writer depicts the life about him in a broad, sane, normal fashion, bringing out what is human and typical, there the main current of fiction flows. Wherever the writer exploits his own caprices, or builds up a tissue of merely intellectual interest, or depicts the life of a narrow or artificial society, or out of books reconstructs the past at second hand, his works stand apart, and do not enter into the broad sweep of the big tide of romance.

Normal human life, normal society, make and

always must make the staple of fiction, and, in the long run fiction of this type greatly outclasses in weight and value all other kinds. But it is not at all to the discredit of a writer if his temperament, his habits, or his environment lead him to direct his energies to some other channel. It is even to the interests of letters that there should be this wide diversity, giving variety and richness. In popularity, in lasting fame, and in literary worth such "sports," as the naturalist might call them, may surpass most books that lie in the greater group.

The Proverb.....*London Spectator*

That the proverb is literature there can be no doubt. It is artistic in form, it is a concentrated expression of worldly wisdom at least and very often of profound moral truth, it passes current everywhere, it formulates the universal ideas common to peasant and philosopher, it grows out of the general consciousness. Above all, it suggests to us that that which endures in human speech and writing is the happy phrase or sentence which aims not at preciseness of detail, but at precision in the utterance of feeling, knowledge, or experience. It is a noteworthy fact that in our own day, when that terse, epigrammatic style which was all but universal in the early world is no more, when German philosophers take a hundred pages to say what Aristotle said in three lines, many of the phrases which stick in our minds are not those laboriously polished by our leading writers, but rough sayings coined by rough people on Western prairies, or in mines, or on solitary hillsides, who have scarcely ever opened a book in their lives. The proverb can never be the outcome of culture. The cultivated man is afraid of committing himself, his mind is as artificial as his surroundings, he knows so much to be said for or against any proposition, that he dare not come out with a simple native truth for fear it should be dissected by other cultivated people as a half-statement. Some modern writers, feeling themselves thus cramped, strive against the tendency to rob language of its primal freshness and crisp quality. Browning takes flying leaps from ledge to ledge of word and epigram, leaving to the mind of the reader the task of filling up the yawning gaps. Mr. Meredith has, in the same quest after a lost terseness, produced a strange language of his own which, if people would be candid, would be found to have pleased nobody. Carlyle had, on the other hand, the real trick. His words, like Luther's, were "half-battles"; we can never forget his powerful phrasing, his biting epigram. But that was largely because Carlyle, like Burns, was the offspring of Scottish

peasantry, and was in fact a peasant to the end of his days. He had the peasant's primal contact with realities, and was never made artificial by culture, extensive as were his stores of knowledge. Of a very different person—Johnson—the same may be said, although what Carlyle gave us in books, Johnson has bequeathed to us in conversation. Perhaps the intimate conversation among equals who have nothing to conceal provides the best form of this terse, vigorous epigram or celebrated saying of which we are now treating. How satisfactory it is to "have one's talk out" with those who are sufficiently sympathetic and nimble-witted to divine your essential meaning! And what a source of exasperation to give your best and find it misunderstood by some dull analyzing pedant whose imagination is so ineffective that you "must speak by the card." We complain of the average man, but there must after all be a good deal in him, or he would never have melted down human language into proverbial philosophy.

Journalism.....Arthur R. Kimball.....Atlantic

An illustration of the unnoted invasion of journalism is to be found in the increasing number of reportorial or journalistic books—so far as style is concerned—which are crowding to the front in the issues of current literature. It is not proposed to raise here the mooted question of literature versus journalism. It suffices for the present purpose to call attention to journalism's literary output, as by the best authority it may be fairly described as literary in certain cases. The names of Richard Harding Davis and Julian Ralph in this country, or of the late George W. Steevens and Andrew Lang (press writer no less than Greek scholar) in England, suggest themselves at once as striking examples. The growing tendency toward "journalization" involves far more than a matter of colloquialism and style. It concerns as well point of view and method of treatment. This is seen conspicuously in the changed relations of the popular magazine and the newspaper. Once it was the ambition of the newspaper to be rated as high as the magazine. Now it often seems to be the ambition of the magazine to be ranked as a monthly newspaper. Minor indications of this abound. Take for one example a mechanical device. What newspaper men call "sub-heads"—short descriptive headlines placed at regular intervals over sections of a long article to catch the eye and keep the attention—are to be seen more and more frequently in leading magazines. Take for another example the growing habit of using the text to illustrate the illustrations—a habit which, while not borrowed from newspapers, since magazines were illustrated first,

has yet been greatly stimulated by the competition. But to come to things more serious. Literature once quoted with approval the ideal of an early magazine "as set forth in its prospectus," "A Repository for the Occasional Productions of Men of Genius." The ideal, somewhat fantastic, touches grotesque absurdity when contrasted with the standard of the modern magazine, seeking far afield the occasional production—"for this appearance only"—of the unlettered notability or notoriety. It is of course unfair to charge all the changes in "up-to-date" magazine editing to the journalistic tendency. In the evolution of the book, the magazine, and the newspaper under modern conditions of production and distribution a process of delimitation is to be traced, defining more exactly the proper sphere of each. The "gettableness" of the modern book has had as much to do with the differentiation as the universality of the newspaper. "The book will find its own constituency," said Mr. Henry M. Alden, author of *God in His World*, in discussing the displacement of a certain class of magazine articles by the book. In illustration Mr. Alden instanced the fact that a noticeably large proportion of the first purchasers of *God in His World* hailed from "beyond the Rockies," although the book was published in New York. To-day's extended market for books, practically coextensive with the mails, and the great increase of libraries and library facilities, the traveling library in some sections reaching the smallest village within the radius of the city, have made book readers out of thousands who in the past were of necessity magazine readers. What is more properly of permanent than of contemporaneous interest thus naturally finds in the book a first form of publication, the call for an earlier magazine publication no longer existing. The magazine has also, in the process of delimitation, surrendered to the newspaper certain classes of articles which in the development of the newspaper fall to it naturally, for example, the article simply descriptive, the old "travel" article, so familiar in magazine pages twenty-five years ago. But while triteness and universality of travel have contributed to making the travel article hardly worth while for the magazine, it remains that many interesting things of the sort may still be found to write, only the natural place in which to print them is the newspaper. There they still appear, reaching a newspaper, instead of a magazine, constituency. Not to particularize further, one may say that it is the office of the magazine to interpret the significance of life as it is being lived, after it is mirrored, "en passant," in the press, but before its perpetuation in the book.

Choice Verse

All Souls' Night.....Louisa Humphrys.....London Literary World

(It is said that the spirits in Purgatory are released on this one night to meet their priest).

Canice the priest went out on the Night of Souls;
"Stay, oh stay," said the woman who served his board;

"Stay, for the path is strait with pits and holes,
And the night is dark, and the way is lone abroad;
Stay within because it is lone, at least."

"Nay, it will not be lone," said Canice the priest.

Dim without, and a dim, low-stooping sky;
A scent of earth in the night, of opened mould;
A listening pause in the night—and a breath passed by—

And its touch was cold, was cold, as the graves are cold.

Canice went to the waste where no men be;

"Nay, I shall not be lone to-night," said he.

Shades that flit, besides the shades of the night;

Rustling sobs, besides the sobs of the wind;

Steps of feet that pace with his on the right,

Steps that pace on the left, and steps behind.

"Nay, no fear that I shall be lone, at least!

Lo, there are throngs abroad," said Canice the priest.

Deathly hands that pluck at his cassock's hem

Sighings of earthly breath that smite his cheek;

Canice the priest swings on, atune with them,

Hears the throbbings of pain, and hears them speak;

Hears the word they utter, and answers, "Yea!

Yea, poor souls, for I heed; I pray I pray."

Lo, a gleam of grey, and the dark is done;

Hark, a bird that trills a song to the light.

Canice hies him home by the shine of the sun.

What to-day of those pallid wraiths of the night?

What of the woeful notes that had wailed and fled?

"Maria, ora pro illis!" Canice said.

Escape.....Alice Lena Cole.....Atlantic Monthly

Masters twain of Wont and Use

It is time to set me loose

Who have worn your galling chain

Till my wrists are girt with pain,

Served you well—O words which curse;

Would that I had served you worse!—

Not to you alone my duty.

Am I not the thrall of Beauty?

I have said her "Nay" too long—

May she pardon me the wrong.

She has called to me and waited.

I will be emancipated.

First to feel that I am free

I must hie me to the sea;

Glad as any bird that sings

Will my spirit find its wings.

Floating there 'twixt deep and deep

I shall waken as from sleep.

On my brow to know the chrism

Of the spray of new baptism,

Like a child to laugh and wonder

At the crashing ocean thunder.

Then away where twilight spills
In the hollows of the hills
Pools of palest purple wine,
And the purple columbine
Fastens fairy bells to nod,
Brodering with bloom the sod
That goes groping up to God.

Jealous masters Wont and Use,
Let your wretched servants loose.
Very heavy is the chain
That has girt their flesh with pain.
They have labored for their bread
Which they eat and are not fed;
They have listened to "Thou must,"
And go downward to the dust.
Toil their hands to what avail
If their hearts grow faint and fail?

Grant us freedom from our care
That we be not unware
Of the flush of dawn so tender
And the sunset's awful splendor,
The perfection that uncloses
With the crimson summer roses,
Looks that startle from the features
Of earth's humblest human creatures;
All the loveliness supernal,
All the echoes of Eternal
Music that the soul surprise
And forever tantalize.
Long, too long, has Beauty waited.
Let us be emancipated.

An Autumn Morning..Edward William Dutcher..Pall Mall Magazine

The fields are bathed in shades of filmy mist,
Beneath low skies set deep in amethyst,
Shot through with thousand rays;
Beyond, the hills uplift their crowns of wood,
As if to render thanks for every good,
In silent signs of praise.

Across the bladed corn the shadows fall
From risen mist, sent upward to the call
Of sunbeams and the breeze;
The grass inwoven with a silvery lace,
Fashioned within the loom and fretted grace
Of Autumn laden trees.

The shadowy vales have opened wide their doors,
Through which the morn its sweet refreshment
pours

Over the drowsy flowers,
Whose fragrance gladdens, like an incense mild,
The happy-hearted swain and prattling child—
Companions of the hours.

'Tis sunrise of the soul! The heart and life
Of all the waking throng with being rife
Enraptured rise from earth;—
Waiting the songs from myriad silent throats,
The morning breathes upon the dormant notes,
And charms them into birth.

Each day repeats the glad, recurring scene,
While night's sweet, restful hours lie between,
Its curtain round us drawn;
Refreshed, we waken as the eastern skies
Lift Slumber's fingers from our wondering eyes,
To greet again the dawn!

*House-Cleaning.....Isabella Howe Fiske..... Verses**

The rain's a tidy parlor-maid;
She dusts with care each separate blade
And the high walls of the skies.
And Mother Nature, too, is wise
And often has a cleaning day
To wash the dust and dirt away.
On the carpets of the fields
Well her broom of storms she wields;
On her furniture of trees
The feather duster of the breeze.
Then she's ready, when that's done,
For her company, the sun.

Waggon Hill.....Henry Newbolt.....London Spectator
(Ladysmith, January 6th, 1900.)

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,
Treading his dear "Revenge's" deck,
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him growling,
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.
"Fetter and Faith for England's neck,
Faggot and Father, Saint and chain,—
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombro lying,
Knowing the night that toward him crept,
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying
This for a sign before he slept:—
"Pride of the West! What Devon hath kept
Devon shall keep on tide or main;
Call to the storm and drive them flying,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,
Far in a South land brought to bay,
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,
Waited the end in twilight grey.
Battle and storm and the s-a-d-o-'s way!
Drake from his long rest turned again,
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

A Twilight Moth.....Madison Cawein.....Lippincott's

Dusk is thy dawn: when Eve puts on her state
Of gold and purple in the marbled west,
Thou comest forth like some embodied trait,
Or dim conceit, a lily-bud confessed;
Or, of a rose, the visible wish; that, white,
Goes messengering softly through the night,
Whom each expectant flower makes its guest.

All day the primroses have thought of thee
Their golden heads close-haremed from the heat;
All day the mystic moonflowers silkenly
Veiled snowy faces—that no bee might greet
Or butterfly that, weighed with pollen, passed;—
Keeping Sultana charms for thee, at last,
Their lord, who comest to salute each sweet.

Cool-hearted flowers that avoid the day's
Too fervid kisses; each pale bud that drinks
The tipsy dew and to the starlight plays
Nocturns of fragrance, thy wing'd shadow links
In bonds of secret brotherhood and faith;
O bearer of their order's shibboleth,
Like some strange symbol fluttering o'er these
pinks!

*Printed by Frank Wood, Boston, Mass., for the
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For sale at Boston book stores. Price, 50 cents.

What dost thou whisper in the balsam's ear
That sets it blushing? or the hollyhock's
Of syllabled silence, that no man may hear.
As dreamily upon its stem it rocks?
What spell dost bear from listening plant to plant
Like some white witch, some ghostly ministrant,
Some spectre of some perished flower of phlox?

O voyager of that universe which lies
Between the four walls of this garden fair,—
Whose constellations are the fireflies
That wheel their instant courses everywhere,—
'Mid fairy firmaments, wherein one sees
Mimic Boötes and the Pleiades,
Thou steereest like some elf ship-of-the-air.

Gnome-wrought of moonbeam-fluff and gossamer,
Silent as scent, perhaps thou charic test
Mab or king Oberon: or, haply, her
His queen, Titania, on some midnight quest.
O for the herb, the magic euphrasy,
That should unmask thee to mine eyes,—ah me!—
And all that world at which my soul hath guessed!

*The Samphire Gatherer....Nora Hopper....Songs of the Morning**

The Samphire gatherer to the cliff-face clings
Halfway 'twixt sky and sea;
She has but youth and courage for her wings,
And always Death about her labor sings,
And fain would loosen steady hand or knee,
And cast her down among life's broken things,
But danger shakes with fitful murmurings
No such brave heart as she.

The gulls are crying in her heedless ears
That strength is made a mock
At grips with the great sea. She has no fears,
But treads with naked feet the stair of rock
That has but known for years on weary years
The touch of sea-gulls' wings, the sea that rears
Her waves against it with recurrent shock,
The sun that burns and sears.

She has no fears because her daily bread
She sees made manifest
Here in the pendulous weed that tempts her tread
Upon so wild and dangerous a quest.
The samphire sways and dangles overhead
And home is far below; and in that nest
Are little hungry mouths that must be fed,
Though Danger be her neighbor and her guest.

Night brings her little children to her knee
For daily bread to pray;
Their father tosses on the open sea,
Where flashing shoals of silver dolphins play.
But hungry mouths must feed while he's away,
So the brave mother clambers day by day,
And pulls the samphire trails, and knows not she
Is of that school of saints that wear no bay.
But do God's work the still and splendid way.

Ad Astra.....Ernest Neal Lyon.....Harper's Weekly

Attempt the highest! Nobler far
To stumble, gazing at a star,
Than, by a glow-worm lantern led,
To follow in another's tread!

*London: Grant Richards.

The Clang-Tint of Words*

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

It is interesting to notice what a difference there is in words as to their atmosphere. Two terms that the dictionaries give as being nearly or quite synonymous may have widely different values for literary use. Each has its own enveloping suggestiveness—"airs from Heaven," or emanations from elsewhere. Of two words denoting the same object or action, one may come drawing with it "a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud"; the other bringing a disagreeable smudge. Accordingly, in the literary art, it is not enough to use language with an exact sense of definitions; one must add to this logical precision a nice instinct for atmospheric effect. Just as a tone of a particular pitch is one thing on a flute, and another on a horn, each having its own timbre, so a term having a precise meaning is one thing if it has dropped caroling out of Grecian skies, and from the delicate hands of Keats and Shelley, but quite another thing if it has come clattering and rumbling up out of clodhoppers' horse-talk. Moreover, just as the difference between tones on various instruments is due to their diverse groups of harmonic overtones, one superposed on another, so the individual atmosphere of any word comes from its having its own composite set of associations, some faint and vague, some strong and definite, that have through all its history been clustering upon it.

Now, this timbre or clang-tint of words cannot be learned from any dictionary. It must be caught, little by little, from a kind of household familiarity with the choicest writers. Euphuists, we may call these best writers of every age; for that much-misunderstood movement of old times, known and ridiculed as euphuism, was in reality only a product of this instinct of refinement in the choice of terms. In that passage from Wordsworth's Brougham Castle—a warm bit of color that stands out from a cold poem like a flash of red sunset on bare trees in the snow—

"Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
'Quell the Scot!' exclaims the Lance;
'Bear me to the heart of France!'
Is the longing of the Shield."

What could have been substituted for "quell?" "Crush," "beat," "kill," "smash"—either one would have been out of the question. Or what could have been used instead of "bear?"

"Bring," "take," "fetch," "lug"—each is impossible. "Quell" and "bear," by the way, are not terms of every-day use in common speech; yet this is the poet who is popularly supposed, by those who have read about him more than they have read him, to have adjured all merely literary language. The truth is his distinction is rather that of having passed honest coins instead of counters. He used language not for the sound of it, but for the sense of it. The verse-carpenters had been in the habit of patching up their products with unfelt and unmeant "poetic words"; their work was called "poetry" because it was not prose. But Wordsworth never used a word, whether big or little, Latin or Saxon, except to carry an idea; and he picked them not only according to their exact sense, but according to their exact clang-tint as well.

No doubt one of the most charming among the atmospheric qualities of words is that inevitable suggestion of sincerity in their use which clings about the homely diction of every-day course. Not only Wordsworth, but all of the good modern poets, sing for the most part in the same language in which they would talk; and, for that matter, did not Chaucer, and did not Shakespeare? The best literature and the best conversation contrive to get on with but one vocabulary. It is only the dreary scribblers that persist in prodding our inattentive brains with startling forms of speech. It is already merry times in literature when we are no longer afraid of our mother tongue. We instinctively sheer off from any writer who uses what Rogers ("the poet Rogers") called "album words."

Certain type-metal terms have come to serve as earmarks of insincerity and of the mere ambition to write something—terms that are never used in honest speech, and the employment of which in conversation would make a man feel absurd.

One gets a vivid sense of the different atmosphere about words substantially synonymous in trying to make substitutions in a proofsheets. For example, the lynx-eyed proof-reader has some day conveyed to you, by means of the delicately unobtrusive intimation of a blue-pencil line, the fact that you repeated a word three times in the space of a short paragraph. You have to find a substitute. It is easy to think of half a dozen terms that stand for nearly the same idea, but it is in the incongruous implications of them all that the difficulty lies.

*From the Prose of Edward Rowland Sill. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

A new uniform edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley, known as the Greenfield Edition, has just been issued by his publishers, Bowen, Merrill & Co., of Indianapolis. The set consists of nine volumes, printed from new plates on paper made especially for the purpose and beautifully bound in green cloth. Each volume is prefaced by a full-page drawing made especially for this edition. We take this occasion to print the portrait of the Hoosier poet on the cover of Current Literature, and give the following sketch of the author. His literary productions are too well known to our readers and have received notice too frequently to need comment here.

Mr. Riley was born in 1852 in Greenfield, Indiana, a small town twenty miles from Indianapolis. His father, a country lawyer, wished his son to read for that profession, but it took the latter, after a course at the village school, but a short time to learn that Blackstone was not for him, and he ran away from home with a patent medicine and concert wagon, it being his function to beat the bass-drum; then he worked at the trade of sign-painting, coming back to Greenfield to do some experimental journalism on a local paper, the failure of which sheet sent him to Indianapolis, where his labors on the Journal of that city resulted in a connection which introduced him as a writer and brought him fame and fortune. For a while Riley used the pen-name B. F. Johnson, of Boone, insinuating his Journal contributions; and a great deal of his verse and prose first appeared in the columns of that paper—the rapidly thrown-off copy of the practical newspaper man.

Since Riley has come into prosperity and fame he has returned to Greenfield and purchased and fitted up for his summer home the old family residence, endeared to him by so many associations. He is in demand all over the country as a reader, his gifts as a platform speaker being remarkable.

A friend thus describes his personal appearance: "In physical stature he is below the average height. His complexion is fair. His hair has never changed from the flaxen whiteness of boyhood. His eyes are large, light-blue, wide-open, and marvelous in their expression. His face is smoothshaven; his attire neat and fashionable. To his friends, to all the associations, interests and memories of his life, he is profoundly, patriotically loyal."

Mr. Nelson Lloyd, the author of *The Chronic Loafer*, is a graduate of Pennsylvania State Col-

lege and his first literary work was the writing of plays for production by the Dramatic Club of that college. After graduating he became a reporter for the New York Evening Sun, and he is now the city editor of that paper. Encouraged by the success of *The Chronic Loafer*, which is about to go into a third edition, he is at present hard at work upon a long novel, the scene of which will again be Pennsylvania, his native State, and will cover a much broader field than that used in writing his first book.

Francis La Flesche, author of *The Middle Five*, was born about thirty-five years ago, and was sent, says *The Book Buyer*, to an Indian Mission School established in 1857 by the Presbyterian Church on the eastern boundary of the Omaha Reservation and there made rapid progress. His mother was a full-blood Omaha, descended from a long line of men noted for their ability and leadership. His father was equally well born, of Ponka descent and was the head chief of his tribe. Late in the seventies young La Flesche attracted the attention of Senator Kirkwood, of Iowa, during a Congressional investigation of some Indian matters. The lad's fearless rectitude on that occasion fixed him in the Senator's memory; a short time after, when Senator Kirkwood became Secretary of the Interior, he wrote to young La Flesche to ascertain his fitness for a Government clerkship, and, being favorably impressed by the lad's letters, offered him a position in the Indian Bureau, where he has been ever since, having won several promotions for efficiency. Besides his literary studies, pursued during his evenings at home, La Flesche has taken a course of law at the National University Law School of Washington, and, after graduating, he studied and obtained the Master Degree. For his valuable and original contributions to ethnology he was elected a Fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Most of the sketches contained in *The Middle Five* were written by Mr. La Flesche for his own amusement, and were accidentally discovered by friends, who urged their publication in book form.

Mr. William Vaughn Moody is publishing this fall, through Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, a poetic drama entitled *The Masque of Judgment*. Mr. Moody is, perhaps, best known at present as the writer of many remarkable short poems. The latest of these, *An Ode in Time of Hesitation*,

and a poem entitled *Good Friday Night*, appeared in recent numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Moody was born in July, 1869, at Spencer, Ind., and was brought up in the town of New Albany, on the Ohio River. On the death of his father, at seventeen, he began teaching in a district school in Southern Indiana, and for several terms while teaching he prepared himself at the same time for college. He entered Harvard in 1889 and later graduated from that institution. He was for one term an assistant in English at Harvard University, and thereafter went as instructor in English to the University of Chicago, which position he now holds. He has traveled both in Italy and in England, and it was while upon a walking trip through the dolomite country of southeastern Tyrol that the conception of *The Masque of Judgment* came to him. That was in 1897 that it was begun. He took the matter up again while in New York in 1899, continued working at it while in London in the same year, and finished it this spring in Boston. His latest work is a prose play entitled *The Faith Healer*, recently completed; the scene of this drama is laid in Missouri and the action is based on a recent occurrence.

Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, whose recent collections of short stories have attracted so much attention, says *Self-Culture*, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, June 20, 1858, of North Carolina parentage. His father served four years on the non-commissioned staff of the Northern army during the Civil War. The family returned to North Carolina after the war, where our author finished his course at school and became a teacher. He followed this profession for ten years and rose to the position of principal of the State Normal School. In 1883 he went to New York, doing work as a reporter on *The Mail and Express* for some months. He returned to Cleveland in the autumn of the same year and entered the office of the Nickel Plate Railroad. After a year and a half of railroad office work he began the reading of law in the solicitor's office of the same company, and was admitted to the bar in 1887. In the same year appeared his first story under the auspices of McClure's Syndicate. His reputation as an expert stenographer brought him profitable employment in the Cleveland courts, though this interfered to some extent with the practice of law. Meantime, his growing literary aspirations drew him still farther from that profession. His first story in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Goophered Grape Vine*, brought him immediate recognition, but his most distinct success was *The Wife of His Youth*, published in August, 1898. The two stories are representative of the two

distinct types of character and of the separate "motifs" which give to his two collections of short stories such well defined individuality and connected interest. Uncle Julius, whose tales entrance the reader of *The Conjure Woman*, is no way inferior to Uncle Remus as a "raconteur," and the superstitions which give color to his tales are an interesting contribution to the folk-lore of the South. Mr. Chesnutt works an original field in this series, and works it with a skill not inferior to that of Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, or James Lane Allen. In *The Wife of His Youth* he touches the pathetic chord and portrays with rare dramatic ability the emotions of sensitive human beings under the ban and thralldom of caste. This is a subject on which Mr. Chesnutt feels very deeply. His sympathies are all with the race which suffers so grievously from Anglo-Saxon pride and prejudice both North and South, and he wields his pen as chivalrously in its behalf as ever knight of old wielded his sword.

When Charles Dudley Warner was editor of the *Hartford Press*, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the States by his energetic appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing room one day, and, facing Mr. Warner said: "Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled emotions of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied that it pleased him that the man felt the call to duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than set your copy."

Although Gyp has been turning out a prodigious quantity of work in the last twenty years, it has lost none of its piquancy, and the French social world, in which the bright little novelist has scintillated so long, has not begun to grow weary of her. She was married early and began writing when she was only eighteen; so it is hardly fair to think of her as an old woman, despite the fact that she has three grown-up children, and that some of her novels have also become of age. She is a highly organized little being, scarcely more than a bundle of nerves, and has always been rather eccentric and unconventional. When a young girl, she was famous in her circle of friends as an athlete, equally good at boating, swimming and riding, and she is to-day as good a horsewoman as can be found in the French social world. She abominates England, and is correspondingly fond of the Boers. Her talk is as bright as her books, and no one who ever sat at table with her doubts that she has a genuine sense of humor. She is almost as clever at painting as she is at writing novels. She is a grand niece of Mirabeau, and

among her most treasured possessions are the faded remnants of a rose given to that statesman by Marie Antoinette. Her whole name is Gabrielle Sybill Marie Antoinette de Piquetti de Mirabeau, which she abbreviated into "Gyp."

Dr. Charles W. Doyle, who first won fame several months ago by his *Taming of the Jungle*, is at present at work on a new novel of contemporary Chinese life in the Orient, which will be a companion volume to his stories of Chinese life in San Francisco, published by the Lippincotts under the title of *The Shadow of Quong Lung*. Dr. Doyle spent his early life in India, and the horrors of the Sepoy war were clearly stamped upon his mind. At the age of eighteen he was at Guy's Hospital, London, "where," he says, "I spent the most terrible year of my life fretting my heart for my 'jungle mother.'" He is now a well-known physician at Santa Cruz, Cal., a pretty seaside resort about ninety miles from San Francisco.

Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle were the two popular men at the front in the South African war, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. Both of them were writers on warlike subjects. Then was their chance, but unfortunately neither could really avail himself of it because it involved the sometimes common duties of the regular war correspondent. Even Mr. Richard Harding Davis felt qualms about soiling his pen with routine cables and obeying foolish press censors. Obviously, Mr. Kipling could not be at the mercy of any subaltern who might mutilate his best passages. Doctor Doyle solved the problem by joining the forces as a doctor, and in that capacity he not only worked like a Trojan but incidentally managed to see a lot of real fighting on the long march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, could not seriously take up another profession, because he has not, like Doctor Doyle, two callings. Besides, his health would not permit him the arduous life of the veldt. He contented himself with doing what he could to cheer the wounded soldiers at Cape Town or on the hospital train, and they all adored him. Generally he was recognized, but not always. His little figure in khaki was more reminiscent of the army chaplain than of anything else. On the subject of writing he declared himself adamant. Editors and sub-editors buzzed around him like bees, but to all he gave the same answer—at first. For when Cronje was captured he grew restless, and when Ladysmith was relieved he became desperate. "I shall have to come to it," he used to say. "The old Adam of the journalist is getting too strong

for me." And to relieve his feelings he would go off to the cable office and telegraph to his favorite newspapers in both hemispheres. Then he wrote to the *London Times* about *The Sin of Witchcraft*, and, after that, descent was easy. The representative of the *London Daily Mail*, who had been watching him carefully for weeks, found that time and opportunity were his and got several articles for his paper, and then the *Daily Express* secured his services. As far as the war went, Mr. Kipling could see very little of it. A little action at Karee was his one experience of real war, yet he will doubtless give to the world a new romantic novel, based on South Africa. And one can be sure that his descriptions will be more exact than those of any eyewitness. By the way, he possesses a unique document. It runs as follows: "Pass Mr. Kipling anywhere at any time," and it is signed, "Roberts." Probably Sir Alfred Milner himself had not so wide a latitude.

The *Mainzer Zeitung* publishes the following letter received by the committee in Mayence from Samuel M. Clemens (Mark Twain):

"Dear Sir—Your request to have me contribute my mite to the Gutenberg celebration is both a pleasure and an honor. The world at large unhesitatingly admits that Gutenberg's invention is the grandest event in profane history. It helped to create not only a new world, but also a new hell, both of which for nearly five centuries it has annually provided with new experiences, new ideas, and new wonders. It found Truth erring about the world and gave it wings—but Lie was also roaming and managed to appropriate two sets of wings. It found Science persecuted and hiding in dark corners, but it gave it freedom on land and sea and in the heavens, and made it the welcome aid of human study. It found but little art and industry, but it added to them year by year. It made its inventor, who was shunned and despised, great, and gave him the mystery of the globe. It transformed religion, which was then the all-powerful ruler, into a friend and benefactress of mankind. War was then comparatively cheap, but of restricted effect; now it is very expensive, but gives more satisfactory results. It has brought freedom to some people and thrown others into slavery. It is the founder and protector of human liberty and yet it has fostered despotism where formerly it was impossible.

"Whatever the world is to-day, good or bad, it has become through Gutenberg's invention, which is at the bottom of it. And yet we offer him our homage, for what he said in his dream to the angel of wrath has been fulfilled, and the evil caused by his grand discovery has been a thousandfold bal-

anced by the good with which it has blessed humanity. Very truly yours, Mark Twain."

Judge Robert Grant, the author of *Unleavened Bread*, was born in Boston in 1852, and has always been identified with his native city. He was graduated from Harvard in 1873, and holds the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Laws from this university. In 1879 he began the practice of law in Boston, a profession which has claimed the greater part of an extraordinary active life. In 1883 he married the daughter of Sir Alexander Galt, of Montreal. At present he is a judge of the Probate Court of Suffolk County, and has held other important positions of public trust. He has made a brilliant success in his chosen profession, but it is as a writer that he is best known to the country at large. Mr. Grant's literary career began when he was a student at Harvard College, and his first work appeared in the college papers, and later in *Old and New*. When his burlesque of a Greek tragedy, *The Little Tin Gods on Wheels*, appeared in the *Harvard Lampoon*, it attracted much attention and was widely quoted. It paved the way for *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl* which appeared in 1880, and was an immediate success. This book gave the young author's name, and in the next fifteen years fully a dozen volumes came from his pen. They give strong evidence of his varied powers, his keen observation and fertile invention. His subjects vary from light burlesque to the inimitable satire of *Unleavened Bread*. He has written two delightful stories for boys. As a social philosopher he has been best known until the appearance of *Unleavened Bread*. *The Reflections of a Philosopher*, *The Opinions of a Married Man*, *Searchlight Letters* and *The Art of Living* are too well known to require more than a passing mention. As might be expected, Judge Grant is a rapid worker in the hours which a jealous profession leaves for literature, and has cultivated the power of concentration to the highest degree. The greater part of his writing is done during the intervals of business in the morning hours at his office. He will drop his pen to take up some knotty legal problem, and when it is solved will turn back to his manuscript. This power of turning from law to literature was not easily acquired and was the result of long training. Mr. Grant carries his work with him wherever he goes. He is always storing up impressions, taking mental notes and working out details of construction even when seemingly engrossed in other matters. The active labor of writing a story is the lightest part of his task, since he has the entire work, even down to small details, well in mind before he puts

pen to paper. He is his own severest critic, and has often destroyed a completed story, feeling that it did not do him justice. Judge Grant is an enthusiastic sportsman, spending a part of every year on fishing and hunting excursions. He is a prominent figure in society, an admirable talker with keen wit, but genial and sympathetic. His philosophy of life is a cheerful one, and his well-formed habits of thought and his strong interest in the questions of the day promise well for his future. It is now about two months since the appearance of *Unleavened Bread*, and in looking over that period one cannot help holding the opinion that this book has attracted more serious attention and provoked more sound and instructive criticism than any recent novel of American life. The majority of the daily papers have given it from one to three columns of their book pages, and the literary press in proportion. The reviews which have already appeared would make a volume as large as the novel itself, and are surprising in the insight they show into the conditions which have brought forth the heroine of *Unleavened Bread*, and in their fair and unprejudiced criticism of the book, whether favorable or unfavorable. *Unleavened Bread* is a book that forces the reader to take sides, that challenges discussion, and if the reader agrees with Judge Grant he is sure to find the satire very palatable.

Dr. Rizal, whose novel, *An Eagle's Flight*, will shortly be published by the McClure, Phillips Company, was perhaps the most remarkable Filipino of his time. He spent several years of his life in Europe. In Madrid, while only twenty-one years of age, he won the degrees of Ph.D. and M.D. He then went to Germany and studied in what was to him a new language, taking another degree. Then his travels took him to Austria and here he became famous as an oculist. He wandered through France, Italy and England, absorbing the literatures of the different countries and leaving behind him no little reputation as a sculptor. With such European training as this he began to write regarding his own country, and shortly achieved real literary distinction. Returning to his native land he was imprisoned, then exiled, being set free to take up service as a surgeon in Cuba. Here he was foully murdered by the Spaniards. Of his life and self-sacrificing struggles for his country little is known in this country, but this novel which is now published will illustrate in a manner the figure that was implied in the title. Rizal was a reformer who flew an eagle flight, bold and forth on, leaving no track behind of his patriotic labors. The present story is perhaps his best work, and that it has unusual

strength may be judged from the fact that competent critics have called it the Uncle Tom's Cabin of the Philippines.

The literary undertakings of Governor Theodore Roosevelt, says George Haven Putnam, in the Review of Reviews, are almost as various in their character as have been his official services. His first publication, made when he was but twenty-six years of age, was devoted to an important division of the history of his country—the record of the Naval War of 1812-15. This book represents the result of sober and conscientious historical investigations. Accepted as an authority at the time of the first publication, the Naval War has held its position since as authoritative history. On the strength of the reputation thus secured for his knowledge of naval matters, Mr. Roosevelt has been requested to contribute to an English naval encyclopædia the paper on this particular naval war.

In connection with his personal experiences as a ranchman in the Northwest and as a hunter throughout the whole Rocky Mountain region, he found himself interested, during the years between 1885 and 1895, in putting into print various descriptions of a ranchman's life and of a hunter's life in our Western territory. The most important of these papers have been published in two volumes, entitled, respectively, *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* and *The Wilderness Hunter*. These books are much more than mere sketches of personal experiences; they describe conditions which are rapidly passing away, and they present a valuable record of the large game of this territory which is already nearly extinct.

Mr. Roosevelt's interest in the territory of the West was not, however, limited to that of the rancher and hunter. He conceived the plan of recording the history of the territory and of its organization into the communities which later became States—a history which should continue for the territory of the Middle West and of the Southwest the annals which had been so eloquently presented by Mr. Parkman for the region of the Northwest. In the four volumes issued under the title of *The Winning of the West*, Mr. Roosevelt has brought the history of this territory, and of the beginnings of the great States which were carved out of this territory, down to the close of the American Revolution. It is to be hoped that his future official responsibilities, however important and absorbing, may still leave time for the continuation of this history, according to the original plan, down to the close of the Mexican War, in 1874, a date at which was completed the additions of American territory in the Southwest.

The *Winning of the West* volumes were followed by the publication of a series of papers giving the results of Mr. Roosevelt's experiences as an officeholder and administrator. With these papers are included certain essays of a more general character, which set forth his ideals of American citizenship. The volume includes an account of practical work in the cause of civil-service reform, the personal experiences of the author in the administration of the New York police force, and studies of phases of State legislation and machine politics in New York City. It also includes papers on such general topics as True Americanism, American Ideals, and National Life and Character. There is, finally, to be found in the volume a paper written in 1896 which possesses at this time a very direct and personal interest. It is a study of the office of the Vice-Presidency, and of the relations of the Vice-President to the National Government.

His latest literary production presents an account of the organization of the cavalry regiment which came to be known as the Rough Riders, and of the brief but stirring campaign, in Cuba, in which the Rough Riders, comprising in almost equal proportions representatives of the far Western territory with which the Colonel was so familiar, and representatives of the social circles in the East, in which the Colonel was naturally also intimate, played a most creditable part. The book has value not merely as a stirring dramatic account of campaigning, but for the practical suggestions submitted in regard to the use, as a fighting force, of American volunteers. It constitutes also a valuable addition to our knowledge of the methods of thought and methods of action of the writer, who had left an administrative office in Washington for active service in the field.

It is not often that the candidate for any great office can be tested not only by the methods in which he has administered previous positions of trust, but by his own theories, experiences and conclusions, placed deliberately on record for the information of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Roosevelt will stand both tests. His theories are carefully thought out, and his practical work and services will also stand the fullest and closest investigation. His fellow-citizens may, from time to time, disagree with one conclusion or another. They may, however, feel assured that these conclusions have been deliberately arrived at by a man of exceptional straightforwardness of character and integrity of purpose, and that in arriving at them the author has had a very much larger opportunity of putting his theories to a practical test than is often given to a writer on ideals of citizenship.

Trades-Union Movement in Chicago*

Fortunately, the first trades-union leader I talked with in Chicago had been a union man in England, and was able to compare the English unions with the American. The contrast made was singularly sharp. "The trades-union leaders in England," he said, "are, as a rule, superior to those in America, but the rank and file of union men in this country are superior to those in England." It was Douglas Wilson, of the International Machinists, who said this; and when he explained the situation, the sharp contrast, that seemed a paradox, was seen to be inevitable.

"Generally," said Mr. Wilson, "they have trained men at the head of the English unions. Many of them are Scotchmen, whose families have partly educated them for the ministry or the law, but who have been forced to go to work because funds have given out, or something of that sort." These men, he went on, can never hope to become professional men. The only field for their ambitions is in their union. They can rarely even go into business for themselves. "Business in England is all run in old grooves, and it is hard for a new firm to start." Political openings are also relatively rare. Therefore the brightest men remain in the ranks of labor, become leaders, and are "kept in office by their unions year after year."

Nothing further was needed to explain the often boasted superiority of the English trades-union leaders, and a few more words made equally clear the general superiority of American trades-union members—among whom hope and ambition are common possessions. "The trouble with American trades-unions," said Mr. Wilson, "is that nearly everybody thinks he is able to run a union, and therefore criticises and forms combinations against the men who are in." Pretty soon the present officials are ousted, and new ones are installed, who in turn give place to others. In this way the management of American trades-unions suffers from the constant changes of officials, just as the management of American district schools suffers from the constant changes of teachers; but the general intelligence of American unions gains by the rotation, just as the general intelligence of American school districts is increased by the fact that often a third of the families contain some member who has taught school. But the changes in the management of American unions form the smallest part of the ferment here that is lacking in the old country.

"In England," said Mr. Wilson, "there are men who carry the same union card and number that their grandfathers carried. Here nobody belongs to the same union as his father, and few fathers expect their sons to have even the same trade as themselves. In England the union is a religion."

What Mr. Wilson said about English and American unions was only a small part of our conversation. With a frankness that a weaker man or weaker trades-unionist would not have ventured, he went over with me nearly the whole field of trades-union policy. When I criticised the union rules regarding apprentices, he shrewdly replied that "lawyers and doctors will not allow men to practise who haven't served an apprenticeship," and urged that unions had the same right to protect their trades against "incompetent men." He did not, however, attempt to deny that selfishness was at the bottom of the regulations. When I questioned him about the trades-union hostility toward machinery, he not only admitted the truth of President Schwab's charge that English unions sometimes struck against new machinery, but stated that he had known American unions to do the same. The coopers, he said, had a long strike against machines for making barrels, and it was finally compromised by allowing machines to be used in making certain barrels and not in making others. The cigarmakers had had similar strikes. These strikes he did not attempt to defend. He believed that opposition to machinery was shortsighted. "The more intelligent unions," he said, "especially in trades where a great deal of machinery is used, accept it as inevitable." He fully recognized, however, the fact that trades-unions were as likely as other organizations to put the employment of their own members above the public good.

The great gain from unionism has been the shortening of hours. Only in Anglo-Saxon countries where trades-unions are strong have the hours of labor been materially shortened; and in Anglo-Saxon countries the trades-unions have not only led the way in establishing almost ideal hours for skilled workmen, but they have been the chief support of the legislation that has put an end to inhuman hours for the unskilled. To the trades-unions, therefore, Anglo-Saxon countries owe an inestimable debt, for the short-hour movement has been the greatest economic factor in securing the greater physical and intellectual vigor and the better home life that distinguish the working people in Anglo-Saxon countries. It

*Reading from *America's Working People*. By Charles B. Spahr. Longmans, Green & Co.

must not be thought, however, that this shortening of hours has brought with it a proportionate lessening of work. When I was in Germany, Professor Roscher, of Leipsic, told me of German workmen who, after living in America, returned to Germany, preferring the long hours at low wages there rather than stand the strain at which they were required to work in America. When in Chicago, I found that some American workmen sympathized with this view. At the carpenters' union headquarters, when I spoke warmly of the union victory in securing the eight hours' day, I was surprised to have one of the carpenters remark, "Yes; but if we won seven hours, half of us would be dead." When I asked what he meant, he replied that every time the hours were shortened the bosses made them work just that much harder. He was older than the rest of the group, and it was evident that he found it difficult to keep the pace now demanded. When the trades-unions increased their demands of the contractors, the contractors increased theirs of the men, and there was no power to make any contractor keep any man who did not turn out a remunerative quantity of work. . . .

As it was, there had been no cut in wages except that which was inevitable during the hard times. Even here the loss was slight. Between 1892 and 1897 carpenters' wages in Chicago fell from 40 cents an hour to 35 cents. In 1898 they were raised to 37½ cents, and in 1899 they are again 40 cents. Even in 1897 these union carpenters in Chicago were getting \$2.80 for eight hours, while many of the non-union Southern carpenters were getting but \$1.25 for ten hours. The cut in Chicago due to the hard times was only 12½ per cent., while in Atlanta it had been nearly 40 per cent. Only in one way did the building-trades unions in Chicago suffer keenly from the depression, and that was through the want of employment. This evil bore hardest, of course, on the less efficient workmen, many of whom could get so little work at union rates as carpenters that they were forced to become machine-tenders in factories. In this way a good many of the old union carpenters had suffered a heavy cut in wages. At the bench they used to get nearly \$3 a day. In the factories where building materials were made by machinery they were now getting \$2 or \$2.25. Every year, in good times as well as bad, the proportion of carpenters' work done in the factories was increasing, and thus carpenters' wages are really suffering reductions that do not appear in the union scale.

The way in which machinery was affecting their own wages may have accounted for the intensity of the feeling against it which these carpenters

displayed. Not long before my visit they had sustained the stone-cutters in the barbarous strike against the use of a machine for sawing stone. When I tried, in a bungling way, to show that such strikes lessened the use of stone as a building material, and weakened the unions by arraying the interests of the community against them, I made little impression. The stone-cutters, they said, were skilled workmen who got high wages. The machine-tenders needed no skill at all and were paid wretched wages. "We believe," said one of them, "that public sentiment sustains us in trying to keep work for well-paid labor."

When I asked them whether they themselves were not glad to buy machine-made goods—like the chairs and desk in their office—they answered rather doggedly that they were not. The hand-made things, they said—after the fashion of aristocratic disciples of Ruskin and Morris—lasted so much longer that they were cheaper in the end. When I instanced machine-made cloth, they were not so ready with an answer, and even expressed the belief that some machinery was all right. Nevertheless, the belief seemed ineradicable that machinery threw workmen out of employment. These men, with possibly two exceptions, were all silver Democrats, yet not one of them seemed to know that the twenty-five years preceding 1873 witnessed at the same time the greatest extension in the use of machinery and the fullest employment of labor that the century has known. All of them, without exception, believed with the Socialists that the increase of the unemployed since 1893 had been due chiefly to machinery. As I listened to them, President Schwab's arraignment of English trades-unions for their hostility to machinery recurred to me, and I felt that the omnipotence of trades-unions would mean industrial stagnation, as surely as the omnipotence of trusts. It is only because competition forces the workmen and capitalists in different trades to accept improvements that industrial progress goes on.

Of minor importance now, but not less threatening for the future, was the willingness of the Chicago trades-unions to combine against the use of out-of-town materials. In so far as the Chicago materials were made by union workmen with wholesome hours and wages, and the out-of-town materials were made by overworked and underpaid hands, there was moral justification for the discrimination. But the Chicago unionists were ready to use the boycott in favor of Chicago union labor to the detriment of out-of-town union labor. It was protectionism pure and simple, involving not only the restriction of trade but the forcing of industries out of favorable into unfavorable localities. Every interest except that of a few

Chicago producers was adversely affected, yet in this peculiarly anti-social struggle the Chicago unions had the support instead of the hostility of their employers. This is a feature of trades-unionism that in the future must be reckoned with.

It is in the building trades that the union movement centres, but it was not here that I found the best exponent of trades-unionism. Early in my work, with a card from one of the residents at Hull House, I called on President George W. Perkins, of the Cigarmakers' International Union, and the two hours' talk with him was so profitable that I took the liberty of returning to him again before I left the city. Here was a man whom any professor of political economy in the country might with advantage call to his chair to give his students a week's course upon trades-unionism. There was no rhetoric, no exaggeration, no claim that trade-unionists represented all that was reasonable, or employers all that was the reverse. His talk was a calm, clear statement of the organization, methods, aims, defeats and successes of the Cigarmakers' Union. From my observation in New York I had supposed that this trade was largely in the hands of immigrants, but I found that President Perkins was not only of American birth, but of American ancestry since 1640. Four-fifths of the organized cigarmakers in the country, he said, were of American birth. . . .

That which possessed the greatest immediate interest, however, in President Perkins' talk with me was the report upon the insurance work of his organization.

The dues of the Cigarmakers' Union are thirty cents a week, and the dues and assessments together are about seventeen dollars a year. The yearly expenditures for strikes during the past decade have averaged barely one dollar a member. The yearly expenditures for officers' salaries, hall rents, postage, etc., amount to barely four dollars a member. Thirty dollars a week is the maximum salary, and this is paid only to the president, who is at the head of a business aggregating half a million dollars a year. One dollar a member is paid yearly for the union-label agitation. The remaining eleven dollars are returned to the members in various insurance benefits. No insurance company, not co-operative, returns to the insured so large a percentage of their payments.

The "death benefits" paid by the Cigarmakers' Union amount to \$200 for those who have been members for five consecutive years, and to \$550 for those who have been members for fifteen consecutive years. These "death benefits" aggregate about \$70,000 a year, or about \$2.50 a member. The "sick benefits" paid by the union furnish a

form of insurance that no capitalistic organization could offer without insuring a vast amount of unnecessary sickness. Union cigarmakers, after one week of sickness not due to "intemperance or immoral conduct," are entitled to five dollars a week for a maximum of thirteen weeks in one year. The "esprit de corps" of the union, and the unwillingness of any but the meanest workmen to be suspected of sponging on their fellows, is the chief protection of the order against imposition, but the regulations regarding the visiting of the sick are a rare combination of philanthropy and business caution. The "sick benefits" are more important than those paid in cases of death, and aggregate about \$110,000 a year, or nearly four dollars a member. Most important of all, however, during the hard times, have been the "out-of-work benefits." To begin with, the Cigarmakers' Union lends about \$30,000 a year to members out of work who wish to travel in search of it. These loans are nearly all repaid by the members in ten per cent. weekly assessments after work is found, so that this tramping in good faith for work is hardly more burdensome to the union than to society. Besides these loans, however, the union pays to all members in good standing when out of work three dollars a week for as high as eighteen weeks a year. The only restrictions are that no benefits shall be paid during the first week after the member is laid off, that none shall be paid during the midsummer months, when living expenses are light and other work easily obtained, and that members who have received the benefit for six weeks must then go without it for seven weeks. In this way the union insures that its members shall not lightly leave old jobs or be careless about finding new ones. This form of insurance was begun by the Cigarmakers' Union in 1890, and, until the hard times set in, cost less than one dollar a year per member. With the depression of 1893, however, the out-of-work payments suddenly became the heaviest of all. From \$17,000 in 1892 they rose to \$174,000 in 1894, fell slightly with the slight business revival in 1895, rose again to \$175,000 with the deepened depression of 1896, and fell to \$117,000 in 1897, when the present revival began. During all these trying years the Cigarmakers' Union was not compelled to lower the scale of wages to correspond to the fall in prices, like the less organized trades, nor to lose members from its organization because of want of employment, like many of the best organized trades. The out-of-work insurance held all the members together, and while they suffered severely from lack of work, none were pauperized, and their organization came out of the depression stronger than at the beginning.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

Labor Museum at Hull House.....Jane Addams.....The Commons

After ten years of educational experience at Hull House, several distinct conclusions have been forced upon the residents. It has been found in offering classes in an industrial community certain concessions must be made. Working people cannot be held to regularity of hours and effort as children can. Many things conspire to make this impossible—they are delayed by long hours of work or by "overtime" which may make attendance on a given evening utterly out of the question, by family cares, a delayed supper, a sick child, the necessity for shopping in the evening; and last, they are often waylaid by an irresistible desire for recreation and distraction which is almost the inevitable reaction from the long hours of dull factory work.

If the settlement holds that there must be regularity of attendance or no attendance at all, the result is a class in literature or history, composed of people who come regularly and study faithfully, but who represent the transfigured few in the vicinity, those who are capable of abstract mental effort, and who have more or less of the scholar's mental instinct. Hull House can point to flourishing classes of this kind, which have sustained an interest in a given subject for six and eight years, and from which the members have derived a very good imitation of college culture.

We would by no means advocate the abandonment of these classes, rather the enlargement and progressive development of them. But the residents are convinced that there is a distinct need for additional educational methods adapted to the situation, in which the majority of working people are placed. The present methods are either copied from those employed in teaching children and totally ignore a vast amount of experience which life is continually bringing to the usefully employed adult, or are copied from the colleges, which presuppose a previous training and a desire for persistent study on the part of the young people, whose very presence in the college is, to a certain extent, a guarantee of both.

A settlement should certainly be able to use both methods when they are available, but should not be caught by a slavish imitation of either, simply because they are successful under other circumstances. The residents of a settlement should be able to utilize many facts and forces lying quite outside the range of books, should be able to seize affections and memories which

are not available in schools for children or immature youth.

Educators have failed to adjust themselves to the fact that cities have become great centres of production and manufacture, and manual labor has been left without historic interpretation or imaginative uplift. It has almost inevitably become dull and uninteresting. There is no doubt that the life of the average laborer tends to be flat and monotonous, with nothing in his work to feed his mind or hold his interest. Little is done either in the schools or elsewhere to make him really intelligent in regard to the processes involved in his work or in regard to the material which he daily handles.

Workmen are brought in contact with existing machinery quite as abruptly as if the present set of industrial implements had been newly created. They handle the machinery day by day without any notion that each generation works with the gifts of the last and transmits this increased gift to the next. Few of the men who perform the mechanical work in the great factories have any apprehension of the fact that the inventions upon which the factory depends, the instruments which they use, have been slowly worked out by the necessities of the race, have been added to and modified until they have become a social possession and have an aggregate value which time and society alone can give them.

A machine really represents the "seasoned life of man" preserved and treasured up within itself, quite as much as does a parish church or a market cross. If the people who use machinery do not get a consciousness of historic continuity and human interest through that machinery, these same people will probably never get it at all—it is indeed their only chance.

To put all historic significance upon city walls and triumphal arches is to teach history from the political and governmental side, which too often presents solely the records of wars and restrictive legislation, emphasizing that which destroys life and property rather than the processes of labor, which really create and conserve civilization. Fame and honor still largely cling to war and non-productive occupations, and there seems to be no way of changing this, unless we can make the materials and processes which form the daily experience of the workmen more interesting and increase their picturesqueness.

It is also believed that a study of industry and the material foundations of life will be the most

natural mode of approach to the larger life of cultivation and learning.

The business college man, or the man who goes through an academic course in order to prepare for a profession, comes to look on learning too much as an investment from which he will later reap the benefits in earning money. He does not connect learning with industrial pursuits, nor does he in the least lighten or illuminate those pursuits for those of his friends who have not "risen in life."

"It is as though nets were laid at the entrances to education, in which those who, by some means or other, escape from the masses bowed down by labor are inevitably caught" and held from substantial service to their fellows.

Our civilization is more than anything an industrial civilization, but we admire the men who accumulate riches and gather to themselves the results of industry, rather than the men who really carry forward industrial processes. Apparently our democratic sentiment has not yet recovered industrial occupations from the deep distrust which slavery and the feudal organization of society have cast upon them. Democracy claims for the workman the free right of citizenship, but does not yet insist that he shall be a cultivated member of society with a consciousness of his social and industrial value. We fail to appreciate the patient performance of painful duty, the resignation in misfortune, forgiveness under injury, and quiet courage which goes to show the creative virtue there is in action itself. The manual worker in spite of all his drawbacks gets a great solace and comfort from the labor itself, but to that should be added the interest and stimulus which comes to the individual when he is able to see himself "in connection and co-operation with the whole."

In the hope of giving this stimulus to the worker we purpose to establish in connection with Hull House a Labor Museum. The word "Museum" is purposely used in preference to "School," both because the latter is distasteful to grown-up people from its association with childish tasks, and because the former still retains some of the fascinations of the show.

The museum will be opened with the following five departments, which will present human progress as developed through the laborer's efforts, and will be connected as closely as possible with the growth and history of Chicago and the development of its industries:

(1) Metals with the copper of the Lake Superior region; (2) wood with the lumber region of Wisconsin and Michigan; (3) grain with the wheat and corn of Illinois and Indiana; (4 and 5)

books and textiles which will be treated from the history of their own development, but connected so far as possible with the local conditions.

These five departments will contain specimens of the raw material and actual presentation of the processes to which that material is subjected. A history of the effect of the process upon the laborer will be given by informal lectures. Much stress will be laid upon the pictures and diagrams. So far as possible the historic presentation of the process will connect with the activities which have already centred about Hull House.

The department of wood will terminate in the shop for the carpentry and wood carving of Hull House Guild. The history of bookmaking will terminate in Miss Starr's own bindery, to which will be added a printing shop. The history of textiles will correlate with the Hull House sawing, dressmaking and embroidery classes.

The grains will lead up to the Hull House bakery and cooking classes. A small blast furnace and forge will make possible a shop for metal work.

As four Hull House shops already exist, not merely for the sake of teaching, but primarily for the sake of producing, and include the activities of many people beside the Directors, so the shops will be enlarged upon these lines, and the historic background will be presented through the people of the vicinity, whose training represents more primitive methods. These primitive methods in turn will be traced to the factories of the neighborhood, and the enlarged and developed tools rediscovered there, i. e., copper in the Western Electric, wood in the Box Factory, bread in the Bremner Bakery, textiles in the sweat shops, etc.

The Small Industries of Britain..P. Kropothin..Nineteenth Century

Only one small part of the British industrial workers—not more than one-eighth, if we take the total at 4,800,000 persons—finds employment in factories which employ more than 500 operatives. From three-eighths to one-half of them toil in middle-sized factories employing from 100 to 200, and occasionally to 500 operatives; and very nearly one-half—that is, more at any rate than 2,000,000 persons, find their living in the scores of thousands of small factories and workshops. The thousands of small things which we require in our daily life are made chiefly in those busy agglomerations of the small industries; and, judging from what we know of other countries, we may surmise that the aggregate value of all that is produced in the small industries in Britain must not be very much below the aggregate value of what is produced in the large factories. As to

the "few usurpers" of whom Marx wrote, we find in their place something like 200,000 employers.

And yet, owing to preconceived ideas, these small industries, important though they are, have been very much neglected. They have been driven from the country to the bleak houses and the slums of the large towns. Learned people simply refused to learn anything about them; they were treated as poor relatives whom the successful stockbroker advises to die out. In the technical education schemes they were hardly taken into account; and this is, by the way, the real cause why we have heard so much lately about goods "made in Germany." Small household articles, fancy goods, stationery, articles of dress and the like, are fabricated in these aisles in exactly the same way, in the same small factories and workshops, and the workers are paid the same vile prices, as in Germany, or at Paris and Vienna. But the small English producers have been little benefited by the recent artistic revival, and therefore they continue to cling to obsolete and sometimes tasteless patterns, while at Vienna, at Paris, in Bohemia, and in the Black Forest, industrial training has been directed for the special benefit of these small industries, stimulating in them the invention of new and varied patterns, new machine tools, and new technical processes. It is sufficient to look at the German toy trade, the Bohemian cut-glass goods, or the French fancy articles, to see that such is the case. At the same time a wide organization has been started in Germany for bringing the small producers together, and this organization has gone so far that now there is not a town in the United Kingdom where we should not meet with the German commercial traveler carrying about his samples of the household "nothings," or of "presents from Brighton" and all other watering-places. He represents directly the associated small producers—not the middlemen—and through him they trade directly with the small English shop.

In their infinite, ever-changing, and ever-increasing variety the British small industries are a necessary supplement to the great staple industries; and no one, however slightly acquainted with these petty trades, will doubt for one moment about their being a vast field, in which the technical genius of a nation is bred and stimulated. Let any one analyze that wonderful machine the modern bicycle and its accessories, and, comparing it with the old machine, think of the scores of partial improvements which have been introduced by scores of small inventors—and he will realize the history of every piece of machinery as also the influence which small inventions exercise upon the great technical processes. The bicycle be-

comes already a motor-car, just as the electric toy becomes the electric railway.

As to the current idea about the necessary disappearance of the small industries, we see that it falls through as soon as we go to the facts of real life. Only a superficial "bookish" acquaintance with industry could permit the economists to assert that "law" for half a century without ever attempting to prove it. The more one examines into the present state of the small industries in this country, the more one is inclined to think, on the contrary, that they have been steadily developing and conquering new fields for the last fifty years, and that those practical engineers are right who have maintained, as Professor W. Unwin did, that they must win still more in importance, when a supply of electro-motive force will be obtained at a low price in every human agglomeration, large or small.

Dependent Children.....H. C. Wright.....North American Review

In places widely separated by geographical limits, as well as by the differences of race and creed, the State care of children is evolving from institutionalism to the natural conditions of home life. England, Ireland, Russia, Italy, Scotland, Germany, France, Switzerland and other European countries have their several modifications of the boarding-out system, attributable to the varying conditions of social life, but conforming in the main to the leading features of the original plan. And although no one of these countries is yet freed entirely from the bane of institutionalism, yet year by year fosterage is becoming more popular, as its beneficent effects become more widely known. In Belgium so thoroughly recognized is the value of home training for future citizens that all boys under the care of the State are boarded out, though the girls are in many cases still retained in institutions.

Australia has, perhaps, the most perfect system of boarding out yet evolved. As early as 1852, the first Legislature of South Australia decreed that no public money should be given to denominational schools, whether educational or charitable. Twenty-five years ago the State began boarding out its dependent children; the saving to the Government, as well as the rapid decrease in the juvenile pauper class, at once made the new departure acceptable, though the law compelling children to attend school throughout the entire year increased the expense of fosterage in Australia beyond that in European countries.

The United States is an institutionalized land, and the Great Republic, which boasts of freedom and equality, still regards her dependent children as aliens, and brands them with the stigma of

pauperism. There are, in all, perhaps eight or nine States in the Union in which boarding out and placing out are carried on in greater or less degree, these systems affecting about three-tenths of the dependent children in the country. The remaining seven-tenths, numbering more than 70,000, are still in institutions.

Although the institution life of to-day is not accompanied by all the horrors that once disfigured it, yet sore eyes, diseased bodies and a high death rate still prevail. According to the official report of 1897 the death rate at the Infants' Asylum on Randall's Island was, for foundlings 80 per cent., for other children without their mothers 59 per cent., children with their mothers 13 per cent. Out of 366 children under six months of age, admitted without their mothers in 1896, only twelve lived, the remainder dying between five and six weeks after admission to the asylum. Institutionalism is an artificial system with the stigma of failure attaching to it, inasmuch as its presence always indicates an increase of the very evil it was originally meant to combat. Without admitting as truth the statement, made by some experts, that all institution-bred children turn out either knaves or fools, sufficient testimony may be found to force home the startling argument that, of the 100,000 children cared for by the State to-day there is grave danger that the seven-tenths who are in institutions will carry through life the brand of a system which has handicapped them in the race for success.

*Mormon Land Tenure.....William E. Smythe**

The first settlement which Brigham Young planned was, of course, Salt Lake City and its neighborhood. This became the model of all future colonies. It was laid out in such a way as to secure an equitable division of land values among all the inhabitants.

The city blocks consist of ten acres each, divided into eight lots of one and a quarter acres. These lots were assigned to professional and business men. Next there was a tier of five-acre lots. These were assigned to mechanics. Then there were tiers of ten-acre and of twenty-acre lots. These went to farmers, according to the size of their families. Under this arrangement every colonist was a small landed proprietor, owning a certain amount of irrigated soil from which he could readily produce the necessities of life. The division of land values was remarkably even, for what one man lacked in area of his possessions he gained in location. The small lots were close

to the centre of business; the large lot more remote from that centre. As the place grew in course of years from an emigrants' camp to a populous city, with paved streets, domestic water, electric lights and railways, the inevitable rise in values was distributed with remarkably even hand. Not a single family or individual failed to share in the great fund of "unearned increment" which arose from increasing population and growing public improvements.

This principle of universal land ownership, and of careful division according to location and of differing needs of various classes, has been followed throughout the Mormon settlements of Utah and surrounding States, and is being duplicated to-day in the latest colonies established by this people.

It is important to note that the Mormon land system rested on individual proprietorship. There was not any attempt at community ownership. The unit of the State was the family and the home. But the moment we pass from the sphere of individual labor we encounter another principle, which was always supplied, though not always by the same methods, to public utilities. This was the principle of public ownership and control.

If the Mormon leaders had desired to organize their industrial life in a way to make large private fortunes for themselves, no single item in the list of Utah's resources would have offered a better chance for speculation than the water supply. It was perfectly feasible under the law for private individuals or companies to appropriate these waters, construct canals, sell water rights, and collect annual rental. By adopting this method, which widely prevails in other Western States, they could have laid every field, orchard and garden—every individual and family—under tribute to them and their descendants forever. Neither in law nor in practice, at that time, was it any more a moral and economic wrong to appropriate privately and hold against the public the natural wealth of the streams than it was to do the same with the natural wealth of the mineral belts on Government land.

Probably the Mormons owed their escape from the misfortune of private irrigation works mostly to the fact that this feature of their institutions was established when none of their people possessed sufficient private capital to engage in costly enterprises. They started upon a basis of equality, for they were equally poor. They could buy water rights only with their labor. This labor they applied in co-operation, and canal stock was issued to each man in proportion to the amount of work he had contributed to its construction. This in turn was determined by the amount of land he

*From the *Conquest of Arid America*. By William E. Smythe. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

owned, the owner of twenty acres doing just twice as much work as the owner of ten.

Municipal Pawn Shops.....Katherine L. Smith.....The Arena

The English Government is considering the adoption of a system of municipal pawnshops, and the question should be agitated in this country. The States in which most attention has been given to the subject are New York and Massachusetts. In the former the legal rate of pawnbrokers' interest on loans less than one hundred dollars is three per cent. for the first six months and two per cent. per month thereafter; in other words, thirty per cent. per annum. Upon household effects and clothing the American pawnbroker lends very little—partly on account of storage; but upon diamonds competition forces the pawnbroker to advance a large proportion of the price that the dealer would pay for them.

It is the opinion of many that institutions that lend small sums on pledges or chattel mortgages on furniture or personal effects are even more useful to the people generally than the banker. The small borrowers outnumber the large ones ten to one. There are discouragements; one meets with some dishonest people; but it is the observation of clergymen, missionaries, officers of the Salvation Army, and others in like positions, that the poor are just as anxious to pay their debts as the more prosperous.

As early as 1859 there was incorporated in Boston a Pawners' Bank. The aim of this institution was to enable the poor to borrow money in small sums on personal effects. After various vicissitudes this became the Collateral Loan Company. Most of their loans are for five dollars each. This company is trying to reach the ideal of the Pawners' Bank; namely, for the poor to borrow money on personal property of all kinds on reasonable terms. The loans are for four months at one-half per cent. per month.

The Workingmen's Association received its charter from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on March 8, 1888. This organization was also formed for the purpose of enabling persons to borrow money on furniture and other personal property at low rates. It was designed that they should transact business, conducted economically, at the very lowest rate that would yield a fair return upon the capital invested. One per cent. a month was fixed as the interest rate, and with each payment of interest the payment of an installment of the principal equal to five per cent. of the loan was demanded: thus encouraging borrowers to save and pay off the loan. Loans have been repaid very fast, averaging from half a year to a year in duration. When illness or misfortune

comes the company relaxes its demands and gives time until circumstances shall improve. Besides the interest at one per cent. a month, an additional charge is made sufficient to cover all expenses in investigating and recording mortgage. Loans are made on furniture and household effects, insurance policies, indorsed notes, etc., but seldom on jewelry. Each applicant is questioned with great care and fills out a blank application, giving present residence, previous residence, and business references, and deposits thirty-five cents. The company has of course met with some losses. Loans on horses, boats, pictures and druggists' sundries have proved unfortunate; but, as a rule, furniture has been redeemed. As the loan, being only one-fourth of the purchase price, is small in comparison with the value of the furniture, there is a strong inclination to pay.

A few years ago Dr. Greer started a loan association in New York, and out of this the Provident Loan Society was organized to give aid, on a strictly business basis, by the loan of money at one per cent. per month, or one-third the legal charge made by pawnbrokers. As a rule, money is loaned on jewelry and other articles representing large value in small bulk. Reports of this association state that those who obtain loans are rarely found on the records of charitable institutions, but are self-supporting persons that desire to tide over periods of misfortune or illness. The work is preventive rather than charitable. Less than two and one-third per cent. of the loans made in 1896 remained unpaid at the close of the year. This society started with a capital of \$136,000.

Recently a number of charitable women in Chicago organized a loan association on a small scale. The capital is furnished by contributors, who give from ten to five dollars annually. Loans are made in a business-like manner, the borrower giving his note, countersigned by a responsible guarantor; but the note does not bear interest. Owing to the association's small capital, loans are limited to ten dollars and are payable in weekly instalments. In the event of illness or other sufficient cause, extensions are granted. A member of the society, summarizing results to date, finds that there are clearly defined sets of conditions where loans may be successfully substituted for alms. The first is in dealing with an element of the respectable poor, applying for relief the first time; then there is a second class whose only idea is of giving and taking; to such a class a loan is welcomed with surprise and gratitude; a third class includes the degenerate poor, who expect alms as their right. Such people the association endeavors to help by making them see they have reached pauperism by the alms that have been given them.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

The Ballad of Orasmus Nute.....Holman F. Day.....McClure's

There once was a Quaker, Orasmus Nute,
With a physog as stiff as a cowhide boot,
And he skippered a ship from Georgetown, Maine,
In the 'way-back days of the pirates' reign.
And the story I tell it has to do
With Orasmus Nute and a black flag crew;
The tale of the upright course he went
In the face of a certain predicament.
For Orasmus Nute was a godly man
And he faithfully followed the Quaker plan
Of love for all and a peaceful life
And a horror of warfare and bloody strife.
While above the honors of seas and fleets
He prized his place on "the facing seats."

Ah, Orasmus Nute,
Orasmus Nute,

He never disgraced his plain drab suit.

Now often he sailed for spice and teas
'Way off some place through the Barbary seas;
And once for a venture his good ship bore
Some unhung grindstones, a score or more.
Now, never in all of his trips till then
Had he spoken those godless pirate men.
But it chanced one day near a foreign shore
The sail of a strange craft toward him bore;
And as soon as the rig was clearly seen
The mate allowed 'twas a black lateen.
Now a black lateen, as all men knew,
Was the badge of a bold, bad pirate crew.
So the mate he crammed to its rusty neck
A grim "Long Tom" on the quarter deck,
Then leaned on its muzzle a bit to pray
And waited to hear what the skipper would say.

Ah, Orasmus Nute,
Orasmus Nute,

Had stepped below for to change his suit.

He asked as he came on deck again,
"Does thee really think those are pirate men?"
"Yea, verily," answered the Quaker mate,
"And they come at a most unseemly gait."
Orasmus Nute looked over the rail
At the bulging sweep of the huge black sail;
Said he, "We are keeping our own straight path,
And I'm sorry to harm those men of wrath,
Yet, brother, perchance we are justified
In letting Thomas rebuke their pride.
We'll simply give 'em a dash of fright.
So be sure, my friend, thee have aimed just right."
He squinted his eye along the rust,
"Now shoot," said he, "if thee thinks thee must."
Ker-boomo! the old Long Thomas roared,
And the big lateen flopped overboard.

Ah, Orasmus Nute,
Orasmus Nute,

Seemed puzzled to find that he could shoot.

"Now what are those sinful men about?"
He asked, as he heard a hoarse, long shout.
And the Quaker mate he answered, "Lo!
They've out with their oars, and here they row!"
"Now, what in the name of William Penn,"
Cried Orasmus Nute, "can ail those men?"
Perchance they are after our load of stones,
Will thee roll them up here, Brother Jones?

We'll save them all of the work we can—
As a Quaker should for his fellow-man."
So as soon as the fierce, black pirate drew
Up 'longside, that Quaker crew
Rolled those grindstones down pell-mell,
And every stone smashed through the shell
Of the pirate zebec, and down it went,
And all of the rascals to doom were sent.
While Orasmus Nute leaned over the side,
"No thanks, thee 'rt welcome, my friends," he cried.
It chanced one wretch from the sunken craft
Made a clutch at a rope that was trailing aft,
And up he was swarming with frantic hope,
When Orasmus cried, "Does thee want that rope?"
So he cut it away with one swift hack
With a smile for the pirate as he dropped back.
And the Quaker skipper surveyed the sea
"God loveth the generous man," quoth he.

Ah, Orasmus Nute,
Orasmus Nute,

Went down and resumed his Quaker suit.

Mr. Kruger's Daydreams.....London Daily Express

He thought he saw himself enthroned just like the
Russian Tsar;
He looked again, and found it was a common rail-
road car.
"At length I realize," he said, "the miseries of war."

He thought he saw upon a dish the head of Cham-
berlain;
He looked again, and found it was a broken win-
dow-pane.
"It must be bad for 'Bobs,'" he said, "exposed to
wind and rain."

He thought he saw in Africa the Boer nation first;
He looked again, and found that it was a bubble
that had burst.
"Why, Salisbury did his best!" he said, "I bade him
do his worst."

He thought he saw his cannon belching smoke on
Capetown's heights;
He looked again, and found it was the pipe of Mr.
Reitz.
"'Tis time I went to bed," said he. "Ho, Eloff,
douse the lights."

The Sorrel Mule.....Pocahontas Times

The color of the sky at sunset—or of leaves
Just tinged with autumn's splendid hue;
A mane like grass which bows before the scythe,
And bristles on his tail like stubble fields;
His voice the deep hoarse bellow of the sea;
Tolerance and equity were seated in his mien,
And in his heels is where Jove's lightning sat.
He mused and meditated, paused a while,
And flicked an insect from his deep-scarred side,
And grazed upon the herbage around his feet.
Oh! hybrid; twenty centuries are bound in thee;
Fleet Arabs, spurning dew upon the plains;
Wild asses romping on the Grampian Hills!
While you plow the furrows of the field,
A quadruped until into oblivion
There sinks with you the finis of your race.
Oh, man! Oh, mule! Oh, ineffectual blend!
What deep significance we find in this.

To the Honest Liar.....John Wink.....Baltimore American

Here's to the man who lies to us, who's careless of the truth;
Who slaps us on the back and says, "Gee! how you hold your youth!"
Who shrinks not at the future when he has a lie to tell,
But when you're sick and tired and blue declares, "You're looking well."

Here's to the man who tells us lies when solemn truth would hurt;
Who says, "I'll back you through and through if it should take my shirt;"
When when you're "off" and cannot write just as you think you should
Will tune you up for better things with "That's what I call good."

Or when you paint a picture that is wrong in every part
Will make you think the daub is great by saying, "Now, that's art."
He lies—but it's in charity, if lying ever was;
So here's his health, for, though he lies, he's honest when he does.

The Mountain-Climbing Girl.....Denver Post

We read about the seashore girl down where the breakers play
Who listens to proposals six or seven times a day.
The summer girl who flirts about the "Boarders Taken" farms,
The cycle girl in sawed-off skirts exhibiting her charms.

The picnic girl is bold and sweet, the mother girl is wise,
The golf girl wins admirers with her strokes—and with her eyes,
But in the ranks of girly girls there is no fairer pearl
In all the whole caboodle than the mountain-climbing girl.

Her face is delicately brown from kisses of the sun,
Her eyes are ever twinkling with the merry light of fun,
Her laugh is as the babbling brooks in which she loves to wade,
Her shoes and stockings on the bank in neat confusion laid.
Her song is sweet as notes of birds that watch her from the trees,
It rings as liquid music on the ever-bracing breeze;
She's brave as any lion and as nimble as a squirrel—
That Western bunch of energy, the mountain-climbing girl.

At break of day she'll hit the trail with alpen-stock in hand,
Her face a charming picture by the early breezes fanned,
And up the rugged steeps she'll climb with never-tiring powers,
Oft lying with an open book upon a bed of flowers.
Through wildest gorge, in canon dark and up the rocky steep,
Along the creek whose waters bright o'er boulders dash and leap,
And where the brooks from hidden springs down through the piñons purl
She goes upon her daily jaunts, the mountain-climbing girl.

Anon she'll pause to pluck a burr that's clinging to her hose,
Or pluck from off its parent stem a fragrant mountain rose,
And when that lazy feeling comes lie down for catnap sleep,
Nor fear in that wild, lovely spot that eyes are near to peep.
She'll roam till gathering shadows herald the approach of night,
Then hasten home to supper with a hired man's appetite—
The smoking pork and beans she'll hit a gastronomic whirl—
Oh! she's a hefty feeder, is the mountain-climbing girl!

The haughty belle of fashion in her tailor-fitted gown
May ridicule this jewel with the hands and face so brown,
May laugh in queenly manner at her rough, loose-fitting clothes,
And sneer to see the redness of her little sun-peeled nose,
But let them laugh as freely as their corsets will allow,
They cannot snatch a laurel of wild beauty from her brow;
The ones who think her horrid aren't really fit to curl
The breeze-entangled frizzes of the mountain-climbing girl.

Minnie Had a Little LambWhat to Eat

Minnie had a little lamb,

A tender little elf,
She roasted it and basted it,
And laid it on the shelf.

She set it on the table,
And heartily did eat,
And thought that pretty little lamb
A glorious kind of meat.

But morning, noon and evening
She wearied of the roast,
So minced and buttered some of it,
And spread it on some toast.

And then she broiled a little piece,
And then she made a stew;
Till everywhere that Minnie went
That lamb he went there, too.

And on the stage of action
It seemed he'd ever stay;
Till finally, in his old age
That lamb was led astray.

Some sauce-y "capers" he did cut,
'Twas shocking for to see,
And, next that frisky lamb appeared
As "Monsieur Fricasee."

But to assume a giddy guise
In that old lamb was rash,
He humbly ended his career
As plain plebeian hash.

But Minnie couldn't shed a tear,
And wouldn't if she could,
But warbled, "Glory hal la lu,
The lamb has gone for good."

Antivenine

[The following account of the experiments made with antivenine is given by A. W. Buckland in the Westminster Review]:

For some years past Prof. Frazer, of Edinburgh, M.D., F.R.S., and Dr. A. Calmette, of the Institut Pasteur, Lille, and others, have been engaged in the very laudable endeavor to discover a remedy for snake-bite. This they believe has been found in the poison of the reptile itself.

When we reflect that in India alone more than 20,000 people die annually from the effects of snake-bite, the extreme importance of an easily applicable remedy cannot be overestimated. Whether the antivenine proposed as this remedy by Drs. Frazer and Calmette will ever become generally useful time alone will show; it is at present in the experimental stage, and although the results appear to give great hope for the future, it must be many years before it can be so employed as to make any sensible diminution in the number of victims.

The system adopted by these learned doctors is that of Pasteur, the scope of which, since its first inception, has become so widely extended as to embrace many diseases formerly regarded as incurable, but now found to be more or less amenable to the new treatment, which consists of inoculation with attenuated virus of the disease itself, or with the blood serum of animals which have been immunized by the process, the treatment being employed not only as a cure, but as a prophylactic.

In the case of snake-bite the remedy consists in the subcutaneous injection of gradually increasing doses of the venom of deadly snakes until the animal treated becomes proof against the poison, the blood serum of an animal thus immunized, known as antivenine, or of the snake itself, being to cure or protect others. The animals thus treated have been chiefly rabbits, rats and pigeons, and it is asserted that instead of being injured or weakened by the experiments, they gain in weight and vigor.

The doses administered have been proportioned to the weight of the animal, and four methods of administration have been tried experimentally. In the first the venom and the antivenine were mixed together before injection; in the second the two were administered separately but simultaneously; in the third and fourth the antivenine was injected before and after the venom. The latter is, of course, the only method applicable to actual cases of snake-bite, and it is of special interest to know how long after the bite anti-

venine may be relied on as a remedy, because the poison of the more deadly of the snakes acts so quickly that no remedy can avail unless close at hand. In some of Dr. Calmette's experiments serum injected an hour, and even an hour and a half, after a large dose of venom seems to have effected a cure, which would at all events allow time for the application of the remedy should any one competent to administer it be near at hand.

But undoubtedly the chief value of antivenine is its protective influence; and here the question arises as to the durability of the immunity acquired by the injection of snake venom, or the blood serum of immunized animals; this has not as yet been ascertained, but Dr. Frazer found it perfectly efficacious in a rabbit after twenty days.

Some very curious experiments conducted by Dr. Frazer tend to show that immunization may to a certain extent be conveyed to the offspring of an immunized animal through the mother's milk. A cat, while undergoing the process of inoculation with cobra venom and antivenine, gave birth to kittens which, while still fed solely with the mother's milk, were injected with cobra venom. One, when fifty-seven days old, was given twice the minimum lethal dose, and showed only very slight symptoms of poisoning; the other, when sixty-nine days old, succumbed to thrice the minimum lethal dose of poison, the mother's milk not being sufficiently antitoxic to so large a dose of venom, although sufficing for the smaller.

This experiment is of great value as showing that immunity may be obtained by administration through the stomach as well as by subcutaneous injection, and that the milk of immunized animals is powerfully antitoxic. Dr. Frazer, indeed, believes that serpent venom, although apparently inert when taken internally, may really produce immunity, and it is to this point that I would particularly direct attention, because it would appear that some of the lower races have long been accustomed to use the venom of the serpent as an antidote, having thus anticipated the discoveries of modern science.

It is generally supposed that the serpents exhibited by snake charmers have been deprived of their fangs, and this is doubtless often the case, while one instance at least is recorded in which the mouth of the snake had been sewed together to prevent it from biting. The writer noticed at the Ceylon exhibition, given some years ago in London, that one of the snake charmers, finding the cobra he was exhibiting becoming too

lively and aggressive, seized the reptile by the neck and thrust it hastily into the small round basket in which it was carried, at the same time pushing it with a voluminous white cloth at which it bit savagely. Having almost closed the lid of the basket, the man drew away the cloth violently, thus doubtless dragging out the fangs which were fastened in it; he then secured the basket and carried it away.

But if we are astonished at the skill and dexterity displayed by Indian snake charmers, still more must we marvel at the hardihood of the American Indians, who, in their snake dances, not only handle the deadly rattlesnake, but carry it about in their mouths.

There is reason to suppose that in both hemispheres those who handle these venomous reptiles have found some means of rendering them innocuous. What this means is has yet to be discovered; but probably in some cases it consists of anointing the body with some preparation distasteful to snakes. Navarette, a Spanish monk, writing of the Chinese Empire at the beginning of the last century, says of the snake charmers:

"They said those that carried the snakes were anointed with the juice of several herbs, so that, though they bit, they could do them no harm."

It has often been noticed that the snakes turn their heads away from the charmer and appear sick and disgusted, and it can hardly be doubted that these reptiles are affected by certain odors which are repellent to them. Hence a piece of deer-skin is said to afford protection to the wearer, but whether that applies to all deer-skin, or only to that of the musk deer, is not specified. Some natives drag a piece of deer-skin between their toes in walking as a protection, and they have doubtless proved its efficacy.

A nearer approach to the remedies of Dr. Frazer was given in the discussion of this paper, by Prof. Stovkis, of Amsterdam, who said that "in the Dutch colonies it is customary for the snake catchers to prepare themselves, before starting, by rubbing all over their skin a powder made from the dried head of snakes, with their poison-glands. As a result of this precaution they either are not bitten, or they are rendered immune against the effects of bites."

But immunity is also sought, and probably obtained, by the ingestion of poisons, and it is a noteworthy fact that the little Bushman, low as he is in the scale of humanity, has to some extent anticipated Dr. Frazer's experiments, for he boldly swallows the poison bag of the cobra and other venomous snakes, believing that he can thus protect himself from their bite. In *The Graaff Reinets Advertiser* for June 25, 1896, it is stated

that Dr. Laurence, of Cape Colony, knew a Kaffir boy (age 25) who could handle the most deadly snakes, suffering them to bite him with impunity, which he said was owing to the fact that when a child, while playing in the veldt, a puff-adder fastened on his leg; he called to his father, who killed the puff-adder and removed the poison glands. He then made little pellets of mud, dipped them in the poison, and administered one occasionally to the boy, which cured him and apparently rendered him immune.

The aborigines of Australia are fearless hunters of snakes, which they will dislodge from high trees, and, although we do not read of their swallowing the poison bag, like the Bushman, they greedily devour the whole reptile, even pounding up the bones and swallowing them, and in this way they may, perhaps unintentionally, acquire protection from the bite. But vegetable poisons are those most generally employed for the purpose of preventing the deadly effects of snake-bite. These are commonly named snake weeds or snake roots, and are sometimes chosen from some fancied resemblance to the reptile.

[We take the following description of the manner in which venom is procured from an article which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*]:

With a view of procuring snake venom for Professor Calmette, Major Dennis employed, at a monthly wage of one pound, a low-bred Mohammedan, called Kullan, the master snake-catcher of the district round about Delhi in India. For this small pay Kullan undertook to supply the doctor with about 100 living venomous snakes weekly, and to extract their venom from them.

A room was specially fitted up at the hospital for the purpose of extracting the venom. The floor was of polished Portland cement. This was considered an essential, as the polished surface on which the snakes were placed rendered them extraordinarily helpless, and enabled the snake-catcher to handle some of them in a manner that he would not have dared to do otherwise, for snakes are scarcely able to make any progress on a polished surface.

When I first saw Kullan he was carrying over his shoulder an ordinary canvas sack, which was heaving and swaying with the movement of some sixty or eighty vipers which were confined therein. He took four large cobras from this sack by gently placing his hook round the thickest part of their bodies, and drawing them slowly out. He threw them on the ground in front of him. Each snake immediately raised its head to its utmost height, spread out its hood, and, facing the intrepid snake-catcher, began to hiss furiously.

ously, its beady eyes flashing, and its forked tongue darting incessantly in and out of its mouth.

The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master who sat so serenely in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. He talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood, and begin to try and wriggle away. Whereupon Kullan would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic spell over these cobras, or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method, I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic, and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same. He used no reed instruments or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently on the back of their necks, speaking all the time in the most endearing of Hindustani terms. The serpents appeared spellbound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still with heads uplifted, and seemed to rather enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks, about three inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely round the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes being in no way hurt would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no further effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other, and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.

On one occasion he made the onlookers' blood curdle by taking up a large black cobra by the neck and placing its head toward his open mouth. The inclination of these snakes is to crawl quickly out of sight into the first hole they can find, and so the reptile began to crawl into his mouth. He waited his opportunity and then suddenly closed his teeth firmly on the serpent's head. This, it is needless to say, was violently resented by the snake, but it was powerless for harm and could only show its indignation by desperate wrig-

gling of its body, while the man maintained a firm grip of its head between his teeth, at the same time letting both hands drop to his side. After a few seconds he seized the snake firmly by the neck, and released its head from between his teeth.

He never had the smallest difficulty or hesitation in seizing any cobra by the tail. But it must not be supposed that even in the dexterous hands of a man like Kullan the manipulating of snakes and collecting the venom were unattended by considerable danger. The man nearly lost his life on two occasions during the above operations.

A cobra when thoroughly roused to anger is by no means the same gentle creature as those I have just described, which allowed the man to handle them with impunity. He is now a most formidable beast to approach, striking out desperately at every moving thing within and even out of his reach. But even in this condition Kullan had no difficulty in seizing the largest of cobras. He would hold up and shake a rag in his left hand. On this the infuriated reptile would rivet its gaze. With his right hand, from behind, the man would then suddenly seize it round the neck about three inches below the head, and an assistant would fasten firmly on to its tail to prevent it winding round Kullan's arm. His right hand would then slide forward till he had fastened his fingers round the neck, just behind the jaw. He would then insert the rim of a watch-glass between the jaws, the grip on the neck would be slightly relaxed, and the serpent would viciously close its jaws on the watch-glass, and in doing so squirt the whole of its venom through the tiny holes of its fangs, into the concavity of the glass.

In this manner snake after-snake was made to part with its venom into a watch-glass. Often between sixty and a hundred snakes were so dealt with in the course of a morning.

The watch-glasses were then placed on small glass stands in a plate swimming with melted beeswax. Large glass bell jars were then heated so as to drive out most of the air in them, and these were inverted over the plate on to the wax. The entire plate was then placed on a shelf, and the venom allowed to dry in vacuo for seven days. At the end of that time the dried venom (a flaky yellow powder) was scraped off the glass with a sterilized knife, the powder was hermetically sealed up in small glass tubes, the tubes showing the species of snake and date on which the venom was extracted, and the whole supply forwarded weekly to Professor Calmette. In this condition the desiccated venom maintains its virulence for months.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

The Dangers of Trailing Skirts.....Springfield Republican

Dr. Casagrandi recently read a paper on the danger of trailing skirts before a medical association at Rome. He stated that he had employed a number of women, wearing long skirts, to walk for one hour through the streets of the city, and, after their promenade was over, he had taken their skirts and submitted them to a careful bacteriologic examination. He found on each skirt large colonies of noxious germs, including those of influenza, tuberculosis, typhoid fever and tetanus. Numerous other bacilli were also well represented on each skirt. Dr. Casagrandi maintained that in view of these facts, women, and especially mothers, should at once stop wearing long skirts, and the other members of the congress unhesitatingly expressed the same opinion and passed a resolution to this effect. That women should willingly subject themselves to the filth, to say nothing of the possible dangers of trailing skirts, has long been a wonder to sensible people who are acquainted with bacteriology. For street wear they certainly cannot be considered in any sense either cleanly or hygienic. However, we cannot expect reform in this matter until those who set the fashions can be influenced, for women are bound to be in the fashion regardless of any ordinary considerations. There is some encouragement in the fact that at present bicycle skirts and golf skirts are in vogue, and we hope they will become still more popular, for while we are not aware that any previous scientific investigations have been undertaken in this line any well-informed medical man could have readily predicted the results of such investigation.

The Diagnosis of Neurasthenia.....Yale Medical Review

Few phases of this subject are more interesting than the relation between neurasthenia and hysteria. Undoubtedly neurasthenic patients may exhibit manifestations of hysteria, but the two diseases can generally be distinguished without great difficulty. For instance, the sudden and violent convulsive attacks of hysteria do not belong to neurasthenia, although in the latter disease slight muscular twitching and subjective quivering and throbbing are not uncommon. The globus hystericus is common in and characteristic of the disease whose name the symptom bears, but is rare in neurasthenia. The symptoms of hysteria are characterized by violence and activity. Those of neurasthenia are of a less obtrusive character. They are more quiet and subdued. Hysteria is

seen in individuals of emotional temperament, whose mental organization is not well balanced, while neurasthenia very commonly affects the intelligent and intellectual. Finally the symptoms of hysteria very frequently disappear early and completely, leaving the patient in usual health, while neurasthenics recover slowly and gradually.

Hypochondriasis somewhat resembles neurasthenia, but differs from it in that the attention is concentrated on a single part or organ of the body, and that there is not present, as a rule, such extreme mental and physical weakness. If a patient with the former disease can be led to relinquish the persistent apprehension of disease in a particular organ, he will generally be found to be strong and vigorous. Hypochondriasis frequently lasts for years; the patient is irritable and fault finding, and changes physicians and medicines with unreasonable frequency.

One of the most important questions—from both a diagnostic and prognostic point of view—in connection with the study of neurasthenia is its relation to insanity.

The fact that morbid fears were described by Beard as symptomatic of neurasthenia has led some writers to assert that many of the patients whom he considered to be neurasthenics were in reality insane, and should be regarded as victims of that form of mental disease distinguished as monomania, paranoia or primary delusional insanity. There is a great difference between paranoia and neurasthenia with reference to the prospect of ultimate recovery, for most patients with the latter disease practically recover, so that they become able to do a fair amount of physical and intellectual work, if they recognize and regard their individual limitations. The prognosis of paranoia—on the other hand—is generally regarded as bad. But it should be remembered that comparatively little is definitely known in regard to the prognosis of insanity, and it is highly probable that a larger proportion than is now generally realized of paranoiacs would recover under suitable treatment commenced at the appearance of the earliest symptoms. In this direction seems to me to lie one of the most important and most fruitful fields for further observation and study.

The morbid fears of neurasthenia have a much less firm hold upon the patient than the delusions of paranoia. The former are more transient, being frequently speedily removed by appropriate treatment. Their lack of reasonableness is also

more easily recognized by the patient. The delusions of paranoia are not incompatible with considerable vigor and intellectual activity.

The diagnosis between melancholia and neurasthenia is of great importance on account of the danger that the melancholic patient will commit suicide; and, as the late Dr. Landon Carter Gray has pointed out, it is extremely unfortunate to wait until this has happened before making a diagnosis. The most important points to be considered are the fixed and persistent depressive illusions, the mental sluggishness, the bodily restlessness, and the tendency to self-destruction which are so characteristic of melancholia.

Lithæmia is often accompanied by considerable depression of spirits, and an indisposition for physical or mental exertion, and in these particulars resembles neurasthenia; but it differs from the latter disease by the greater irritability of the patient and by the beneficial effect of exercise, which, unless limited within a very narrow range, is detrimental to most neurasthenics.

Cremation.....Boston Transcript

One of the interesting features of the management of crematories in Europe, as distinguished from those in this country, is that in European cities there is a general tendency toward having the crematories controlled by the government. In several cities the municipality owns and conducts the crematorium, and paupers are entitled to cremation therein. The crematoria in Paris have been controlled in this way since 1892, when a cremation society petitioned the Government to burn the bodies of soldiers falling in battle, with the idea of preventing epidemics. Zurich, Switzerland, now controls its crematorium, but the building was constructed for a society, and then turned over to the city. The crematorium at Gotha, Germany, which for twelve years was the only one in that country, is also under public control.

In the United States there is already a great variety in the styles of buildings put up for cremation purposes. Some of the best have been low structures of stone, plainly trimmed with material of a different color, but some have been of the most elaborate mosque-like form, with a tendency toward domes and minarets. Others have been almost rude in their plainness, one in particular being of plain brick and granite, round in shape, with a low roof, and apparently no attempt at the beautiful in form, style or surroundings. The tendency with the later crematoria, however, has been toward buildings which should combine beauty with fitness, and be located in the midst of surroundings which should suggest tranquillity and rest. Take, for instance, the magni-

ficent crematorium at Troy, N. Y., put up as a memorial to Gerald Earl, son of a wealthy manufacturer. It is in a secluded part of a cemetery, beautifully situated on high land overlooking the Hudson, from which it may be seen afar. In the first crematorium in New England, that opened just outside Forest Hills Cemetery, at the very end of the year 1893, and the establishment just opened in Mt. Auburn Cemetery at Cambridge, the same effect in surroundings has been deemed of much importance.

The way in which Mt. Auburn Cemetery took up cremation shows something of the increase in popularity of that form of disposing of the dead. A crematorium was provided there merely to meet a growing demand for it, not because the proprietors or others interested had any desire to foster cremation at the expense of other methods. Yet in the ordinary nature of things, the cemetery had found it necessary to provide not only lots for earth burial, but vaults and tombs as well, according to the varying preferences of those who had dealings with it; and as the popularity of incineration increased, the new method had to be recognized. The old chapel, unused since the completion of the new building a year or two ago, offered a building which could be conveniently made over into a crematory, and the work of remodeling began in the fall of 1899. The exterior, of granite, was left untouched, but all the woodwork of the interior was pulled out, and replaced entire with ornamental fireproof brick. From the spacious chapel on the main floor, which will be used in connection with cremations only, to the waiting-rooms in front of the furnace doors below, everything is of fireproof brick or stone, even to the stair railings. Even the slates on the roof are nailed to terra cotta. In the arched and vaulted chapel there is space sufficient for niches to accommodate urns for almost 50,000 bodies, whereas the total number of earth-burials in the cemetery up to this time have been but few more than 32,000. Thus the chapel will in time become a columbarium of extensive proportions, and as the charge for each urn space in edifices of this sort ranges from \$100 to \$150, the rentals would doubtless provide a fund sufficient for the maintenance of the building.

Down a winding stairway from this columbarium-to-be one finds one's self in the furnace room, wondering how anything could be more suited to its purpose, and at the same time less repugnant to those compelled to follow the body of a dear one thither, than that clean, plain, brick apartment. Only the two iron doors of the furnaces are suggestive, but the guide, opening one of them, shows merely a clean vault of fireproof

material, with no apparent opening through which fire could come. The consuming element here is an oil flame with which air under pressure is mixed, filling the chamber with an intense but perfectly clean flame, which literally dissipates the body into vapor, except for a small quantity of ashes from the bones.

Malarial and Non-Malarial Mosquitoes...L. O. Howard...Sci. Amer.

The attention of the medical world is now focused on the mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles* owing to the fact that the species of this genus have been shown to be carriers and transmitters of micro-organisms of human malaria. The more abundant mosquitoes of the genus *Culex* have not been found to be able to transmit malaria germs. The biology of *Culex* has been known since the seventeenth century, but that of *Anopheles* has never been described, so far as the writer knows. So many physicians are taking up the study of the mosquito-malaria relation under local conditions in different parts of the country that it is highly important that they should be able to distinguish at once between *Anopheles* and *Culex* in any stage of growth. During the present spring the writer has worked out the life history of "*Anopheles quadrimaculatus*" at Washington, and has carefully figured all stages. It is strikingly different from *Culex* in every stage from the egg to the adult. It also differs in habits.

The main structural difference between *Culex* and *Anopheles* in the adult condition is that the palpi of *Anopheles* are nearly as long as the sucking beak, whereas in *Culex* they are very short. *Anopheles*, as a rule, has spotted wings, while the wings of *Culex* are as a rule not spotted. The males of both genera are readily distinguished from the females by the fact that the antennæ and palpi are feathery in the male, and not feathery in the female.

In resting the adult of *Anopheles* hold its body nearly at right angles to the surface upon which it stands, whereas in *Culex* the body is nearly parallel to this surface. Observations at Washington showed that this difference holds when the mosquito is resting upon a ceiling or any other horizontal wall, but not when it is resting upon a perpendicular side wall. In the latter case *Anopheles* frequently holds its body nearly parallel with the wall. A uniform difference, however, is seen in the fact that in *Anopheles* the body and beak are always held in about the same plane, whereas in *Culex* the head and beak form an angle with the rest of the body.

The peculiar hum of the mosquito is well known. There is a distinct difference between the hum of "*Anopheles quadrimaculatus*" and that

of the common species of *Culex*, in that the former is noticeably lower in pitch. The note of *Culex* as it approaches the ear, is high in pitch, while that of *Anopheles* is certainly several tones lower and of not so clear a character. In quality it is something between the buzzing of a house fly and the note of *Culex*.

The eggs of *Culex* are placed perpendicularly on the surface of the water closely joined together into a boat-shaped or raft-like mass. Those of *Anopheles*, however, are radically different. With "*Anopheles quadrimaculatus*" the eggs are laid loosely on the surface of the water, each egg lying upon its side instead of being placed upon its end as with *Culex*. They are not attached to one another except that they naturally float closely to one another, and there are about 40 to 100 eggs in each lot. The individual egg is of a rather regular elliptical shape, strongly convex below and plane above. It is 0.57 mm. long. The eggs are laid at night, as with *Culex*, and hatch in from three to four days in May.

The larva of *Anopheles* is quite as unlike that of *Culex* as is the egg. It differs in structure, in its food habits, and in its customary position so markedly that it can at once be distinguished with the utmost ease. The larva of *Culex* comes to the surface of the water to breathe, thrusting its long breathing tube through the surface layer and holding its body at an angle of about 45 degrees with the surface of the water. It descends at frequent intervals toward the bottom, to feed, returning to surface every minute or two. Its specific gravity seems to be greater than that of water so that it reaches the surface only by an effort and when it is enfeebled for any cause and is not able to wriggle up to the surface it drowns. The larva of *Anopheles*, however, until it becomes nearly full-grown, habitually remains at the surface of the water. Its breathing-tube is much shorter than that of *Culex*, and its body is held not at an angle to the surface, but practically parallel to the surface and immediately below the surface film. Its head rotates upon its neck, and it feeds with the underside of the head upward, the venter of the rest of the body being below. In this customary resting position the mouth parts work violently, the long fringes causing a constant current toward the mouth of particles floating on the surface of the water which eventually enter the alimentary canal. The spores of algæ, bits of dust and everything which floats follow this course and can be seen to pass through the head down into the alimentary canal. The color of the young *Anopheles* larva is dark, nearly black, while that of *Culex* is light gray or faintly yellowish. Since the *Anopheles* larva feeds only

upon these light floating particles its specific gravity is nearly that of the water itself, and it supports this horizontal position just beneath the surface film with ease. It requires an effort for it to descend which it apparently never does, up to the period of the final larval stage, except when alarmed. The structural differences are very marked, the great size of the head and thorax of *Culex* contrasting with the small head and thorax of *Anopheles*. The arrangement of the hairs is entirely different, and the compound hairs of *Anopheles* contrast strongly with the simple hairs of *Culex*. The very long breathing-tube of *Culex* is entirely different from the very short one of *Anopheles*. The larvæ of *Anopheles* feed with avidity upon the spores of algæ, which seem to be their proper food. Those studied were in jars in which occurred algæ of the genera *Oedogonium*, *Cladophora*, *Spirogyra* and *Oscillaria*. They reached the last molt in ten days, considerable cold weather, however, having intervened, and remained in the last larval stage six days, transforming the pupæ sixteen days after hatching.

The writer is frequently asked as to the duration of the adult stage of mosquitoes, but beyond the statement that the adults hibernate, living in this condition from November to April in the latitude of Washington, D. C., he has been unable to give a satisfactory answer. They die rather quickly in confinement in the summer. *Anopheles* hibernates in the adult condition, and the writer has had living specimens in confinement in breeding jars for eight days, all dying at the expiration of that time. This, however, is not a fair indication of the length of free individuals, and as the specimens in question were all captured specimens, they had lived an unknown number of days before capture. There are two genera of large mosquitoes found rather commonly in our Southern States—*Megarrhinus* and *Psorophora*, which Southern investigators should study as to their possible function as carriers of the malaria plasmodium. Neither of these forms has been studied in this connection, and it seems to the writer that from their large size and blood-sucking propensities their possibilities as transmitters of blood-inhabiting micro-organisms are great.

The Thyroid Gland.....*Review of Reviews*

Among the recent important discoveries in medicine are the possibilities the doctors have found stored up in the thyroid gland. The *Revue de Medecine* contains the fourth paper in a series on "Fonctions du corps thyroïde," in which Dr. Gabriel Gauthier reports the results of his experiments. This gland lies in the throat, in the neighborhood of the larynx. As a gland, it would nat-

urally be expected to secrete something to be used in the system, yet it has no duct as an outlet for any secretion. Its "raison d'être," if it really had one, was a puzzle to physicians for a long time, and various unimportant functions were attributed to it. Within a few years a relation was found to exist between this gland and the disease known as goitre. Patients afflicted with the disease had abnormal thyroids, and this observation was followed by the unexpected discovery that they could be successfully treated by administering a preparation of the gland, preferably the thyroid of a young sheep. We are familiar with the much-advertised correcting of too prominent noses, the treatment of eyelids to secure any desired expression and other triumphs of surgery in the cause of beauty; but it was a surprise to learn, from sources beyond question of reliability, that thyroid was a cure for arrested development, and that persons who, from some cause, had not grown to their natural size had been successfully treated with this remedy, even when they had passed the period of growth and had reached the mature age of twenty or twenty-seven years. In contrast to this, victims of obesity might find surcease from their trouble by using the same remedy, which is the best one known, except for cases that require dieting. Gauthier is of the opinion that many cases of obesity are due to insufficient development of the thyroid, and abnormal thinness to a too great development of it.

Further, the discovery gave a new ray of hope for feeble-minded children; for since idiocy in many instances is due to the arrested growth of the brain, it follows that thyroid may often be used with good results for these pitifully afflicted members of our communities. Examination of a large number of imbecile and half-witted individuals showed more or less degeneration of the gland. Thyroid administered to children suffering from myxedemic idiocy produced growth in the whole bony system, including the cranium.

The gland apparently plays a very important rôle in all nutritive processes, and is concerned in a number of diseases. Several skin diseases, diseases of the bone, unstable nerves, cardiac excitability, rachitis, and many other pathological conditions, as well as many natural developmental processes, are attended with changes in this gland. Cases of fracture that did not heal properly were quickly cured by the thyroid treatment. In fact, any pathological condition that results from an error in nutrition may be traced to a disturbance of the activity of this gland, and may be alleviated by treatment with it. The disease known as acromegaly, or giantism, in which the bones become abnormally enlarged, and a giant is formed, is

caused by disease in the pituitary body—a small body on the lower side of the brain, which has one lobe identical in structure with the thyroid. There is apparently a series of glands that preside over growth processes; the thymus, which regulates pre-natal growth and degenerates early in life, the thyroid, the amygdalæ and the pituitary body.

Violet Rays and Tuberculosis...Dr. J. M. Bleyer....Medico-Legal J.

The magnetic, electric and thermic powers of the sun's rays reside in the violet ray, which is a compound of the blue and red rays. These constitute what are termed the chemical powers of the sunlight. That they are the most important powers of nature there can be no doubt, as without them life cannot exist on this planet.

I have discovered by experiment and practice the special and specific efficacy in the use of the combination of the caloric rays of the sun and the electric arc light in stimulating the glands and cells of the body, the nervous system generally and the secretive organs of man and animals. It, therefore, becomes a most important adjunct element in the treatment of acute and chronic diseases, especially such as have become chronic or result from derangement of secretive, perspiratory or glandular functions, as it vitalizes and gives renewed activity and force to the vital currents that keep the health unimpaired, or restore them when disordered or deranged. My entire early experience in this line of work was founded on patient experiments upon young and old animals of several kinds. During the last five years I have employed these different rays of light in the treatment of many forms of tuberculosis and various other forms of disease and have come to the conclusion that light is one of the most marvelous therapeutic agents yet employed to combat tuberculous conditions.

I have found the best results were gotten from the violet rays, as generated by colored glass and concentrated sunlight by means of lenses, or as passed through colored glass alone, or colored fluid media, produced during the period of the season in this latitude when the sun's rays were strongest, as during May, June, July, August, September and October. Though, nevertheless, some of my experiments on animals for comparison have shown that the influence of the violet rays were very marked, even when the declination of the sun was such, during a period of comparative feebleness of the force of the actinic or chemical rays. This time was especially selected for experiment for that very reason. It is almost immaterial whether strong electric light is employed or the solar light. Of course, one can always de-

pend on electricity at all hours of the day and season, and so be independent as to its regular employment. We know positively that electric light has similar chemical properties to sunlight; it affects the combination of chlorine and hydrogen, acts chemically on chloride of silver and can be applied in photography.

Fizeau and Faucult compared the chemical effects of the sun and the electric lights by investigating their action on iodized silver plates. Representing the intensity of the sun's light at mid-day at 1,000, these physicists found that the light from a battery of 46 Benson's elements was 235, while that from one of 80 elements was only 238. The above two experiments have shown that the electric light produced by 50 Benson's cells is about one-fourth as strong as sunlight.

Arguing from all that I have said and all that is known about the blue and violet rays in conjunction with the atmospheric conditions in general, I set out to make practical application of these colored rays of light as an adjunct to the treatment of tuberculosis, in their various stages of progress, as a prophylactic in supposed early stages, etc. Much to my satisfaction, the practical experiments which I have tested in so many different conditions in tuberculosis have all given good accounts of themselves in most instances, so that I am very happy to make you acquainted with my results as I have found them. I am of the positive belief, from my acquired practical and theoretical knowledge of facts, that the best method to treat tuberculosis and other forms of lung diseases is in special designed solariums at home or at a sanitarium where violet lights can be generated, according to the requirement of each individual case and specially treated upon principles according to the condition of each case.

My apparatus for the generation of violet rays consists of an electric arc searchlight, so arranged as to throw a beam of violet light upon the chest or back wall of a patient for any length of time.

Another apparatus, with which I had much practical experience, is one so arranged for the concentration of sun rays. It is a double-mirror solar arrangement, which reflects a beam of light on a lens, and thus concentrating it, and then passes through a square glass receptacle containing colored fluid. Such an apparatus is useful during the seasons of the year when the sun is high or in climates where there are many sunny days. This apparatus is fitted into windows having a southern exposure or nearly so. Both these color-ray generators can be used under any condition desirable. They will be found powerful enough for the purpose for which they have been specially constructed.

A California Cycleway*

By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

Among the many new constructions that are to be seen in Southern California none are of more practical interest than the Pasadena cycleway, now nearing completion and already opened to the public for bicycles and motorcycles. Southern California has especial attractions to the wheelman, as the season is the whole year. The winter, which is virtually lost in the East, is open here, and really the most delightful time, when the country has taken on a coat of green and is radiant with wild flowers. This fact and the assurance of good roads all over the State brings out numbers of wheelmen, and a conservative estimate places the wheels in Los Angeles and Pasadena, resident and visiting, at thirty thousand, and the inventors of wheels at five thousand.

The Pasadena and Los Angeles cycleway is a movement to provide the wheelman with a perfect road, with a minimum grade between two cities nine miles apart and at different altitudes. The inventor and promoter of the novel scheme is a wealthy resident and trustee of the city of Pasadena, Mr. Horace Dobbins, he being the president of the company, the vice-president is ex-Governor H. H. Markham. The cycleway, which it is believed is the only one of its kind in the world, is an elevated perfectly adjusted road running from the heart of Pasadena to the plaza of Los Angeles. In appearance it somewhat resembles the elevated road in New York, being apparently as high in places; but it is built of wood instead of iron, yet strong enough to bear the equipment and car service of an electric road.

A critical examination of the cycleway is interesting, showing it to be a somewhat remarkable piece of engineering. The proposition has been to give wheelmen a grade from Los Angeles to Pasadena up hill and a decided rise at that which will not be appreciable, and this has been accomplished. The roadway ranges from 3 to 50 feet in height, giving a maximum grade of but three per cent.; and this but for two thousand feet; at all other points it will not be greater than $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. This is about the grade of Broadway in Los Angeles in the heart of the city, and not appreciable to the average wheelman. The cycleway, with its heavy wire sides painted dark green, is not an objectionable feature, as it winds away through the hills like a gigantic snake. It is at present wide enough to hold four wheels

abreast, and has the right of way for a duplication in width. The timber used in the construction is Oregon pine; 1,250,000 feet were required to complete it, and twenty miles of heavy wire netting.

At intervals of 200 feet over the centre, incandescent lights are being placed, which at night will convert the cycleway into a gleaming serpent. The terminal stations are Moorish in design; one being placed near the Hotel Green in the business centre of Pasadena, and the other at the plaza in Los Angeles. At these buildings, which will be equipped with the facilities of a railway depot, will be a department for renting bicycles and motorcycles; also a repair shop. So one may rent a wheel at Pasadena, and run down to Los Angeles and leave it there if desired, or vice versa.

The route of the road was selected by the inventor with great care, and as a result of several years' work in securing rights of way and legislative action. The track runs through Pasadena, South Pasadena, Highland Park, down the picturesque Arroyo Seco, following the Los Angeles hills into the city. These hills form a picturesque feature of the region; they are very abrupt, and surround an attractive little valley, and are in reality the broken up foothills of the Sierra Madre Range. Here the cycleway will have its casino that will doubtless prove an attractive feature. The crown of one of the most beautiful of these hills has been selected, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding country is to be had. Merlemount, as the casino is called, stands in the centre of a park of one hundred acres, reached from the cycleway by walks, wheel or motorcycle. This is being laid out into walks and various conveniences for wheelmen. The casino itself will be delightful in its beauty of situation and equipment.

The cost of this cycleway is insignificant when everything is considered, being but \$187,500. The toll is ten cents by book tickets between Pasadena and Los Angeles (eighteen miles), the park and other features being free. This toll permits a bicycle or motorcycle to enter the cycleway, and ride up and down all day, if desired. It has been estimated that if half of the wheelmen in the two cities patronize the road once a month it will give the cycleway an income of \$20,000 per year, which would seem a very conservative estimate, as the roads on Sunday between Los Angeles and Pasadena are often filled with wheelmen, who ride through the dust, taking the heavy grade between the cities without question.

*Scientific American.

The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

How Paris May Disappear....Basil Tozer....London Daily Express

We have heard a lot lately about the lake under London. I wonder how many out of the crowds of persons now flocking into Paris are aware that the greater portion of that popular city is built upon arches none too strong, and that many of the houses and public buildings have been propped up from beneath and without the knowledge of their owners or inmates? It was by mere chance that I came to learn all about these arches and the chasms which they span. I was seated with a friend in an Empire café in the Clichy district. At a table beside ours sat several artisans slightly the worse for absinthe. Before long their conversation grew so interesting that we ended by "chipping in" on our own account, for they were workmen employed in the vast chasms to which I shall now allude. A week later, with one of the afore-said artisans, we found ourselves entering the secret subterranean caverns in Paris, which extend from the elevated Faubourg St. Jacques down almost to the Val de Grace district, so long famous for its large Convent of English Benedictines.

Never shall I forget the impression the first sight of those vast caves and crypts made upon me. Small wonder, indeed, that the Paris authorities should keep secret all knowledge of the mighty caverns which immediately underlie so large an area of their proud capital. We had descended by rough stone steps to a depth of over 350 feet; and, though the alleyway along which we proceeded first is narrow at the beginning and slopes gradually upward, it grew broader when we had walked a couple of hundred yards or so along it. Then of a sudden we found ourselves at a point where a number of wide streets or tunnels converge—eight or ten there must be. All these streets have names or numbers placarded at their corners. Presently we came to another flight of steep steps, down which a moment later we were all cautiously treading. Most of the streets vary considerably in size. Some are broad and very lofty, others almost cramped, but everywhere the roof drips slimy moisture, which in places has congealed into a translucent sort of stalactite. Here and there we passed wooden scaffolding, stone pillars, and iron and wooden props, many of the last named greatly decayed, and now and again by the light of our candles we could distinctly discern broad stone flags jammed against the overhanging roofs and arches, and kept there by means of stout poles of timber. Evidently these flags

had been placed there to support the buildings immediately overhead. Between four and five hours elapsed before we again returned to the surface, and we calculated that during that time we must have traveled in a more or less circuitous route through some six miles of tunnels and caverns.

Our guide, who had required a heavy bribe before he could be induced to show us these caverns—it was "defendu" to show them to anybody, he kept on repeating—either knew nothing, or would tell us nothing whatsoever concerning their origin, and it is only recently that I have succeeded in discovering the story of these subterranean streets in a work published about the middle of the last century, and entitled *Tableaux de Paris*. The writer says that in order to build up Paris in the first instance, it became necessary to procure stone for building purposes from some locality as near at hand as possible. Now, all around the district then called Paris there lay immense virgin quarries of very hard and durable stone, and much of this was excavated. Soon the city of Paris began to grow apace, until within comparatively few years the very edges of these vast quarries were reached. This being so, no alternative remained but to arch over the now-disused pits, and build the new houses upon the arches themselves. This was soon done. Then, as the town required to spread still further, more arches were built, and more houses erected, so that now many of the great buildings in Paris which you behold towering into the skies are practically without foundations. Hence, then, the frightful chasms to be found to this day under the houses in many districts; in reality these houses stand upon the abysses. No very severe shock, then, would be needed to hurl back those great masses of stone into the yawning pits from which so many years ago they were removed with so much difficulty.

The news that recently eight men were suddenly engulfed in a chasm a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and that minor accidents of the same sort were occurring from time to time, has caused police and Government to take precautionary measures, and now the buildings in various parts of the town have been propped up from below without the knowledge of their owners. Nearly all the towers that we see in Paris, as well as the steeples, the arched roofs of the temples and churches, and many public buildings, are but so many reminders that the stately edifices

standing there before our eyes have been dug out from under our very feet, that there they rightly belong, that there they may one day return.

Sand-Dunes.....Eden Phillpotts.....Black and White

These rolling dunes are a home of many good things, for flowers that are beautiful dwell among them, and flowers that are courageous in their daring invasion of the beaches, and flowers that are cheerful under stress of circumstances, and flowers that are merely rare. The hare's foot trefoil, whose tiny pink flowerets are hidden in a pearly mist, makes a sort of manna scattered by the way; the sea convolvulus spreads little green leaves under the gray-green couch, and opens its trumpets there, slashed with alternate pink and white; the sea-rocket creeps to the very feet of the sea-horses that paw the beaches at high tides, and the great gulls look into its mauve eyes as they strut on yellow feet in the harvest of the last wave. Many other things now sadly scorched by summer find life in the sand; stonecrops linger there, and the salt-wort straggles and the scentless mayweed spreads with drooping rays and staring eyes. Above the grasses, whose ripe seed-heads are the color of the dune, sometimes arise creeping thistles and blaze noble heads of ragwort, that sing a color song of gold; behind them lie acres of deep green rushes brushed with the brown of their fruit and broken by spires of great red docks; then the wide estuary of the river stretches like a band of silver and in the distance, under diaphanous hazes of summer noon, rise woodlands and many elms, and gleam ripe cornfields on the bosom of the gentle hills, and shine gray turrets above the old home of heroes.

I have seen a dawn upon the Exe and can remember how a great mist rolled down the river to meet the morning. In billows it came under a breeze from shore, hid all the heron-haunted flats and marshes, heather-ridges and sleepy dunes; then the risen sun touched it, and it waned gloriously in a rosy glow against the increasing blue of the sky. From its depths stole Exe to the sea, and I saw red cliffs and marble beaches and fishers with bright sails slipping forth into a great ocean of light under the low sun.

Within the arm of my sand-dunes extend huge spaces that only vanish at highest tides; and here the little glassworts, decked with living shells, grow in shining fairy plantations. Their lower joints are often a radiant scarlet and lemon, and rise above rich store of seaweeds, brought here by successive tidal flows. These are flattened out upon the mud into a mosaic of ruby red, amber, transparent white, and deep green, all laced and slashed and gemmed with ribbons of olive brown

and sepia, or stars of orange and pearl. In dryer regions, where barriers rise or dykes drain the water, sea lavender brings sky-color to earth, and its manifold blues mingle with the rushes and make rare bravery with the other floral wayfarers, and the heather of the higher levels. Silver and shining mudflats are one background to this blaze of purple and gold; while sand-dunes and glimpses of foam-fringed waters hem in the great marshes toward the sea.

The sand, as I have said, reveals all manner of rare shades in direct sunshine, and over its yellow under-tone prevails a most delicate gauzy line that partakes of mauve in one light, of gray in another. These spaces are virgin since the last patter of rain pitted them; but where a foot falls the dream-color departs and yellow shines out till time weathers the exposed grains again. The mat-grass binds all together with nets and meshes deep hidden, and the wind fashions a harp here, and in a minor key, singing softly, carries pale light over the green, and bears many scents of earth out to the deep. Glimmering lines of foam twinkle horizontally through the thin grasses as each wave curls and breaks and spreads its white ridge to right and left along the back of the shallows, and, line upon line, over a huge scrip, shore-wide, they write the wisdom of the sea in their sun-kissed foam. Here is a word I seem to decipher before it vanishes; here is a sentence that I can glean before it departs; for the sand-dunes and the waves tell each the other's story, and in the countless grains that twinkle through my fingers is the activity of great waters; and in the flowing blue earth-raiment of seas outspread is the secret of the sand.

*Art Among the Pahouins.....H. Aréol.....L' Illustration**

The M'fan or Pahouin people are a horde of invaders. It was not until 1872 that they made their appearance upon the west coast of Africa, after crossing nearly the entire width of the Continent, and driving back and absorbing, in the literal sense of the word, the different tribes whom they met upon their way. They now occupy the vast territory comprised between the Cameroun and Setté Cama, that is to say, more than 150 miles of French coast.

In coupling the words "Art" and "Pahouin," we must certainly evoke a very deep and justifiable feeling of astonishment in the minds of the old colonists. Etymologists tell us that the word pahouin signifies "savage." This is a statement in which there is nothing unreasonable, although

*Translated for the Scientific American Supplement.

it is simply hypothetical. The Pahouins always live as true children of the brush. They fish, hunt, scratch off their vermin, love or beat their wives and make war; and these are about their only occupations. A certain number of them continue to be what Mandat-Grancey calls "believing and practicing anthropophagites."

In their own carnal envelope, the Pahouins see a frame admirably adapted for the execution of their artistic conceptions, to carry out which they utilize their teeth, their hair and their skin. If they cut their incisors and molars to a point, it is not only in order to consume with greater ease the special dishes of the national cuisine, but especially in order to perpetuate a fashion several centuries old. Moreover, the effect of an operation of this kind is quite happy. It flatters the lover of local color, in that it harmonizes wonderfully with the general character of the M'fan people, while picturesquely recalling their old reputation for cannibalism.

The Pahouins ornament their faces and their trunk with blue and red tattooings, and also with others (and these they most delight in) that appear in relief. These latter are produced with the juice of a certain plant which, when introduced into a series of small incisions, has the property of causing the flesh to grow in ridges. Unfortunately, whatever be the nature or color of these tattooings, they are all of a purely ornamental design. There is never a "genre" subject like those displayed in so much detail upon the shoulder blades of the Japanese, and never a sentimental or obscene sketch such as we see upon the biceps of our sailors; nothing but dots, lines or arrows that are placed above the upper part of the nose, open out like a fan upon the cheeks, run across the chest, and radiate upon the abdomen, which is already ornamented with some well-grown umbilical hernia as a central motive.

Not content with tattooing themselves, some of the aborigines paint their face bright red with the powder of a certain dyewood; but this custom is less widespread among the M'fans than it is among the Loangos. Among these latter, the "Calebasses," or damsels who are to be married, show themselves to be particularly addicted to this practice. They conceal their youthful faces under a dull pulverulent mask, similar in appearance to coagulated blood, and, during the period of mourning, superpose upon this first coat of red a second one of powdered charcoal.

After having added to their natural ugliness by these different artifices, after having smeared themselves with palm oil and perfumed themselves with wild garlic, the Pahouins bedeck their body with certain ornaments, such as amulets,

shells, the teeth or horns of animals and collars of pearls or glass trinkets, without forgetting the famous "fetish of personal safety," composed of two bells, one of which, without a clapper, contains a small piece of a human heart or brain enveloped in black wax. The women encircle their limbs with huge bracelets of copper, several rows of which they wear upon the forearm, on the wrist, and below the knee. Some of these rows include no fewer than fifteen rings.

Considering the prominent place that it occupies in the human countenance, the nose, more than any other part of the body, deserves to be ornamented with taste. Of this opinion are the Pahouins, those at least whom the proximity of the whites has not caused to lose respect for sound traditions. The Betes of the Arebe, an affluent of the Como, transpire the organ under consideration with fish bones, while the dwellers upon the Okano, disciples of another school, prefer to use colored pearls for the decoration of the nasal appendage. Some women, through pure coquetry, and without cherishing the least project of feminine emancipation, decorate their face with moustaches, by introducing a few hairs from the tail of an elephant into their nasal passages.

It is in their headdress that the Pahouins display the most fantasticalness. They have hundreds of ways of arranging their hair. The simplest consists in converting their cranium, completely deprived of wool, into a round ball apparently coated with lampblack. The most complicated has the effect of giving the head the aspect of a garden laid out by a skillful hand, in which the paths in crossing each other form varied contours upon the borders.

If, from the question of hair, we pass by a very natural transition to that of headgear, we find that the principal motive, and, in a manner, the basis of ornamentation in the Pahouin headdress, is the classic white porcelain button provided with four holes. This modest object is used for a more utilitarian than artistic purpose in old Europe, since it serves there for buttoning shirts, drawers and flannel waistcoats. But what we civilized folk regard as mere vulgar accessories of the toilet, these savages consider charming jewels. They know better than we do how to appreciate their unobtrusive lustre, and their lunar form at once so decorative and simple. They strew them with profusion over all their head-dresses, and yet, says Prudhomme, the headgears among these warlike people are military. They are merely two-cornered hats, leather helmets and caps of monkey-hair. The hair caps have a front piece cuirassed with an envelope of buttons sewed on close together without any interval. Upon one of them

there have been counted more than 350 between two long pendants of blue and red pearls.

We are, perhaps, expatiating at too great a length upon the different accessories of the costume before speaking of the latter itself; but it must be confessed that habiliment, properly so-called, is always of the most scanty nature among the Pahouins. Around the loins they wear cotton drawers of varying length, sometimes replaced by a girdle of bark, or the skin of a monkey or "ncheri" (small antelope); that is all. The women, like the warriors, leave all the upper part of the body exposed. Their modesty is awakened only when they meet with a white person. Then, like Eve after her sin, they perceive that they are naked, and hasten to pluck a few leaves from the first shrub that comes handy, in order to cover themselves therewith.

The chiefs, very eclectic in their tastes, readily abandon the national costume, or, more properly speaking the national semi-nudity. They take pleasure in putting on all the old uniforms brought as presents by explorers, and all the worst cast-off clothing picked up in factories. They disguise themselves, with equal pleasure, as zouaves, clowns, firemen, English generals, etc.

The venerable chief, Dito Mangué, who was our host for ten days at Ayenic, donned, on important occasions, an olive-green jacket, over which he draped a piece of tent canvas striped with blue and red. A Tyrolean hat, a mayor's scarf, and white breeches completed his gala attire; and the august monarch brandished in his right hand a small horsehair brush which served both as a scepter and an instrument for keeping away the flies. When we first reached the residence of this same Dito Mangué, in his village of Ayenic—a true type of the Pahouin village, with its cabins arranged on each side of the sole street, intersected by the "abene," or guardhouse—I greatly wondered at a long series of silhouettes drawn with chalk or charcoal upon the walls of the straw huts. These drawings, which were puerile, but of a movement that was sometimes quite correct, represented scenes of war, hunting and tom-toms, putting in action both warriors and animals. Aside from a few roughly carved heads designed for ornamenting the necks of parps, the Pahouins rarely represent the human figure.

Contrary to the custom of the Loangos, who keep fetish shops for the accommodation of travelers, and who improve their gods to the extent of almost making American dolls of them, the M'fan fetishists conceal their wooden divinities with great care. It might even prove dangerous for a foreigner to meet one of them face to face with a statue of Bieri, the all-powerful and jeal-

ous god that sometimes surmounts, in their huts, the round boxes in which are placed the venerated skulls of their ancestors.

Sign Talk of the Plains.....Chicago Tribune

The traveler upon the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and which in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians, across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack or warning them for a retreat when that seemed advisable. The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not taken for the smoke of some camp fire. He made the rings by covering his little fire with his blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered up the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of perhaps twenty or thirty miles, "Look out. There is an enemy near." Three smokes built close together meant "Danger." One smoke merely said "Attention." Two smokes meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains and the usefulness of this long-distance telephone will quickly become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow (an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark) meant the same as the column of smoke puffs—viz., "An enemy is near." Two fire arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Three at once said, "We attack now." An arrow shot off in a diagonal direction said as plainly as pointing a finger, "That way." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.

To learn the simple signals of the plains was easy to any one who cared to do so, but the mastery of the sign talk was a matter far more complex and difficult and for some white men the task was too much. Indeed, it seems that there were degrees of proficiency in the sign talk even among the Indians themselves, and they certainly

made a distinction between the signs used by women and those employed by men. The woman was not accredited by her savage lord with intelligence sufficient to use the choicest and most elegant sign language.

But some of the Indian signs are simple and readily understood. When the sign talker straddled his left hand with the two split fingers of the right you caught the idea of "horse" almost at once. When he held the hands thus and advanced them with a series of short, choppy, forward movements, you saw that the horse was going, that it was galloping. When the talker hooked his two forefingers and held his hands up at the side of his head you saw the hooked horns of the buffalo, and you knew what he meant. If he thrust both arms above his head, spread out, you saw the branching antlers of the elk unmistakably. The wolf sign, the first two fingers of each hand held close together and upright at each side of the head, indicated the erect ears of that animal plainly. Not quite so plain, yet plain enough if you are a hunter, was the sign of the mountain bighorn sheep—the two hands, one at each side of the head, describing the outward and forward curve of the horns. The finger and thumb slightly approached and held at the side of the head indicated less obviously the pronghorn of the antelope. The sign for snake was simple, and any one would understand it—the extended forefinger thrust out before the body in a waving line, like the course of the snake in traveling. Not quite so obvious is the sign for "lie, liar, he lies." Here we get back to the ancient symbol of the serpent, which seems to be the synonym for duplicity among all peoples and for all times. The liar sign is made everywhere by the forked fingers thrust out in front of the mouth, or across the body—"He speaks with a forked tongue." This is ancient Indian rhetoric for you, but it is correct. The sign for "truth, it is true," would obviously be the single finger used in a similar manner—"He speaks with a single tongue."

Moorish Memories.....Cornhill

Morocco is a paradise for the woman-hater. He who hath been scurvily served by the unfair sex may there find balm for his bruised spirit. Either woman is not seen at all, or, if noticed in the public ways, is cursed and cuffed. Her highest ambition is to batten on sweetstuff as a caged bird on rapeseed; when her youth and beauty leave her, and kohl and henna no longer stave off the ravages of time and domesticity, she is thrown on public charity as a private nuisance. To the Moslem way of thinking, the New Woman

would be as impossible of acceptance as is the New Testament. During his first few days in the land, any Englishman feels his blood boil at sight of skinny and uncomplaining old hags keeping pace painfully on the hot, sandy highway beside the mule that bears their husband, son or brother; but habit softens the shock, and to his first impulse of rebellion in favor of an innovation of "equality" much abused in the fair cities of the North there succeeds a cynical acquiescence in this compensating survival of male ascendancy and female obsequiousness, this relic of the old order, at the gates of Europe and not quite at the antipodes of New York.

Woman in Morocco, he soon perceives, is no more than a domesticated animal; but then students of social evolution assure us that she was once on that footing, purchased and fed that she might do the work of the house and bear the race, in what are now civilized communities. It is the utter misconception of the romance of marriage that has raised her to a throne that she often shows herself wholly unable to grace. They manage these things differently in Morocco. The grave old pacha pays a good price to her parents for Fatma, and Fatma by that same token he keeps within doors, carrying the key of her apartments in his sash, or entrusting it to a slave answerable with his head. Fatma is pampered as long as she is young, and may even be treated with kindness in middle age. She can eat sweet cakes and drink green tea or sherbet, and deck her comely form in shoddy jewelry; and she can ride to the bath, closely veiled, and get a passing glimpse of the outer world, of which, on marriage, she took leave like any Christian novice taking the veil. And the good Si' Elarbi, her lord, is secure in his household, and would chuckle mightily could he but read of the matters that daily take up the time of Nazarene courts of divorce.

Divorce, forsooth! A good old scimitar, with damascene blade, hangs between two silent timepieces in his inner hall—somewhat dull and blunt, and demanding perchance a second stroke to make doubly sure; yet would it divorce a thoughtless wife more rapidly, more effectively, than the grave deliberations of a whole mosque full of sapient fellow-citizens. And Fatma has seen the old scimitar, and thinks it looks best where it hangs, and is circumspect in her glances, particularly when, in the narrow market way, her mouse-colored mule brushes the glossy black charger of the blue-eyed Nazarene riding even then to visit her owner and wondering whether that undulating form on muleback is set off by a pretty face.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

The Ships of Song.....Ernest Neal Lyon.....Truth

With purposeful endeavor
The poet labors long
To launch on seas uncertain
His argosies of song.
A hundred founder in the tide
By tempests torn apart;
He is content if one shall find
A haven in a heart.

The Poet's Bequest.....Edith M. Thomas.....Century Magazine

With all its leafy voices spake to me
My guardian tree,
As I sat dreaming in my shady seat:
"I shall outlive thee."
Then answered I, dream-fashion, as was meet:
"This charge I give thee:
Make, then, his dreams as pleasant and as sweet,
Who shall hereafter fill this shady seat,
As mine for me,
Thou long-outliving, kindly, dooryard tree!"
With fragrant sighing, as I passed her place,
And half-hid face,
The wild rose spake beside the crumbling wall:
"I shall outlive thee."
Then I (as one who heeds a far-sent call):
"A charge I give thee,
O rose, solace and peace to him befall
(As once to me) who, by this crumbling wall,
Shall feel the grace
Of unknown things in thine averted face!"
Wherefore this legend do I leave for him
Who here outlives me:
"I drank the cup of joy, filled to the brim;
Nothing misgives me.
Drink thou thereof; and all once mine be thine;
Then, in thy turn, as glad the cup resign."

The Toy Commandments..Eleanor Hallowell Abbott..Harper's Mag

Oh, the black night, oh, the long lagging hours,
When the soul yearns and tugs and fawns and
cowers,
Eager to know, yet loath to meet its fate,
Sick with the penitence that comes too late!
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
What if my years are stained with many crimes?
Death hurts but once, and life a thousand times.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain
Strange fancies flit across my fevered brain.
Ever before me, wistful-eyed and wild,
I see the phantom figure of a child.

It is my night, the time of life and day
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched throughout the day.
And all good children with their hearts aflame
Are crooning soft and low their father's name,
Or running to and fro from place to place,
To catch the first quick glimpse of his dear face.
But I am lurking where the shadow's grace
Covers the pallor of my wretched face,
Whistling brave tunes so no good child may guess
That I am crazed with fear and bitterness.

But every footstep at the outer door,
And every sound that creaks along the floor,
And every gentle whish of wind or rain
Crashes like nightmare through my tortured brain.
The night grows darker, shadows crawl and creep,
The other children have been soothed to sleep,
But I am left alone to bide my fate,—
O Father God, what makes you stay so late?
They thrust me into life, and left me free,
Told me to stay until you came for me,
Gave me for comfort in my hours of need,
To calm my body and to curb my greed,
Those toy commandments which your own cool
hands

Fashioned for children of all times and lands.
O God, I never meant in any way
To hurt those treasures in my rough child play!
I put them high up on my treasure shelf,
And let no children touch them but myself,
And climbed up to them when my hands were
clean:—

If you had only come back then and seen!
But, God, my hands, my eager man-child hands,—
Mad with unrest no mortal understands,
Blind with the breathless joy that power brings,
Crazed for the knowledge of the why of things,
I broke at noontime all my blessed toys,
Then turned and mocked the timid other boys.
It was a grand play-time, that little hour,
Vibrant with life and blood and love and power;
Breathless,—so breathless was its moment's trend,
I did not know my sin until the end.
Then, when my soul awoke to know and care,
All the good children stood around to stare,
Prodding their white hands deep into my pain,
To watch me writhe and wince and writhe again.
God, my own sorrow was enough indeed
To punish me the full strength that I need,
But their relentless hands, contemptuous gaze,
Have left me festering in my length of days.
I cannot stand another touch of scorn.
I hate the ghastly day that I was born.
I do not dare to pray, for fear that I
With lips once loosened will curse God and die.

Now comes the night, the time of life and day
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched through all the day.
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain
Strange fancies flit across my dying brain.
Father, I do not need your strength and might,
I only want a little love to-night.
If you must come in wrath with threats of Hell,
I can go bravely and can call it well.
But if you should come with a smiling face,
And take me close and warm in your embrace,
And kiss away the years of sin and pain,
I think, I think I could be good again.

Gossip.....Oliver Herford.....Scribner's Magazine

The news around the Garden flew
Last night the Rose was robbed—A flower
Was filched from her and flung into
The casement of my Lady's bower.

The flowers were mystified. In vain
They asked of one another, "Pray,
What ails our Lady of Disdain
That she must wear a Rose to-day?"

The Daisy with her latest breath,
'Reft of her petals, whispered low,
"It is a secret to the Death
I gave my petals all to know."

Recognition.....Post Wheeler.....New York Press

I.

Eyes I covered up with grass—
Smile you yet where I shall pass?

Hair I wound and unwound so,
Smelling it, smoothing it—are you so?

Nay, for the hair is dull and rust.
Nay, for the eyes are dim and dust.

II.

Yet stay. Oft when my lids closed down,
Hearing never a lisp of her gown,

Seeing not, smelling no scent of hers
(As I go now, 'neath this lonely curse),

Pressing nor hand nor touching hair—
Yet was I happy knowing her there!

III.

Not lip, limb, eye or head of gold,
Not smile, tear, word, shall I see, hear, hold,

Not any of these, but a nearer thing,
Rarer than her earth-fashioning.

This I shall feel, shall possess, shall know,
The I and She! And the rest may go.

MeHarriet Prescott Spofford.....Collier's Weekly

Through many, many summers
I look, as through a glass,
And see a world of showers and flowers
And laughing children pass;
And, in her big blue sun-bonnet,
One other little lass.

A lass who watched the swallows
Skim just beyond her hand,
And where the flickers fled and sped,
And nests of hang-birds fanned;
And felt those birds were fairy-folk
On wing to fairy-land.

In her warm fist she carried—
Trudging o'er hills and dales—
In tiny papers laid, and weighed
As if in fairy scales,
The salt that catches bobolinks
When sprinkled on their tails.

A little lass and wistful,
Who gazed up the far sky,
And reached for fairy things and wings
In vain, and wondered why—
Poor little lass, I wonder still,
Could she be really I?

A Helping Hand.....Edith V. Brandt.....Kansas City Star

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand unto some wayward friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to rest in sweet content.

Spring and Autumn... W. J. Linton.....New York Tribune

"Thou wilt forget me." "Love has no such word."
The soft spring wind is whispering to the trees.
Among lime blossoms have the hovering bees
Those whispers heard?

"Or thou wilt change." "Love changeth not," he
said.
The purple heather cloyes the air with scent
Of honey. O'er the moors her lover went,
Nor turned his head.

If You Could Know.....Mabel A. Rundell.....Cosmopolitan

If you could know the half of all I yearn to be to
you, Dear Heart!
Each day that dawns I struggle to be strong and
do my part;
Yet when at last the night comes softly down, I
dumbly pray—
Lord, grant me still to prove my tender love, just
one more day.

Just one more day to strive to rise above small
troubles, petty care,
That my cramped soul may break its earth-forged
bonds, at last to dare
To face the future and to gladly live with courage
new,
Loyal and cheerful, facing toward the light for
Truth and you.

And yet I feel in spite of all the heights which I
can never scale,
In spite of all the many tests in which I daily fail,
That my deep love, more deep and pure and strong
than I can ever show,
You somehow, through my failures, doubts and
fears will come to know.

The dreary clouds can't hide the sun for aye, it
glimmers through;
The sweet wet violet struggling through dead
leaves, still shows its blue,
And so I trust, though oft I strike love's chord
with clumsy hand,
You'll feel the melody I tried to play, and under-
stand.

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

Cultivating Cowardice.....Ouida.....Humane Review

People in general give to their doctors and surgeons a blind and foolish and implicit faith, such as they would never give to their solicitor, their banker, their steward, or any one else in whose hands they place themselves. Why? The doctor or the surgeon is made of the same stuff, and belongs to the same social grade as the solicitor, the banker, the steward, or any one else whose occupation it is to live by the affairs of others. Why should the doctor or the surgeon be accredited with being an immaculate and infallible Uebermensch? He strikes at a million points the existence of mankind and it falls in abject submission at his feet, believing that in him alone can it find its savior. His process is precisely the same as that of every religious hierarchy; he disdains to explain, he insists on blind subjection, in return for which he promises protection and salvation.

I do not purpose here to speak of the means which he employs to sustain his doctrines. These are other questions. I do not purpose to speak even of the cruelty of these and the cruelty which his teachings impress and inculcate. I restrict myself in these pages entirely to this consideration, the moral and even physical deterioration of man, through cowardice, which attend on, and must increase with, the dominance of his creeds. We know that whenever there is an epidemic or an endemic disease anywhere prevailing, to be afraid of it is almost certainly to be attacked by it. That fear predisposes to infection no one denies. What then are we to think of that perpetual terror, not of one disease, but of many, in which experimental science calls on all men and women to dwell? They are taught to see possible or probable death in everything which approaches them; they are taught perpetually to endeavor to defend themselves from the proximity of death by the most minute cares and the most elaborate precautions; they are to pass their whole existence in a stench of disinfectants; they are to see deadly organisms in everything they touch; they are to suspect injury to themselves in every breeze which blows; they are to shrink in fear of contamination from the rosy lips of a little child, and flee from the good-natured gambols of a merry dog; the pleasant odor of a freshly-turned furrow to them speaks of poisonous exhalations and mephitic vapors; the prick of a pin may mean tetanus, and the humming of a bluebottle fly can only preface an inoculation of carbon. This, and nothing less than this, is the teaching of the new

hygiene. The exhortations of the modern scientist mean this, or they are meaningless.

The great influence of the mind upon the body, i. e., the power of the mind, by long dwelling on certain symptoms, to produce such symptoms on the body, is known to every one who has in any degree studied the results of mental impressions on bodily health. What then must be the consequences of concentrating the attentions of vast multitudes imperfectly educated and hysterically inclined (as all multitudes are) upon their own corporal liability to contagion of various kinds? The attitude of science toward disease appears to me to be extremely unscientific. Disease can be only so dreadful a thing as it is in the sight of science if it be a wholly unmixed evil. Is it so? I doubt it. If it even be so, war is a far more dreadful thing, and war might be at once made impossible if men chose. It is surely the height of unscientific and lame reasoning to bewail the death of five thousand persons by any visitation of typhoid or small-pox, and applaud the death of ten thousand persons in battle or in siege. If the one calamity, which is perhaps wholly unavoidable, is so terrible, why is the other, which might have been entirely avoided, regarded with indifference and even with delight? This seems to me extremely illogical.

War we are told is useful because it kills off the surplus population. This, apart from its inhumanity, is an erroneous conclusion, because war kills the male, not the female, excess of population, and kills also millions of useful animals; war kills also in youth, rarely in age, in health, rarely in infirmity; war also, for one whom it kills outright, maims and invalidates ten, leaves them for the rest of their lives incomplete and suffering. Disease, on the contrary, kills more women than men; and therefore serves the world better; kills outright one, and allows hundreds to recover none the worse for the attack. It is much more merciful than war is, more discriminating also, for it usually only takes those who are predisposed to receive it. The convalescence which follows on disease may be a period of peace and gratitude, bringing with it a certain sweetness; the recovery after wounds of shell, bullet, lance, or sabre is most irritating suffering, leaving long injury behind it. But the voice of the biologist, of the physiologist, is never raised against war. Virchow never applauds Verestchaguin; Victor Horsley never applauds Frederic Harrison; Roux never points to the wisdom of Tolstoi.

What is the inevitable conclusion? That the scientist is only occupied with what is of use and importance to himself. The universal abolition of war, could it be brought about to-morrow, would not increase by a single legacy the riches of the Pasteur Institute, or of those kindred institutes the Preventive Medicine establishments. But the fears of the public, their alarms, their startled ignorance, their trembling egotism, their immense shuddering dread of death, pour in gold, in a perpetual stream, into the blood-stained apron of the licensed experimenter, as the apprehensions of hell pour it into the coffers of the Vatican or the strong-box of the Methodist Chapel. Between the propaganda of the priest and of the scientist there is no iota of difference, either in procedure or in purpose. But the influence, on the multitude, of the scientist is the more deadly of the two. Religious teaching is at times, though rarely, altruistic; scientific teaching is never so. The essence of its doctrine is summed up in one formula; destroy all else to save or serve yourself: and, the natural life being so much nearer and dearer to the frightened human being than the vague future life promised by priest and augur, the scientist possesses, as I have previously said, a power infinitely more persuasive and more enormous than that held by either augur or priest.

The concentration of the general mind on the prevention of disease is of necessity the concentration of it upon disease, and the frequent issue of disease, death. How can a robust human mind exist if constantly preoccupied thus? A person constantly absorbed in the dread of being assassinated becomes insane from the fixity of one idea, and that one idea a personal and timid one. Yet such a fixity of idea, which must approach monomania if long indulged in, is what the scientific leaders of thought enjoin as wisdom upon the public. In health they are to be perpetually preoccupied by the diagnosis of disease. The enormous and disproportionate publicity given to hospitals and similar institutions by princes and millionaires makes the trembling public believe maladies of all kinds to be far more general and formidable than they are. The numbers of their sick seem much greater than they actually are when considered in relation to the numbers of population. Their number of cures likewise are exaggerated in the same manner. Patients operated on are returned as cured if they do not die under the knife. After many an operation recorded on the books as successful the sufferer dies suddenly in a few months or in a year or two; that does not matter. His or her case remains on the hospital lists as a cure. All this, with the continual praise given to "The Healers," and the pub-

licity of the press of all nations, gives the public everywhere the impression that the most terrible diseases are as general as a common cold, and they cling to those who they believe can save them from these, as shipwrecked sailors cling to the rock which towers above a raging sea. Again, many slight and ordinary maladies are falsely, and with false intention, classed under the names of rare and dangerous ones; I believe that very many cases called by the medical attendants diphtheria are nothing more than a mere common ulcerated sore throat. I have, myself, seen several cases to which were given the name of Angina Pseudomembranosa which most certainly were not that malady, for I know by personal experience all its symptoms when it is actually present. The temptations to a surgeon or general practitioner to exaggerate as to the character of a disease are very strong; such exaggeration flatters the patient, who likes to think he or she has been a great sufferer, and enhances the reputation of the medical attendant, who is credited, very cheaply, with having made a marvelous cure. Why are the statistics of hospitals and institutions accepted blindfold by the public? Why is it so easily credited that all those who enter such places have had the grave maladies attributed to them? It is perfectly certain that these returns will not be disputed, however faulty, by the only persons capable of proving their inaccuracy.

Thrift.....Florence Bell.....Nineteenth Century

I recall a saying I used to hear in my youth—we were expected to allow it reverently to sink into our minds until it became part of our code of morals—"When you are going to buy a thing, think first if you want it, and secondly, if you can do without it." Do without it? why, all the beautiful and most of the agreeable things of life can be "done without" in the sense that we do not die of renouncing them—we only become stupidly resigned and limited human beings if we carry that principle to its extreme limit, and never get anything we can do without. Here again we encounter the absurdity of trying to make such a proposition of universal application, with the monstrous result that, framed for those who could only afford to buy the necessities of life, it has been adopted by many others who could have afforded very much more, and who actually think they are being praiseworthy in keeping their lives as barren and unadorned as possible. There are characters with regard to whom such a system as this combines the evil influences of both poverty and riches, and brings out the finer results of neither. It is impossible to advance through the world in a stately and seemly fashion

if you are forever stumbling over little wooden precepts: there cannot be a noble amplitude of moral gesture if every time the hand is extended the action is accompanied by a corresponding impulse to draw it back. The instinctive impulse to save ungracefully, on small occasions, when it is not worth while to make a deliberate effort to overcome it, may exist side by side with an impulse toward equally ungraceful self-indulgence. The latter is not magnificence; the former is not temperance. And the man with many pennies, brought up on the maxims suitable to the man with few, will probably, if he is that way inclined, have the tendency to keep a penny in his pocket when he had better take it out. But let us call things by their proper names. A first-class passenger giving an inadequate tip to a railway porter, or a man in a fur coat refusing a penny to the street loafer who opens the door of his brougham, is not exercising self-denial or practising thrift, he is obeying a sedulously implanted instinct of saving; that is all. Those ugly little economies have no relation to the renunciation—fine, if exercised in the right spirit—of the man who goes on foot because he cannot afford an omnibus, or without his newspaper because his wife and children want the money for their clothes. There is something stern and noble in that form of saving; but there is none when the same action is unnecessary, and is prompted not by Thrift, but by that half-brother of Thrift whose name is Stinginess.

What, after all, does money mean? merely golden sovereigns? do we, if we have it, sit all the time in our cellar running our skinny hands through the glittering pile? No, that is not what money means. It does not, to be sure, mean, either, the biggest things in life, for only inward grace can give those; but it can supplement the biggest, in that it may give us the means of using them to the best advantage. Money cannot give the gift of making the friends worth having, or of deserving those friends; but it means greater and more agreeable possibilities of frequenting them. It cannot give the power of understanding books; but to those who can understand, it gives the power of buying books to read, without stint. It cannot give the heaven-sent rapture in pictorial or musical art, but it gives the possibility of enjoying it more often. It cannot give us good and gifted children, but it may help us to train them to advantage. The best is not to be bought with money, but the setting of the best is. For this reason is the possession of it a crucial test, especially when newly acquired; and for those who have no gentle tastes to gratify a dazzling light suddenly shed on their barren existence, revealing

with unsparing conspicuousness the vulgar channels in which alone it occurs to them that wealth should run. It is no doubt good that wealth should be spent and not hoarded; the purpose of any currency is that it should ultimately be exchanged for something that it will buy. That the something should be worth having is of course essential. But what people spend their money on generally does, at the moment, appear to themselves to be worth buying. It is other people who feel it is not. What money brings us should add to the adornment, the beauty, the seemliness of life, whether we buy with it things or ideas. That is the thing to grasp. Let us recognize as sanely and wisely as we can that the defects incidental to the possession of wealth need not be inevitable, if we are on our guard against them. The limitations of taste and character which, as we have already said, wealth so unsparingly gives us an opportunity of displaying are not caused by it, any more than a limelight shed on to an unprepossessing object creates the ugliness it reveals. Let us not fear to say that in itself it is not wicked to be rich, any more than it is estimable to be poor; but let us keep unsparingly before our eyes the deterioration of character that may be brought about by either the lack or the excess of means, and be on our watch against it. This is an insidious and a great danger. For there are two qualities which most of us agree are fine and good, and to be desired, that are liable to be modified and distorted by the variations in our means. One is the large-hearted impulse to part with what we have, not for our own good only, but for that of the community or of individuals; the other is the spirit of a sober self-denial opposed to self-indulgence. This, the spirit of temperance; that, the spirit of magnificence. But we cannot, in the perfunctory teaching of morals which is all we have time for in these days, make it clear to ourselves and to others how important it is that these finer impulses should not be at the mercy of our varying conditions. We are apt, in the hurry of material life, to lose sight of this main point at issue; to confuse enforced distasteful acts of economy with a noble impulse of sober simplicity; we are misled into attributing the constant and cruel necessity, forced on the great majority of mankind, of spending and of buying less than they would like to spend or to buy, to a fine spirit of self-denial, and we gradually grow into considering the mere act of saving as a virtue in itself. But it is not there that virtue lies. There are certain qualities necessary to a complicated social organization—Thrift is one of them—which, encouraged at first entirely on grounds of expediency, become through the ages so in-

dispensable to the state of society which calls them forth, that they are erected into virtues, necessary to the ideal character, and taught to one generation after another, indelibly impressed on them. And that quite indiscriminately; for we are obliged to embody our teaching of morals in a series of rough-and-ready uncompromising maxims, that we impart to all alike, whatever the circumstances of the learner. There is no leisure, in the evil days we have fallen upon, to expound with care to reverent disciples how infinitely varying are the canons and obligations of what we may call lesser virtues—to point out and to distinguish, in a dignified, exhaustive and philosophical fashion. The result is that we attempt to guide the whole of our kind of precepts fitted for one portion of them and absolutely unfitted for another.

National Traits in Music Halls..... London Saturday Review

An intelligent foreigner will learn more about the soul of the English people in one visit to (say) the Tivoli than in a hundred excursions to this or that "typical" locality. He will find in the Tivoli a perfect microcosm, enabling him to leave England next morning with all the materials for a really accurate and exhaustive book about us. His first and most obvious impression will be that we lack sense of beauty. He will see Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Harry Randall and all the other most popular male "artistes" coming on, one after the other, in the guise of unwashed drunkards. Seedy frock-coats, battered and greasy top-hats, broken and amorphous boots, crimson noses, wigs of sparse, lank hair—these and all the other invariable details will be a revelation to him. At first, perhaps, he will find reason for them in the quality of the characters impersonated. But then he will see that even the performers who do not impersonate at all, but merely tell stories or sing songs at large, are dressed in a similar way. He will contrast them with the trim creatures who, in scarlet swallow-tails and black knee-breeches, illustrate nightly the convention of the "café chantant." He will remember that in France even the impersonators of low-class types are never unpleasant to the eye, never grotesque in an ugly way, never aiming at the illusion of uncleanness. The French people have a sense of beauty in costume, as in all the other details of life. The poor are not less seemingly clad than the rich, having found and accepted a convention which makes beauty cheap. The "ouvrière"—the coster girl! But the foreigner need not go nearer to Whitechapel than the Tivoli to understand that not only have we no sense of beauty, but that we revel in ugliness

for its own sake. "Nay!" you exclaim. "But he will admit that we have a great sense of beauty, when he finds that most of the female artistes are chosen for their good looks rather than for their talent, and that they come upon the stage attired in satins and diamonds and everything else that can accentuate the handsomeness of their limbs and faces." Granting (insincerely) that the costume of the "serio" is not always hideous, garish, and absurd, I reply that your objection is off the point. Every "average sensual man" exercises a sense of beauty in regard to women; and the fact that he admires handsome women and likes to see them showing themselves off in handsome dresses does not imply that he has any sense of beauty whatever in any other connection. Show to the "average (English) sensual man" anything hideous, except a woman, and he will not be at all put out. Indeed, if the thing is but hideous enough, he will be very much pleased by it. He is, for example, very much pleased by the comedian's seedy frock-coat and crimson nose.

The intelligent foreigner, pursuing his investigations, will be struck by the ugliness of the humor not less than by that of its purveyors. He will find that most of the jokes are made about ugly things. I need not give examples; they would be familiar to any one who has frequented halls. I do not, of course, refer to indecent things. There is very little indecency in the halls; but the love of ugly details of life is ever rampant, and will strengthen the conclusions of our intelligent foreigner. Another thing which will instruct him is that, whereas in France the comic impersonator usually comes on in high spirits, in England he almost invariably comes on in the depth of gloom or in a paroxysm of resentment. In France, something pleasant has happened to him, and he proceeds to sing his song about it gaily. In England, he has some tale of sordid woe to unfold; the upstairs lodger has assaulted him, or he has just been expelled from a public-house, or his wife has left him. In both cases, the aim and the result are laughter. But, in the striking difference of means, our intelligent foreigner will find, rightly, a proof that despondency is as much the normal state of existence in England as is cheerfulness in France. In England we make our own sufferings tolerable by laughing at other people's; in France personal gaiety is increased by sympathizing with the personal gaiety of others. Yet another point of interest to our visitor will be the enormous amount of attention paid to drink. Hardly a song that has not at least a passing reference to inebriation; many that have that state as an exclusive subject. Here again, perfectly legitimate conclusions will be drawn.

Loyalty and War.....A. E. Maddock.....Westminster Review

The frequent misuse of the word "loyalty" seems to indicate a prevalent misconception of its meaning, which it were well to remove if possible, for nothing more surely leads to error than the use of words long associated with high moral sentiments—what might be called hallowed words—to express unsanctioned, and often extremely unhallowed ideas. "Liberty," "honor," "justice," are instances of words which are often so misused, but no word is apt to be worse misused than "loyalty." Those who use the word most glibly seem to think it means subservience to a monarch; or, at best, that it means a slavish acquiescence in the measures of a government—an unthinking acceptance of the prevalent opinion—an unquestioning approval of the general vote—or a blind sympathy with the general aim.

The first of these meanings need not, of course, be considered. The feeling which prompts subservience to a monarch, having no rational basis, is merely a foolish superstition, incompatible with the moral and intellectual freedom of humanity, and thus unworthy of civilized peoples. Neither does the word loyalty possess any of the other meanings given. It simply means legality—that is, justice. To be loyal or leal means to be true, honest, just; and political loyalty is truth, honesty, and justice rendered by the individual to the community. The word contains no shadow of the notion either of subservience to or of sympathy with any person, idea or object. A man may be perfectly loyal to his country, and yet feel it his duty to express the strongest disapproval of the actions of his country, and repudiate the slightest sympathy with its objects in some particular case. For the fact or the country being "his country" entitles him to do this. The outcome of true loyalty is not such an expression as "My country, right or wrong," but rather, "May my country be always right, and may I always do my share toward realizing that end."

In time of war the mistaken sentiment of loyalty rises to fever heat, and any person who expresses disapproval of the war or sympathy with those opposed to his country is once stigmatized as disloyal; though the chances are that he feels a truer love for his country and a stronger desire for her highest interests than the ignorant music-hall patriot who shouts himself hoarse in the gallery, and is regarded as a paragon of loyalty and a pillar of the Empire. The fact of this so-called sentiment of loyalty being always most rampant in time of war is a very interesting social phenomenon, and seems to indicate its real origin and nature. For there certainly appears to be no reason why the right of the minority to criticise or

censure the actions of the majority should be denied in time of war any more than at any other time—why its voice should be freely heard on all matters of internal politics, but be suddenly silenced as "disloyalty" the moment war is declared. For it is easy to imagine measures of internal administration fraught with even more important consequences for good or evil to the State than the result of a war. Yet, however strenuously the minority might oppose or advocate such measures, its voice would be freely heard and its views freely discussed. Those views might be regarded as dangerous, revolutionary, or what not, but no one in a democratic State would think of calling them disloyal. For in a democracy free criticism, however revolutionary, must needs always be legal and constitutional, since law and constitution themselves derive their sole authority from the general will, and free criticism is nothing else than the general will in process of formation.

Why, then, this outcry against "disloyalty" only in time of war? The feeling is probably a survival from the days of absolute monarchies, when the whole duty of the citizen was held to be unquestioning obedience to the sovereign's will, and loyalty meant subjection to the monarch. The sovereign's will being rarely, if ever, disputed or resisted in the internal affairs of the kingdom, "loyalty" or "disloyalty" came naturally to be associated with the external relations of the State, in which alone the sovereign's will could ever meet with serious opposition.

And this suggests the interesting question, May not this mistaken notion of loyalty be the very thing that fosters the warlike spirit? May not this mistaken idea of the duty of keeping silence while the clash of arms is sounding be the very thing that hinders the abolition of war? If war had to undergo the same ordeal of free, fearless, and unrepined public criticism among the belligerent nations themselves as inevitably awaits all other political acts, it may well be that wars would be less readily entered upon and more readily closed.

It is to this extension of rational criticism rather than to a broadening of racial sympathies—that is, to the intellectual rather than to the moral factor—that we must look for the eventual extinction of the barbarous practice of war—a conclusion which only bears out Buckle's well-known generalization that reason rather than morality is the mainspring of modern progress. For it cannot be denied that the general attitude of democracies toward war scarcely fulfils the expectations of those earlier preachers of the democratic gospel who fancied that the nations were only waiting

to be freed from their respective tyrannies to rush into each other's fraternal arms. On the contrary, it seems to be usually found that "the people" are even more eager for the fray than their rulers, and, so far from exhibiting any reluctance to slay their fellowmen, very often actually force their rulers into war. The national hatreds which the old monarchies of the earth have left behind them are not to be so easily got rid of as the eighteenth-century enthusiast fondly imagined, and the only way by which they can be eliminated is the slow, steady working of the human intellect—the mystic movement of the Spirit of Light over the dark waters of Ignorance and Prejudice.

Gregariousness.....New York Commercial Advertiser

There is no doubt whatever that a young man, and especially a very young man, ought to meet as many human beings and as many kinds of human beings as is possible. It is only in this way that he can acquire that knowledge of human nature which is the most valuable part of practical education. Just as—at least in my opinion—a child should be allowed to read dime novels and story papers, and almost anything that he is willing to read, so that at last he may form for himself right standards of comparison and a spirit of discrimination that will enable him to distinguish between what is good and what is worthless, so should he meet in early life every variety and specimen of humanity—the dross, the froth, the foam, the scum, as well as the pure ore and the exquisite vintage. Thus, if you have never met a fool, you will not in later years instinctively take measures to avoid one when he looms up large before you. If you do not meet with bores in youth you will suffer the infliction of them in your maturity. If you never meet a sharper in the days when you have little to lose by him, you will experience the greater loss when you have grown older and more prosperous. If, in your salad days, you do not imagine that you are breaking your heart for some pink and white young flirt, you will really break it afterward, and with it perhaps some other things that are still more valuable. And, on the other hand, if you do not meet with persons who are wise, you will never get a taste for wisdom. If you do not meet with persons who are charming, you will never learn the secret of their charm and be able to enjoy the pleasure of it. And there is really an immense deal to be learned from men and women of every class and of every species of intelligence; for while you may know one thing, or perhaps many things, better than the casual person whom you chance upon in a railway train or at a country post-office, or in the

smoking room of a steamship, you may be certain that there are also things of which he knows much more than you do; and as no stray bit of knowledge can be altogether valueless, just as there can be no entirely worthless book, so the time that is spent with men of other tastes and other views of life than your own will surely add much useful information to your stock of knowledge, and will give you breadth and sympathy in your outlook upon the human comedy. Gregariousness, therefore, is a thing to be commended to the young. Their time is not worth very much, and they could not spend it in a more profitable way than by being quite gregarious. There will come a time, however, when the intelligent person will have seen and noted and observed so many human beings as gradually to arrive at the philosophical conclusion that while there are hundreds of millions of men and women in the world, there are only at the most about a score of types, and that every person whom he meets represents one or another of these types. Practice will make him perfect in reading character; so that finally, when he meets any individual for the first time, he will recognize almost immediately that this individual belongs to a particular category already sufficiently well known to him, and that in a certain sense he has already met him hundreds of times before. If it is a very complex sort of person this only means that he or she represents not one type merely, but a combination of several. In other words, any one with a fair amount of natural acumen and good habits of observation can finally read human nature as he would read a book; and from that time on he will no longer be gregarious, but he will pick and choose, and he will meet the persons only whom he desires to meet. He will not deny that something can be learned from the stupidest of men, but he will know that a great deal more can be learned from one who is not stupid; and, therefore, he will choose the clever man in preference to the stupid one. Otherwise, he would act like a person who should live on acorns and gnaw roots because they have a certain amount of nutriment in them, and in doing so should turn his back upon good beef and mutton and game and poultry and the other food that civilized beings usually eat. Why should a man take the worst if he can have the best? Why should he tramp with hoboes if he can consort with gentlemen? Why should he be bored when he can be entertained? Moreover, as a man grows older and his interests and duties become more varied, and his time more valuable, if he has any of it to spare for social intercourse, why should he not use that time in such a way as will give him at once the greatest possible return.

Table Talk: Concerning Eating and Drinking

The Cultivated Palate.....A. H. Gouraud.....Self Culture

The man whose gustatory perceptions are largely derived from the more tactile portion of his tongue may be likened to the savage whose musical perceptions find expression in beating tom tom and stamping foot. Rhythm is merely an element of music; without melody and harmony we cannot attain the utmost refinement of the auditory sense. So far as we progress beyond that which is most positive and material, so far as we conjoin the underlying perceptions with the gamut of exquisite odors attainable by the highly cultivated palate, so far do we remove ourselves from the plane of barbaric enjoyment. For taste is really an education of a sense perception, the odorous emanations, warmed by the mouth, impressing the base of the nasal cavity, thus the higher or more volatile flavors are smelt rather than tasted. It is probable that this superior taste is absent in most animals, and its deficiency in savages is evident from their manner of eating, their rapid swallowing, their silence and gravity, their intensity of action, and finally from the fury and fierce desire that gleams from the eye as it rests upon the food. This type indeed is perhaps not yet wholly eliminated from civilization.

The human palate is susceptible of exceeding delicacy of perception; the old Romans knew by the quality of a fish whether it had been caught above or below the bridges and were able to distinguish between a goose fed upon fresh and one that had been fed upon dried grapes. Modern connoisseurs can determine the most surprising minutiae affecting the flavor of a wine merely from its taste, feats so extraordinary as to almost justify Cervantes' humorous story of the two Spaniards who, between them, determined the accidental presence of a thonged key in a hog'shead of sherry, the one tasting the iron, the other the leather thereof. Although a recognition of delicate flavors is largely a scent perception, a keen taster is not necessarily endowed with a corresponding acuteness of the olfactory sense. A French enthusiast maintains that the latter, like our auditory sense, is a perception of a gamut of vibrations, that, in their entirety, constitute a series of octaves, and he names, in their order, the odors forming one of such octaves. The verity of the discovery may be questioned; but it is conceivable that an exceeding refinement of sense might reveal odorous harmonies to an æsthetic and reasoning mind. The savage's keenness of scent, sometimes rivaling that of a pointer,

his telescopic vision and his acute hearing give him but little more than mere animal enjoyment. Only from their coöperation with stimulated intellectual faculties do we derive the highest pleasures of sense and the fullest susceptibilities of taste, and smell may possibly disclose harmonies subordinate to those of sight and hearing, but, like them, affording their highest gratification to the most cultured intelligence.

Bacteria in Our Food Products.....H. W. Conn.....International M.

In the two great dairy products, butter and cheese, we have instances where the bacterial products play an extremely prominent part. Butter, as every one knows, is made by churning cream; but before the cream is churned it is carried through a certain process called ripening. The cream, after its separation from the milk, is placed in a vat and retained there, at a moderately warm temperature, for about a day. The cream, even at the time when it was separated from the milk, contained bacteria in large numbers, but during the ripening they grow rapidly and at the end of this period their number is inconceivable—one thousand million to the cubic inch is a small estimate for well-ripened cream.

This process of cream ripening has been for several years most carefully studied by bacteriologists, and it has been demonstrated beyond question that the flavors developed during the ripening are produced by the growth of bacteria in the cream. It has also been shown that there are likely to be in the cream a large number of different species of bacteria, for these tiny organisms have different species just as truly as the larger plants and animals have. But we have learned that, while some species produce very desirable flavors, others produce flavors of a decidedly inferior quality, some of them even making the butter bitter. The differences between the grades of different qualities of butter are due, in considerable measure, to the different kinds of bacteria which chance to be present in the cream at the outset, and which continue to grow during the ripening. Hence, the butter-maker has no control over the kind of bacteria in his cream, and cannot, therefore, always depend on getting the proper flavor. Acting upon this knowledge, bacteriologists have been for some time trying to devise means of furnishing to him a proper kind of bacteria to produce the best flavor, and to discover also, some way by which they can be successfully inoculated in the cream. This prac-

tice is quite parallel to that now universally adopted, of putting yeasts into bread dough or into beer wort for the purpose of starting fermentation. As a result of experiments in this line, bacteria have now become a commercial article. They are cultivated by bacteriologists, sold on the market, and purchased by butter-makers for the purpose of artificially inoculating their cream. It has not, however, become a universal or even a general habit of butter-makers to purchase bacteria for cream ripening, although there are for this purpose a dozen different types of bacteria cultures for sale. But even if the sale of such cultures has not become very great, butter-makers all over the civilized world recognize how necessary it is to have the proper kinds of bacteria present in cream at the time of ripening, and are rapidly adopting methods for inoculating them into the cream. In Denmark, the greatest butter-making country, over ninety-five per cent. of the butter is made by means of these commercial cultures. In other countries the commercial cultures are not very widely used. But whether the butter-maker thus artificially tries to control the process of cream ripening, or whether he allows it to take place naturally, the bacteria are universally his agents for producing the butter flavor. Every bit of agreeably flavored butter owes its flavor to the action of bacteria. The manufacturers of oleo-margarine have learned this, and are now using bacteria to give to their imitation butter the flavor of real butter. Whether the idea appeals to us pleasantly or not, it is certainly a fact that the butter flavor of which civilized man is so fond has been produced by bacteria growth, and in consuming this butter we are enjoying flavors which have come from the growth of micro-organisms in this most universal and most thoroughly appreciated food product.

When we turn to the other great dairy product, cheese, we find the agency of bacteria, in preparing this food even more potent than in butter. Just what kind of micro-organisms are concerned in the ripening of the various kinds of cheeses can not yet be stated. The types of cheese are too numerous, the difficulty of research too great, and investigation of the subject too recent, to have made it possible for us to reach anything like a complete solution to these questions. In some cases it is known that bacteria are the cause of the flavors, this being certainly true in the cheeses with the especially marked putrefactive character. In other cases, like that of the Roquefort cheese, it is certain that molds contribute the larger part of the peculiar flavor. In some cheeses, yeasts, and perhaps still other types of micro-organisms may possibly be concerned. The whole process

of cheese ripening has proved a very difficult problem for bacteriologists, and up to the present time they are far from having reached a solution of the real nature of the changes going on in the cheese during its ripening. But enough of them have been studied to show us that the flavors arise during the ripening period, and that this ripening is accompanied, and in considerable measure produced, by the growth of bacteria. That the flavors themselves are, at least in part, the result of bacterial growth, is established beyond any chance of question.

Sugar as Food.....Philadelphia Record

Prof. Pfuhl, head of the physiological laboratory of the German Army, has concluded a series of elaborate experiments which have confirmed the results of previous investigations, namely, that sugar is a valuable article of diet, particularly for persons called upon to perform a large amount of muscular exertion, one of its salient points of merit being that it is readily assimilated by the blood. Prof. Pfuhl found that after long and fatiguing walks the soldiers recuperated in from fifteen minutes to half an hour if they were given several lumps of sugar. These appeared to remove all feelings of lassitude and to restore the muscles to their original elastic condition.

Starch forms a considerable portion of our diet in one form or another, and all starch has to be converted into sugar by the saliva and intestinal juices before it can be assimilated. The action of these ferments breaks it up into simpler chemical compounds, so that it finally reaches the blood and muscles as dextrose, a form of sugar which can be burned to yield heat and muscular energy. The change required in sugar for its assimilation is very slight compared with that required for the digestion of starch. It will thus be seen that the process of manufacturing sugar from its vegetable containers results in a product that for digestive purposes is comparable to partially digested starch, so that it is evident the substitution of sugar for starch is of advantage to the digestive system, since it does not burden the digestive tract and less force is required for its digestion and assimilation. Unfortunately, however, nature will not tolerate man's attempt to present concentrated chemically separated pure foods all ready for assimilation, except in limited amounts, and this is true of sugar, as of peptones, partially digested meats and similar foods.

Sugar now forms part of the rations of the soldiers of all the principal nations, the make-up of which, as is well known, is scientifically proportioned to supply the necessary amount of muscular energy, heat and vitality of the soldier. Prof.

Mosso, an Italian investigator, as early as 1893 called attention to the influence of cane sugar in lessening fatigue. Last year the Prussian Government took up the question and made thorough and complete experiments with the ergograph, an instrument which measured the amount of work done by the persons under test. The subject of each experiment was entirely ignorant of its nature, and the instrument which registered the amount of work performed was hidden from view, so that imagination could not affect the results. In addition to his ordinary diet he was given about six ounces of a sweet fluid. On certain days this was a solution of sugar, and on other days was only water sweetened with dulcin, a sweet-tasting chemical having no food value. When only ordinary muscular work was performed the effect of the sugar in the diet was not very marked, but when exhausting work was required of the subject of the experiment the "difference in the effect of dulcin and sugar became very apparent, the latter restoring to some extent the efficiency of the tired muscle, while dulcin did not." This is believed to be due to the fact that with ordinary exertion a little more or less sugar in the blood does not make any special difference, but when the muscles are heavily drawn upon the rapid assimilation of this sugar proves of great advantage.

Continuing these successful experiments the German army officials put them to practical test during their late manœuvres, the observations extending over thirty-eight days. A number of men were given ten lumps, about one-sixth of a pound, of sugar daily, and were compared in various ways with the men performing the same amount of work in marching and drilling, but whose food contained little or no sugar. The sugar was relished during the whole time, and proved of decided advantage to the men using it. On long marches it appeased hunger and mitigated thirst; a feeling of refreshment followed, which helped the tired man on his way, and none of the soldiers allowed sugar were at any time overcome by exhaustion. Both their pulse rate and breathing was less affected by exertion than was the case with men having no sugar.

The Swiss guides, it is asserted, fully appreciate the value of sugar as a stimulant, and always carry it in their kits, preferring lump sugar or highly-sweetened chocolate. The muscular lumbermen of Canada consume an extraordinary large amount of sugar during the season in the woods, taking it in the form of molasses. They sweeten their milkless tea with it, make cakes with it, and even add it to their fried salt pork, which is the only meat they get during the time they

are in the woods cutting lumber, and this is practically half the year. In the "black belt" of Alabama the staple articles of diet are also molasses, salt pork and corn meal. These simple articles form the diet day in and day out, year about, and yet the negroes appear to thrive on them. But it is on the sugar cane plantations, perhaps, where the value of sugar as an article of diet is most apparent. A pamphlet entitled, *Sugar as Food*, recently issued by the Department of Agriculture, referring to this fact, says: "For months the chief food of the negro laborers on the plantations is said to be sugar cane, and they are seen to grow strong and fat as the season advances. They go through the hard labor of harvesting the crop and come out in fine condition, although they began it weak and half starved."

Some Roman Recipes.....Chambers' Journal

To the Romans belong the honor of having produced the first European cookery-book; and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caelius Apicius, who lived under Trajan (114 A. D.): Here are two recipes from this ancient collection: "First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: aniseed, dried mint and lazer-root, cover them with vinegar, add dates, and pour in liquamen (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun) oil and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water." The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose-leaves and pound in a mortar, add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped-up yolk of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together, and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."

The Romans were very fond of surprise dishes, such as pigs stuffed with live thrushes; and, to anticipate a little, this taste descended so near our own times as the reign of Charles II., as witness a recipe of that date for making two pies which were to be served together—one containing live birds and the other live frogs. When the latter was opened "out skip the frogs, which make the ladies to shriek and skip," while the birds when released were to add to the general confusion by flying at the candles and putting out the lights! A dish of peacock was a favorite "plat" at Rome, and was served at the beginning of dinner. The bird, having first been done to death by stifling, was then skinned; the inside

was filled with the flesh of other birds, and the whole sewn together again, and finally sent in to table affixed to a small branch, as if alive.

How to Cook the Partridge..... London Saturday Review

Partridges sit close in the beginning of the season, and many a bird is spoiled by bad shooting. Practised shots like Wardle and Trundle will pick the outsiders and give them law; but the Winkles in mortal haste and flurry will blaze at short range into the brown of the covey. There is nothing more disenchanting when you come half-satisfied to the "rôti" than the bloodshot tints of a shattered wing or the splinters of a fractured pinion. In clubs and hotels you must trust to the chef or the clerk of the kitchen, who sometimes, when destitute of a sense of honor, come lamentably short of their grave responsibilities. But in a country house, with commodious larder, open to the inspection of the hostess, there is no excuse for any shortcomings. The use of the game-bag in the field should be tabooed; the birds when picked up should be suspended by the necks to a cleft stick, to be transferred to the well-ventilated larder, with Venetians and sunblinds; if the outer passage is circular, so much the better, for then the festoons of feathered game may be shifted.

As with the grouse, the cookery of the partridge should be simple—the simpler, the better. Not that we recommend boiling, perhaps the most primitive of methods; indeed we have seldom heard of boiled partridge, and have never tasted it. The partridge figures naturally as a "rôti," and all that is needed in the cookery is care. We have never enjoyed it more than in a farmer's old-fashioned kitchen, when the good wife, flushed with bending over a moderately brisk fire, had basted the birds with loving attention. In roasting, it is a case of in medio tutus. When overdone, the essences dry up and the fragrance evaporates; and on the other hand the operator should remember that the partridge is neither woodcock nor waterfowl which taste all the more savory for being underdone. Cold partridge is capital next morning, with a sprinkling of cayenne or Nepaul. Of course partridges, like other game-birds, come in well for a "purée," but in soup, thick or clear, they are decidedly wasted. Partridge pie is good, as Timothy Tickler said of "eagle's thigh, devilled," with a foundation of steak—introduced for the gravy—and a due admixture of mushrooms. But to our mind partridge pudding is much better, with the mushrooms as before and with veal substituted for the beef. All the contents are permeated with the suffusion of the mingled juices, and the gush of fragrance following the insertion of the knife should stim-

ulate the most surfeited to fresh exertion. A salmi may be excellent in itself, but the designation "de perdrix" is apt to be deceptive. The characteristic delicacy of flavor is overpowered by the strong condiments, or drowned in the red wine used for the sauce. The aim should be to let the birds retain something of their savor, as they simmer slowly in their own essences; they should never be immersed in a bath of extraneous gravy; and consequently if it be a "réchauffé" the result can hardly be satisfactory. But one of the best ways of cooking came from the Continent, and to the French we are indebted for the "perdrix aux choux." In that form they made the best of their rather tasteless Red legs. The birds repose on a bed of cabbages, of savoy for choice; and the Germans who love a "haut goût" often give the preference to sauerkraut. We do not generally go to Spain for recipes for the kitchen, though the olla is not to be despised and Estremadura or Montanches hams cured in the snow are unrivalled. But we have agreeable memories of "perdices escabechadas," eaten in cool wine vaults of the roughest, in torrid Madrid. Unlike the kindred French dish, and notwithstanding the name, the cabbage is not much in evidence, but the bird is served with a piquant sauce of vinegar. Those "laigh cellars," as the Scotch would call them, were much patronized by bull-fighters and other eminent members of the Madrid fancy, and the charm of the plat was that it was an admirable prelude to emptying copa after copa of cool Manzanilla. We have spoken of truffling, and truffling may be almost "de rigueur" when game is to be served at a "petit souper soigné." But the truth is that the truffles are worse than wasted, if the partridge be worth eating. Much better leave well alone, and serve the truffles like potatoes in the skins, in a napkin apart. Truffles are very well with pheasant or poularde and they will make even a gallina taste delicious. There the fowl has little to lose and much to gain. If we protest against bread sauce as heretical with the hill grouse, it is strictly correct and orthodox with the bird of the wheatfields. An old gourmet we know used to term it the best of vegetables, but unfortunately it does not grow spontaneously, and science goes to the making. What you meet with in most hotels and in too many clubs would be invaluable in hospitals as bread poultice. Bread crumbs at their best are also works of art, and it is a mistake which is too common in pretentious kitchens to grind them down to impalpable powder. Finally, all wines go well with the partridge, nor is that the least of the recommendations of the modest and unpretending bird.

Applied Science: Invention and Industry

Railway Ties.....New York Sun

A problem of increasing perplexity to the railroads of this country is the question of the tie supply. In some places it has already become serious. The main sources of supply are far removed from the near neighborhood of railroads. It was not long ago that the railroads were concerning themselves mainly about the question of the price of ties, but of recent years there has been anxiety lest they should be unable to procure enough for their purpose at any price. All sorts of more or less expensive experiments with ties have been tried, with as yet but little or no success. The most that has been done is probably in the direction of adapting means of prolonging the life of the individual tie. There are a great many clever railroad men and practical chemists engaged in the work of invention, and the man who discovers some compound that may be cheaply manufactured and will serve the purpose is sure to make an enormous fortune.

Not only would such an invention relieve the anxiety regarding the source of the tie supply, but it would materially reduce the cost of track making. There is nearly a ton of steel in every thirty feet of standard single-track railroad, but the cost of ties in the same distance is even greater than that of the metal. A railroad, such as any of the big trunk lines running into New York, has to buy ties by the hundreds of thousands each year, and the order to stop buying never goes out of the office. They want all they can get, and a man with a steamer load of ties in the port of New York would have almost as ready a market as if it were loaded with gold. Nothing has ever been found that will successfully take the place of the hand-hewn tie of young, growing timber, and at the present rate the demand for ties actually threatens the extinction of the forests of America.

Only a few figures are necessary to demonstrate that this is not an exaggerated view of the situation. A new mile of standard single-track railroad, without taking into consideration the switch tracks and side tracks, requires about 4,500 ties. The average life of a railroad tie is about five years, so that in ten years a railroad will use ties at the rate of about 9,000 for every mile of track. This means that each and every year the Pennsylvania Railroad Company requires two and a half millions of ties for that part of their system east of Pittsburgh; that the New York Central requires nearly 2,700,000 between New

York and Buffalo, and that the Erie Railroad requires in the neighborhood of two millions every year between Jersey City and Salamanca. These are figures that any one may easily verify. It is no wonder that thoughtful railroad men are asking themselves the question where the supply is coming from in a hundred years or fifty or, perhaps, in thirty. It is estimated that under the best possible circumstances, and making no allowances for fire and other accidents, it would require a plot of ground 2,000 acres in extent to grow a million railroad ties, and it would require fully thirty years to develop them.

Several years ago a certain railroad indulged in the experiment of treating ties of various woods to a creosoting process. The experiment was successful in showing that the life of ties could be increased, but it is rarely carried out on account of the great expense involved. The bath must be prepared carefully and the ties soaked for several hours, or even days, a fact which would compel railroads to establish vast plants of their own or else deal directly with a trustworthy firm of tie-painters. The chances of fraud are great, and the slightly advanced price of ties thus treated would encourage some dealers to slight the process. However, if no new material is discovered that is feasible for use in ties, some such development on the part of railroad companies may soon take place.

Artificially made ties have thus far generally proved failures. Cast iron is too brittle to stand the strain, and a steel tie of sufficient strength is too rigid and unelastic, the latter a very important quality of a good roadbed. Ties of this description have usually been discarded after a brief trial. They are not so long-lived as wood, and their use requires more care of the roadbed and consequent expense.

The prices paid for ties vary naturally according to location and quality. For first grade white oak 65 cents apiece seems to be the prevailing figure hereabouts, and this runs down to 10 or 15 cents apiece for chestnut culls. A standard tie is 8½ feet long, 7 inches in thickness and 8½-inch face. A tree must be nearly, if not quite, a foot in diameter to cut a tie of this size, and rarely more than one first-class tie may be taken from the same trunk of an oak on account of the spreading character of the growth. It is evident from this fact that the number of ties to be produced on an acre of ground is not large, and large trees are not available because there is no

market for split ties. At the same time the sale of ties represents a great deal of money to the small farmer who simply lets his wood lot run wild and takes out some hundreds of ties every few years.

Talking Along a Beam of Light.....C. M. M'Govern.....Pearson's

The plan of the radiophone is so extremely simple that a child can readily understand it and operate it—a fact which in itself is a wonder in these days of complicated inventions. As the name indicates, the radiophone consists of a means of talking along a beam of light—instead of talking along a telephone wire. It is not difficult to draw a clear pen-picture of the invention: At the sending point—let us suppose it is a lighthouse—is a sound-proof telephone box. On the table in this telephone box there are four ordinary transmitters instead of the single transmitter in common usage, and the four pairs of wires that run from these transmitters extend to the back of an ordinary searchlight placed just outside the box, the wires first passing through a small "knife switch" and through a small "resistance box and regulator" on their way to the searchlight.

Now, supposing the person it is desired to talk to is the captain of an incoming steamer which is some two miles away: There is an ordinary telephone box in the pilot house of the ship, where instead of the "wire" telephone receiver there hangs on the wall of the box a circular, concave mirror, in the centre of which is fixed a small glass bulb—shaped like the glass of a thermometer—the glass bulb being half filled with carbonized filament. The small end of this glass bulb penetrates through to the back of the mirror, where it fits into the end of an ordinary phonograph ear-tube, whose opposite ends are placed in the captain's ears.

The searchlight at the sending station is now thrown upon the mirror in the pilot house, the person in the land station talks in a loud voice, and immediately the captain hears the voice as clearly and distinctly as if it were at his elbow instead of a mile or two away—it makes no difference whether he is near or far; the light used is the same, and the conversation is as intelligible whether the ship is still, or steaming farther or nearer. There is no bell to ring in order to tell the captain that the person in the lighthouse wishes to speak to him; he sees the lighthouse fixing its searchlight upon his pilot house, and he knows that that is the signal for him to answer "Hello."

"The essential principle of the radiophone—the scientific basis upon which it works," says the inventor, Mr. Hammond V. Hayes of Boston, Mass.,

"is that varied heat waves can be transmitted in a beam of light to a receiver capable of reproducing delicate sound vibrations with accuracy.

"The transmitters are especially arranged to withstand very large currents, and when spoken into the resistance is varied, the quantity of current in the searchlight and the energy of the beam it sends out to the distant receiver are affected in the same way. As soon as the light is projected upon the glass bulb, the carbonized filament in the bulb absorbs the heat of that light, and as the air in the bulb is thus warmed it immediately expands.

"Now with each infinitesimal variation in the intensity of the radiation (caused by speaking into the transmitter) which reaches the glass bulb, there is a corresponding variation in the heating of the filament, and in consequence there is a corresponding variation in the expansion of the air in the bulb—its degrees of heat being so much varied. Certain sounds—words and syllables—produce one sort of expansion of the air in the bulb, while certain other words and syllables produce other sorts of expansion, and thus every vibration through the transmitter, whether by the human voice or by an instrument like a telegraph key, or a cornet, is reproduced upon the receiver."

The radiophone will not compete with the "wire" telegraphy for commercial purposes on land. It is only in cases where a temporary telephone is required on land that the inventor expects it to take the place of the customary wires. The fact that a beam of light cannot be made to penetrate the walls of an office building is enough to guarantee that for general land usage the "wire" telephone is in no danger of being ousted by the new invention. The real object of the radiophone is to confer a blessing upon the high seas. The apparatus is so serviceable, so simple, and so cheap that its inventor believes that in time every ocean craft—war vessel, steamer, merchantman (sail and steam), as well as every yacht and lighthouse, will be equipped with the radiophone.

The Production of Borax.....Scientific American

Prior to 1864 we were dependent upon Europe for borax. In that year the deposits in California, which were discovered in 1856, yielded 24,304 pounds. Search was made for new deposits, and, in 1872, Teels borax marsh near Columbus, Nevada, together with Rhodes, Columbus, and Fish lakes, all in the immediate neighborhood, were located and promptly developed. The supply was largely increased from these fields. In 1880 the largest deposits of all were discovered in the lowest depression of Death Valley. The Amargosa borax deposits, with the Monte Blanco

borate mine of this section, are of enormous extent and fully capable of supplying the world for an indefinite time. These mines are located in a region the most forbidding, remote from the railroad and offering almost unsurmountable difficulties in the reduction and marketing of their product, but their richness and extent, compared to all other fields, soon caused them to be regarded as the principal source of supply for the future production of borax in the United States.

The early production of borax was by dissolving crude borate of lime and applying heat. The liquor was drawn off and the borax allowed to crystallize. Fuel was procured from the pine forests of the neighboring mountains, and, to some extent, from the roots of the mesquite.

From the borax marshes in Death Valley to the nearest railroad point was 165 miles. Over this distance all supplies for the camp as well as the manufactured borax had to be hauled. The wagons used for this purpose were the largest vehicles ever made and carried 20,000 pounds, taking twenty-four horses to pull them. They traveled about seventeen miles a day, and were compelled to carry a tender for water as well as feed for the stock. Springs of water were wide apart, and each journey was but a repetition of hardship and adventure. Many tragical tales are told of sanguinary fights between teamsters and tramps of the road, of men dying from heat or becoming insane from thirst. This method of marketing the product was extremely expensive, and the constant decline in prices that accompanied increased production would have stifled the industry had not the discovery of vast deposits of borate of lime in the Calico Mountains, and only about eleven miles from the railroad, opened up a new and permanent supply and in quantity sufficient for whatever demand might be made upon it.

Until the discovery of deposits of borate of lime in the Calico Mountains, borax had been a product of the marsh and of methods the simplest, admitting no improvement in mechanical appliances. An entirely new era opened with the discovery of borate of lime in stratified rock formation. Thenceforward the industry was transformed into a proposition akin to that of quartz mining and allowing an abandonment of the necessarily rough methods of the marsh system of production.

Mechanical ingenuity superseded the wasteful agencies of the past and allowed the introduction of economical methods of manufacture and an adaptation of scientific principles. For hand labor was substituted mechanical appliances realizing certain results and greater purity of the product.

Borate of lime as mined at Calico is found in

strata as well as in chambers sometimes as large as a house. The shafts are driven 600 feet below the surface, where the deposit is extracted in the same way as quartz.

At Calico 2,000 tons a month are produced from the mines. Here it is loaded in cars, and by means of a branch railroad, eleven miles in length and owned by the company, it is hauled to Daggett and thence finds its way to tidewater on San Francisco Bay.

The great wagons of the desert are things of the past, and the saving of expense of the 160 miles hauling has preserved an important industry from succumbing to the cheap labor of overcrowded Europe.

The works employ from 400 to 1,600 men. The crude borate of lime is first passed through rock breakers and is then ground to the fineness of flour by means of rolls and burr stones. It is then, with a small proportion of carbonate of soda, thrown into a digester, where under heat, pressure and agitation the existing affinities are completely divorced. The carbonic acid unites with the lime, which yields boracic acid, the latter with a small portion of soda and the result is borax in solution. The liquor is then drawn off into tanks, where the borax in crystallizing attaches itself to small steel rods and hooks altogether like great sticks of rock candy. The sediment contained in the mixing tanks is composed largely of sand and dirt with considerable borax mixed. The deposit is passed through a filter press, which presses the dirt and allows the borax liquor to pass away to be utilized again. Repeated over and over again, the last remnant of borax is finally secured by this process.

The uses of borax are extending year by year. The meat purchasers of the country are the largest consumers, absorbing 6,000,000 pounds and over annually. For mechanical purposes the demand is constantly increasing, but it is in the domestic consumption of borax that the expectation and hope of the industry is centred. For a hundred different demands of household economy the advantages of borax as an adjunct of the kitchen, laundry, nursery, or toilet, as a sanitary agent of value and even as a medicinal quantity, has been found of such positive value as to insure a constant and increasing element in the world's necessities.

Hemp Industry.....Edwin Wildman.....Harper's Weekly

The hemp product of the Philippines in one year exceeds in value the sum United States paid Spain for the quit claim of the islands. In a fair year with good prices the value of hemp exportation from the Archipelago is double that sum. The prospector seeking for investment need

not dig below the surface in the Philippines. The culture and harvesting of hemp is the richest gold mine he will find.

The white man has often attempted to improve upon the brown man's method of stripping the hemp, but despite large expenditures and ingenious mechanical contrivances no machine has been produced that takes the place of the native. Patents have been taken out, and large sums of money spent upon experimental machines, but the texture and peculiar nature of the abaca-plant seem to require the touch of human hands to separate its parts. As well try to produce a machine to comb the snarls out of a woman's hair as to make a mechanical hemp-stripper.

The native is paid for his work in hemp, dividing the product equally with the plantation-owner. When he cuts and strips all he can carry, he twists up the fibre into a great roll and goes down to the plantation-owner's house, and there the division is made. They then hang up the rolls until the middle-man or contractor comes along and a bargain is struck. The bales are crudely fastened together and carried to the nearest port and shipped usually to Manila, where they are separated, rebaled and shipped either to Hong-kong, where there is an immense rope-walk, or to New York Boston or London. The rope-walk at Hong-kong is one of the largest in the world. Its product practically supplies China, Japan and Australia. Very little hemp is made into rope or twine in Manila. Although crude rope-walks exist in different parts of the island, their manufactured article, although strong and durable, would not compete in the foreign market. Hemp subserves every purpose that leather might with the native. He twists it into sandals, uses it for harnesses, and it answers for binders in the building of his nipa hut. The utility of hemp is well understood to the Filipino. The finer quality is selected and reserved for weaving purposes, being made up into really handsome cloth, while the ordinary hemp is universally used to make a coarse though durable material, worn generally by the natives, who delight in gaudy colors and picturesque though scanty costumes. There is still another texture woven from the selected strands of outer fibre, intermixed with the fibre of the pine-leaf. The cloth has the semblance of unfinished silk, and is pretty and durable, though not as beautiful or dressy as the pure pine-leaf fibre silk known as piña cloth, the best woven product of the islands.

The classification of hemp requires the skill of an old hand, and the experienced eye of a buyer who knows all the tricks of the trade. The native will bring his hemp down from the plantation in a moist state and offer it for sale at night, hoping

thus to fool the middle-man as to weight and quality, but as this part of the business is mostly in the hands of the Chinese, there is little danger that they will be deceived or cheated. The Chinamen is the sharpest bargain-driver in the world, and whether it is hemp, silk, or old junk, he is fully capable of looking after his interests. Fineness of fibre, color, strength, and length determine the value and grade of hemp. If it be carefully stripped over a smooth knife, immediately and thoroughly dried, and of good length, it will bring the highest price. If it be carelessly stripped, juice being left in the fibre, it loses its color and becomes coarse. It then is considered of a second and third grade quality and brings a smaller price. The native watches the market, and if he hear that the demand is heavy he takes advantage of the middle-man and compels him to pay first-grade prices for second and third grade products. Formerly hemp brought in Manila from \$70 to \$150 per ton, always fluctuating according to the supply, at times going up to \$300 per ton, but at present the price is practically prohibitive, and it looks as if it would remain so for the next two years.

A half-dozen large English firms in Manila handle the bulk of the trade. These firms are old and well established, and have associated with them steamship lines running to Hong-kong and Singapore, where they usually tranship to London and New York. There are also a few American firms who handle the hemp direct, in some cases sending out sailing-ships and taking on cargo at Manila or Cebu.

Hemp-culture offers a large field for American capital. The field is practically unlimited. Vast tracts of land suitable to hemp-raising could be secured at a nominal price. The plant practically grows wild, and with a little encouragement and attention enormous results could be obtained.

There is little probability of over-supplying the market and practically no danger of competition. The English, French and Dutch have made repeated attempts at transplanting the Philippine plant to Borneo, Tonquin, Indian and Australia, but the experiments have been largely unsuccessful in every instance. While the plant has taken root and apparently thrived, for a time, the fibre lacked the fineness and strength of the Philippine product. The peculiar condition of the climate and the volcanic soil seem to be essential to hemp-growing, and as the combination exists to perfection in the southern Philippines, there is no reason why the vast waste-lands of the Camarines, Samar and Leyte should not, in time, become the new commercial Klondike for American prospectors and ambitious colonizers.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

October.....*Dinah M. Mulock Craik*

It is no joy to me to sit
On dreamy summer eves,
When silently the timid moon
Kisses the sleeping leaves,
And all things through the fair hushed earth
Love, rest—but nothing grieves.
Better I like old Autumn
With his hair tossed to and fro,
Firm striding o'er the stubble-fields
When the equinoctials blow.

When shrinkingly the sun creeps up
Through misty mornings cold,
And robin on the orchard-hedge
Sings cheerily and bold,
While heavily the frosted plum
Drops downward on the mould—
And as he passes Autumn
Into earth's lap does throw
Brown apples gay in a game of play,
As the equinoctials blow.

When the spent year its carol sinks
Into a humble psalm,
Asks no more for the pleasure-draught,
But for the cup of balm,
And all its storms and sunshine bursts
Controls to one brave calm—
Then step by step walks Autumn,
With steady eyes that show,
Nor grief nor fear, to the death of the year,
While the equinoctials blow.

Cumnor Hall.....*William Julius Mickle*

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?"

"Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why did'st thou read it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What floweret can endure the storm?"

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why did'st thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?"

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine)—
Why did'st thou wed a country maid
When some fair princess might be thine?"

"Why did'st thou praise my humble charms
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why did'st thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?"

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go,
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe—
To be content—than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them!
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or frettings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear!
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to sooth me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay,
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear!
And many aboding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen!

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
Forever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveler oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

Affliction's Lesson.....Sir John Davies

As spiders, touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees, in storms, back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek town when foes the country burn;

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near),
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought;
Only myself I study, learn and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in every thing,
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

My Familiar.....John Godfrey Saxe

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

Again I hear that creaking step!—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word.
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills,
Of which he ne'er complains,
And now he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says Adieu!

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more,
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

The Two Oceans.....John Sterling

Two seas amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle—
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and darkle:
The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glittering waves are dreams:
The one, with murmur and roar,
Bears fleets around coast and islet;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

Thought Transference Among Dogs.....New York Sun

As a breed, perhaps, the St. Bernard may be said to be the telepathist among dogs. We speak of instinct in animals; we call this or that dog intelligent, and characterize the one or other related incident as wonderful or impossible. Telepathy is the most possible explanation. In the instance of a St. Bernard owned by a gentleman at Prague we have a case of telepathy. How else can the story be explained or accepted? During the evening of a day on which there had been a heavy fall of snow, and while snow was still falling, the gentleman, sitting alone by the fire with his dog, noticed him growing uneasy and restless in manner. Presently the dog got up and whined for the door of the room to be opened. Thinking he wanted to go to the kitchen for food, his owner opened the door and let the dog out, but the animal returned and seemed to expect something further of him. Going out into the hall after the dog, he found him making the same signs of uneasiness before the hall door. His owner, therefore, took down hat and coat, and thought the usual evening exercise was what the dog wanted. On his opening the door, the dog, contrary to his usual custom, turned to the left, and made straight off in a certain direction. Following him at a run, the owner lost sight of him. Whistling and calling did not bring the dog back. He was able to track the animal's footsteps, and found him in the act of removing the snow from a wretched waif, a man still living, who from hunger and exposure had fainted, and was half-frozen. This was some half-mile from the house.

A gentleman personally known to me recounted the following experience: "When I lived at Rustchuk-on-the-Danube I had a very clever pointer. The dog was not used greatly for sport, but was chiefly the companion of my children. I was in the habit of taking journeys of several days' duration and uncertain length. Usually I was not able to inform my family of the day of my return. Sometimes the difficulties of traveling made it impossible for me to judge myself when I might return. My dog always knew I used to return home by steamer from the other side of the river. My wife always knew from which steamer I should land by the dog's manner. Shortly before the steamer on which I was about to cross was timed to leave the station on the opposite river bank, the pointer became restless and excited, and would go out into the garden to watch the steamer come across to our landing-stage. My wife used to say

to the children: 'Papa is on the steamer.' The dog never made a mistake, although I might have come by any of the steamers leaving during the day. There was no hazard or guesswork in the dog's proceedings. Simply he knew the moment his master set foot on the steamer, and showed that he knew it. Were the other steps of the journey all a blank to him, or was he, we wonder, through the same means, conscious of his master's doings?"

A dachshund, the friend of the children, acknowledged only one grown up—the children's father. He would lie curled up in the nursery armchair, snoring, certainly sound asleep, until half an hour before the arrival of the dogcart. Then he would go down into the hall and sit in a certain spot. Sometimes his owner arrived at midday, sometimes in the afternoon, sometimes only for 7 o'clock dinner. Certainly the servants knew, and some commotion existed in the house when the return was after a few days' or a week's absence, but nothing disturbed the quiet of the nursery, and carts from the stables might be sent out to fetch provisions or parcels from the station, five miles away, at any hour. The dog knew which cart went for his master, and, what is still more wonderful, if he failed to take that train, a telegram at the station sometimes bade the coachman wait; but never was the dog found waiting any but the last half-hour before the arrival at the house door. This was the stock story of the servants and any one of them would have vouched for it with his or her character, as I heard many times. The dog had fretted greatly at the absence of his master for a year and a half while he was in South America, and this wonderful knowledge of his owner's proceedings showed itself after his return on the resumption of the usual family life of the household.

A Diver Zoologist.....C. F. Holder.....Scientific American

The Bay of Avalon, California, on which is the Santa Catalina aquarium, is virtually the mouth of a large cañon which descends gradually to the coast and is the collecting ground of numberless marine animals. The water deepens rapidly in the bay, and to obtain star fishes, echini, holothurians, deep-water serpulæ and other forms, the writer suggested the use of a diver, with most interesting results. A diver of wide experience was employed, who secured many specimens. A large double-ended surf boat, in which the pump was placed, was towed to the scene of operations, gen-

erally off the rock known as Sugar Loaf, and anchored firmly, bow and stern. The surf boat was followed by a number of observation boats, provided with glass bottoms, through which every movement of the diver could be observed.

As soon as the diver was ready to descend, a boy handed him a scoop-net and a spike with which to secure specimens. Stepping down, round by round, he finally pushed off and slowly sank to the bottom in about twenty-five feet of water. Through the glass bottom of the observation boats every movement could be plainly seen, as the diver walked through the weed, parting it on each side with ease. Stopping before a group of rocks in the crevices of which were echini, sea urchins, as black as jet, with spines five or six inches in length, he carefully pried away the stones, picked up one of the animals and dropped it into the net. On a rock near by lay a sea cucumber nearly a foot in length, which from above looked like a huge caterpillar; and so clear was the water that it could be seen contracting as the diver took it up. The men in the surf boat now slackened out rope and hose as the diver moved over the bottom. The glass-bottomed boats followed, and presently the diver was seen to push aside the great vines of the kelp forest, which might tangle his lines, and stop before some rocks covered with a beautiful carpet of moss-green, lavender and red, matted with the coils of *Serpulæ*, whose breathing organs were of every color of the rainbow. Stooping, he carefully overturned the rocks, holding his scoop-net in readiness. Suddenly he dropped it, made a quick movement, and was seen to have a fish over two feet in length by the tail. It was a powerful creature and struggled violently, trying in vain to bite its captor, who now walked back to the boat.

The capture had been seen distinctly, and was announced to the followers on shore by the occupants of the glass-bottomed boats. Reaching the boat, the diver was hauled up to the ladder and slowly came above the surface, like some uncanny sea monster. He had a shark under his arm, and held it up to those on the boat. The shark was a singular fellow, peculiar to the Pacific, spotted, and with two spines—one back of each dorsal fin—and is known as the Port Jackson shark. It is a sluggish form, lying coiled up among the rocks much of the time, coming out at night, which explains the ease with which the specimen was caught.

A fish trap was handed to the diver, together with a scoop-net and a chisel. The trap was a little smaller than a flour barrel, and made of wire, one circular end being so arranged that it could be opened and lowered. Down the diver

sank again, followed by a stream of bubbles. Once on the sandy floor, he walked a short distance and then entered the kelp forest, the glass-bottomed boats moving directly over him, where they could follow his every action. Dropping the net beside a pile of rocks, he threw himself down at full length upon his face. Overturning some stones, he took out several sea urchins, which he crushed, placing the pieces in his trap; remaining perfectly quiet, his hand on the door of the trap, leaning on his elbows.

Almost the very moment the sea urchins were crushed the fishes darted forward, crowding around the trap; and when the diver held out his hand, they dashed at the bait, tearing it in pieces. As he did not wish for the adults, but the young fish, which are dotted with rich blue splashes—among the most beautiful of fishes—he gently pushed them aside. They paid no attention to him, so to get rid of them he propped the trap door open, grasped the hand net and swept it over three of the large angel fishes, then rose to his feet and brought them to the surface. When he again descended, he found several gold and blue fishes in the trap, and slipping the door, easily caught them. Later, he held the wire trap in his lap and broke up some bait, enticing the little fish into it.

As a result of this work, he brought up angel fishes, star fishes, holothurians, echini, a number of large univalve shells, a living shark, numbers of small shells. Then he walked out into the bay to investigate an old pile, which had long been used as a float and was richly incrustated with *Serpulæ*. The water rapidly deepened, and he was now seen in thirty or forty feet, strolling along on the sandy bottom. He carried a wire basket and picked up various shells as he went. Finally reaching the pile, he was hoisted up and held at various points while he pried off the crust of the wood which had been almost completely filled with the tubes of teredos, and the surface of which blossomed with marvelous flower-like *Serpulæ* of every hue. At least twenty pounds of this "bark" were removed—enough to cover the bottom of a large tank. The result of two days' work demonstrated the value of this method of collecting specimens, as in using a dredge many of the most delicate forms were injured. Here it was not necessary to take them from the water, the specimens being transferred in the water from the wire collecting basket to a glass jar. Not the least interesting feature of the experiments was the attitude of the various animals toward the diver. It may be said that the fishes paid no attention to him; they ate from his hand, fought for the broken bits of echini which he held, and, apparently, as Young

suggested, considered him as a huge crab whose provender they could loot at pleasure.

These experiments, as previously suggested, proved beyond question the value of the diver in work of this kind, as the ground covered was a veritable forest of macrocystis, in which groups of rocks were scattered, making work with a dredge impossible.

At the New York Aquarium.....C. L. Bristol.....Century

It is difficult to appreciate the continuous efforts necessary to maintain a large aquarium. A broken pump, a sudden bursting of a pipe, a little carelessness in feeding or one of many other contingencies, would quickly depopulate the tanks, yet since the New York Aquarium was opened to the public no accident has interrupted the exhibit. At times the danger-line has been perilously near. During one winter a heavy snow-storm set in on a Friday, when the stock of coal is usually replenished. The dealer waited for the storm to pass by, but Saturday found the streets impassable and the cold intense. With the utmost economy the coal-supply gave out at midnight on Saturday. To stop the pumps meant death to the whole population, and all hands began to collect old lumber and boxes to keep the fires going. Soon after daybreak on Sunday the wood-supply gave out; but, fortunately, at this juncture a small load of coal was dragged to the door, and disaster was averted.

Many an anxious consultation is held over fishes that refuse to eat or that develop some disease and lose their wonted vigor. This one needs a salve for some wound, that one is suffering from some fungous growth. The latter is treated by hydropathy literally; that is, if it is a fresh-water fish, it is put into salt water, and vice versa, for the fungi that live in one kind of water cannot live in the other. Sometimes a fish will refuse to eat for days, as did the large moray that came from Bermuda. At one time this great eel fasted for eighteen days, and at another time for twenty-seven, thus causing its caretakers the utmost anxiety. Eagerly they study the bill of fare provided for their patients. Now a live herring is offered, now a dead one; now a soft-shell clam in the shell, now a quahog minced fine; and so on through the list until the fasting animal is enticed to eat. The most attractive morsel to a moping fish seems to be a strip cut from a salted codfish and manœuvred about on a long stick to give it the appearance of being alive.

The regular daily feeding of the animals is another source of care, not only in regard to the special diets of the various kinds of fishes, but also in the serving. The dietary is quite varied,

as some fish are vegetarians, many carnivorous, and a few omnivorous. The vegetarians are few in number, and feed on soaked cereals or green plants in season. The carnivorous have various tastes: some are fond of soft-shell clams alive in the shell, others will eat only quahogs or little-neck clams minced fine; some will eat only living fishes that they can capture, others thrive on fresh dead fishes from which the bones have been removed; some require a diet of live shrimps or small crabs; and almost all enjoy a bit of salted codfish as a delicacy. Besides the fishes there are the turtles, seals, lobsters, sea-anemones, and others to provide for, each requiring a special knowledge of its wants and habits through all the seasons. The number of mouths to be fed regularly exceeds three thousand, and the supply of food comes largely from Fulton Market; but the live fishes and shrimps must be caught and handled by the attendants, who draw their supplies almost entirely from the near-by waters of Sheepshead and Gravesend bays.

Another matter of prime importance to the welfare of the inhabitants is the constant circulation of the water in ample volume. The regulation of the temperature also requires constant attention. Fishes are commonly called cold-blooded; they are, in fact, variable-blooded, and are keenly susceptible to fluctuations in the temperature of the water. In the aquarium, not less than in the open water, these sensibilities play an important part in the life of the fishes, and success in management means almost hourly attention to the regulation of the temperature. The New York Aquarium is furnished with a refrigerating-apparatus on the one hand, and a warming-apparatus on the other, so that salmon from the icy waters of Maine may feel at home, while the tropical fishes are comfortable in the neighboring tanks.

A Curious Ant City.....Philadelphia Record

Perhaps there is no district in the State of Pennsylvania of which there is so little known as the beautiful Warrior's Mark Valley, in Huntingdon County. It is bounded on the northwest by the Bald Eagle ridge and on the southeast by the Sandy Hills, known as "the barrens." This is the most productive of the various farming districts of the county.

It contains the largest city of its kind in the State; perhaps the largest in the United States, and its inhabitants may be numbered by the hundreds of millions. This is the mammoth ant city and it is situated on the north side of the barren hills which separate Warrior's Mark from Spruce Creek Valley. This great ant city is situated on a

belt of sandy soil extending along the eastern base of the Allegheny Mountains, from Bedford County in a northeasterly direction to a point near the State College in Center County. All along this belt there are communities of ants to be found varying in numbers from a few scattered hills or mounds, to the thousands to be seen in the metropolis. The area comprised in this particular city would aggregate several thousands acres. This remarkable city is also mostly situated in an open wood, consisting of chestnut, red oak, white oak, with a few pine, dogwood and other trees interspersed. The existence of such a large area of ant hills is due to the fact that much of the land they occupy has been in the ownership of the Shonenbergers for upward of a century, who were not disposed to clear it. Hence, these little children of the woods have never been disturbed. In this city may be seen at least two distinct types of ants—the reddish-brown and a smaller creature of a dull black color, and they dwell together in apparent harmony.

The ants have not only manifested great wisdom in the choice of their location so as to secure healthful conditions, but in the arrangement and construction of their mounds they have exhibited a degree of intelligence that approaches in some measure the wisdom of the human race. The hills, or mounds, are mostly conical in shape. In size they vary from a mere cluster of sand with apparently a single story on the ground and covering a very small space, to the great sky scrapers—from an ant point of view—or perhaps fifty stories, and measure from two to five feet in circumference. Each cone or hill, from the smallest to the largest, is apparently a kingdom in itself, and although the ants from the various mounds occupy a portion of the same territory, they get along very harmoniously. A magnifying glass reveals some remarkable facts in connection with these ant structures. The exteriors are very neat and tastefully constructed. The tops and sides are covered with a material that is so durable that it resists rains, floods, snow and frost. Thousands of openings lead into the interior of the larger mounds, and galleries rise above one another from the base to the top. These ant mounds are to be found mostly in groups of three and four, and sometimes a considerable space will intervene between the groups.

Tradition says that this mammoth ant city was regarded by the Indians with a remarkable degree of veneration, and was frequently visited by them. The Indians learned by observation that these little creatures could discern the approach of a period of rain with unerring precision, and that when they were seen to be active in the removal

of their eggs a rain was coming. It is also said that the Indians would throw over the mounds their robes and blankets which had become filthy from long usage, and the ants would clean these articles perfectly without any apparent injury to the material. Scattered here and there throughout this ant world are mounds that are entirely depopulated. All the entrances are closed or are covered over with grass and seem to be marked with the same degree of undisturbed solitude that prevails in the deserted structures of some abandoned city that had been inhabited by human beings. These mound-builders have never been known to encroach upon farmers and others living in their vicinity. Their little world is limited to within a few feet of their mounds, where they are to be seen toiling day after day with characteristic diligence. They are slowly increasing in numbers and each year a few more mounds are added.

What Ants Can Do.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

"There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place near Covington," said a New Orleans business man, "and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits. I found it a most fascinating pursuit, and have resumed it with much enthusiasm during several visits this year. A little investigation will convince almost anybody, I think, that the ant approaches nearer to man in point of intelligence than any of the lower animals. Some of the things I have seen are so marvelous that I would hesitate to speak of them if similar wonders had not been fully recorded by trained scientists. Near one of my flowerbeds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently performed the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their homes. Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen, that had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants rolled away with their awkward booty, and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground; presently they all laid hold and pulled the spider on top of it. They then seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty. On another occasion I saw a large body of these same ants start out for a raid on another colony. They marched like an army, with scouts thrown out at the sides, and, when several feet distant from the nest, divided into two parties. One kept straight on and was soon engaged in fierce combat

with the other tribe, while the second detachment made a detour and fell upon the hill from the rear. The result was a great victory for the invaders. Anybody who feels interested in the subject and who will put in a little time at close study will be certain to witness exploits fully as astonishing as those I have described."

A Captive Beetle.....C. F. Seiss.....Independent

In the latter part of June I captured a copper-spotted calosoma ("*Calosoma calidum*"). It is a pretty beetle, about one inch in length, black in color, with numerous copper-like punctures on the wing-covers. It is a member of the large family "carabidae," or rapacious coleopters, nearly all of which are useful and beneficial. For the home of this individual, I procured a low glass jar, in the bottom of which was put a layer of garden soil. The appetite and rapacity of this beetle was remarkable. There was scarcely an insect of any size or order that he would not attack and devour. At one time he killed and ate the greater part of a female tomato-worm moth ("*Protoparce carolina*"), whose body was nearly three times greater in bulk than his own. After a large meal his abdomen would be distended to nearly twice its normal size, extending one-quarter of an inch beyond the wing-covers, and the segments of the abdomen would be so forced apart as to show the light-colored membrane between them, giving it a banded appearance. I at one time netted some thirty or more house flies and put them in the jar. I never before saw an insect express such marked anger and disgust as when the flies crawled and buzzed over his antennæ, back and legs. He would run, jump, scratch, kick, dodge and shake, but all to no purpose, for scarcely would he get rid of one tormentor before several others would be upon him. This lasted for some minutes, when he retreated beneath a dead leaf, which, however, was too small to cover his whole body at the same time; for when his head was protected his posterior parts were exposed, and consequently there was a rapid and continuous dodging in and out to escape the tormenting flies. Suddenly he became motionless, and with a "I might as well grin and bear it" expression, permitted the little tormentors for several minutes to crawl and buzz over him at their sweet will without the slightest attempt to brush them off. This quietude proved a short calm before the storm, for he suddenly became all animation, and rushed upon the first fly that approached him, seized and crushed it in his jaws in an instant; then another and another in rapid succession met the same fate. I was called away for a time, but on my return I found only two

living flies, which were roosting at the top of the jar, and calosoma was contented and happy.

Giant Tortoise of Berlin Zoo.....Scientific American Supplement

Giant tortoises are rapidly disappearing. They are now to be found only on Aldabra—a small, lonely island in the Indian Ocean, north of Madagascar. Formerly they were caught in large numbers on Mauritius, Reunion and Rodriguez.

The first accounts of the existence of tortoises, many times larger than those known in Europe, are to be found in the writings of the explorers who visited the East Indies after the return of Vasco da Gama. The sailors who voyaged to South America in the early years of the 16th century found similar huge creatures on a group of islands which they christened accordingly, "Galapagos," or "Turtle Islands."

The destruction of the giant tortoise began almost with the discovery of the islands which it inhabited, for the early Indianmen looked upon it as a rich prize. Wherever a vessel touched at an island to replenish its supply of water a number of tortoises were captured and brought aboard alive. The animals were rarely fed, for they could live months in succession without food. And whenever the need of fresh meat was felt, a tortoise was killed to fill the want.

Giant tortoises were first exterminated, it seems, on the island of Reunion, during the 18th century; for they had multiplied in such numbers that they had become a pest. The islanders proceeded so systematically in their work of destruction that the tortoises were completely blotted out of existence. Remnants of Reunion tortoises are not to be found even in museums. The inhabitants of Rodriguez and Mauritius soon followed the example of Reunion. Leguat, who in 1691 visited Rodriguez, writes that "there are so many tortoises that often herds of two or three thousand can be seen, and that a man can walk upon their backs for a hundred paces." Grant in his history of Mauritius (1740), gives a similar account of the number of tortoises: Not a single wild tortoise is now to be found on any of these islands. At the artillery barracks of Mauritius there is a single domesticated giant tortoise, said to be 200 years old, the last representative in these regions of an old, mighty species. The creature is said to have attained its present size in 1810. It was particularly mentioned in the treaty in which France ceded the island to England. The English authorities have taken the necessary steps to protect the few specimens still to be found on Aldabra. The six or seven species to be found on the Galapagos Islands are rapidly disappearing and extinction must soon follow.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

The learned ones tell us that heredity has much to do with the evolution of organic things, that of the human race being by no means the least interesting phase of its action. If our primeval ancestors were "the grand old gardener and his wife," as Tennyson calls them, we may claim the love of horticulture in the present age as an evidence of the strength of ancestral traits. However this may be, there is no doubt that the gardening spirit is found in "all sorts and conditions of men," from the puny sickly child who nurses a geranium in an attic in the slums to the thriving millionaire who paces with due dignity his hot-houses and conservatories and directs the labors of his well-trained gardeners. The following excerpt refers to the success of one of the latter:

Evolved a Hybrid Orchid.....Denoer Republican

Joseph Chamberlain, British Secretary of State for the Colonies, the best-hated man in the world, has won a signal triumph. After eighteen years of experimenting, in which he has spent enormous sums of money, he has produced in his great Birmingham greenhouses a hybrid orchid. The same morning papers that were eagerly snatched up at so many, many firesides for the sad messages they bore of British lives lost in an unholy war in South Africa told more briefly how Mr. Chamberlain's production had been premiated by the Royal Horticultural Society at its meeting in the Drill Hall, Westminster.

The Latin name of the new orchid is "Sophrocattleya Chamberlainiana, varietas Triumphans"—the triumphant Chamberlainian orchid—whose pedigree is derived from *Cattleya Harrisiana* and *Sophranitis grandiflora*. The flower is cool and bright. The sepals and petals are reddish-crimson, with darker veining—like the dark gush from wounds that merely sting mingling with the brighter, bubbling flood from pierced hearts. The lip is chrome-yellow—like the dry, waterless veldt where men linger in awful agonies of thirst under the pitiless rays of the African sun. The tip of the front lobe and the edges of the side lobes are purplish-crimson—like the sunset hues that dying men watch who know that they will never again see the sunrise. It is really a beautiful orchid—so distinct as to warrant the retention of the name under which it was exhibited, "Triumphant Chamberlainiana," chosen by Chamberlain himself.

Mr. Chamberlain has two passions. He is said to love very devotedly his beautiful American wife. He also loves orchids. All his life he has been devoted to their cultivation. His greenhouses are full of the finest specimens. His gar-

deners are among the most skilful in England. Seldom does he appear in public without a costly orchid in his buttonhole. He revels in their superb, uncanny beauty.

It is undoubtedly a triumph to obtain a hybrid orchid, for, although some flowers lend themselves readily to hybridization, others appear to resist the intermingling of species to a remarkable extent. Readers of *Current Literature* may remember that a similar success in the case of Lord Penzance's Sweetbriars was recorded in its pages. It is a remarkable circumstance that most of the triumphs of this kind have fallen to the lot of amateurs. In fact, the father of hybridizing in gardening may be said to have been the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, dean of Manchester, England, whose work among the *Crinums* and *Petunias* has afforded so many evidences for evolutionists. Well is it, then, that amateur gardeners are not rare. They alone have the time and patience for the many experiments which may result in something not only interesting but valuable. We speak not of those who merely take an interest in gardening for the sake of effect and prettiness, but of those who grow flowers because they love them. Such generally take up the culture of some particular genus, and outsiders cannot understand the enthusiasm and enjoyment that are thus created. Let us give an instance:

Collection of Cacti.....Philadelphia Press

To Mrs. Ida Belmar Camp, of Caro, Mich., belongs the distinction of having the finest private collection of cacti in existence. She has in her possession over seven hundred specimens which she has raised herself, including some rare varieties not even to be found in large botanical institutions at home or abroad. She has been interested in this strange group of plants ever since she was five years old, and several of her best specimens are the results of long years of study into the needs of cacti and the best means of grafting the delicate plants. Because of the general unfamiliarity with the cacti, the cultivation of the order has been brought to anything like perfection by only a few florists. For this reason plants are often expensive, and some of the specimens owned by Mrs. Camp represent the expenditure of hundreds of dollars. Just because the cacti have been so neglected Mrs. Camp took an interest in them. She said recently, when exhibiting her remarkable collection: "I first made the acquaintance of a cactus when, as a child, I wandered about the garden at home admiring and picking flowers. Ever since I can remember I have loved flowers and plants of every description,

and I would spend hours in the garden at an age when most children would be playing with their dolls, pulling off dead leaves and destroying the weeds which choked the other plants. There was one peculiar plant, I remember, at the end of the garden walk that, although it never bloomed, always excited my childish admiration and sympathy. No one seemed to care for it, but to me it was beautiful with its bright green pod-like leaves and long golden spines. Although it was dubbed the 'nasty, prickly pear,' and each autumn was threatened with banishment, my petitions on its behalf availed for many years until it became so large it could not be placed in its winter quarters. Before the cold weather set in I had planted a piece of this veteran cactus in a pot, and from then on my love for the plant, which was despised by the majority at the time, was firmly rooted. The dear old 'prickly pear,' or rather the piece of it which grew so rapidly under my care, is wholly responsible for the love I have given to these wonders of nature all these years.

"The first cactus possessed by me, barring 'Old Prickly,' was the gift of a friend who owned a small collection of cacti. It was a member of the genus *Echinopsis* and is still an honored member of my family. The next addition was a plant sent to me from a friend in Nebraska; it belonged to the genus *Mamillaria* and was in full bloom when I received it. I do not think that I ever saw a more beautiful plant. My interest in cacti grew apace, and I began studying this special branch of botany. I found little about them in any of the regular text-books, but I continued my search for information pertaining to them and also after any and all new varieties and species I could find. My collection now numbers over seven hundred, some of which belong to species not to be found in this country; they have been brought to me from long distances with great difficulty, for they are delicate creatures and require the utmost care in transportation.

"The blooms of cacti vary both in size and color. They range from the most brilliant cardinal to the purest white, and include purple, pale violet, delicate pink, rich orange, the faintest yellow and variegated blossoms. Some are not larger than the tiny forget-me-not, while others are the size of a full-blown rose. They are, despite their apparent toughness, the most fragile of plants, an extra pressure of the fingers upon one of the leaves being sufficient to destroy the branch, while a severe wind-storm will sometimes kill the entire plant. They are thirsty things, taking water in great quantities and needing it frequently."

In these two passages we have pleasure, pure and simple, inciting persons to the cultivation of

flowers. In the following that esthetic pleasure is turned to profit without any diminution of its charm. As we read the extract we are strongly reminded of Shelley's lines in *The Sensitive Plant*,

"There was a power in this sweet place—
An Eve in this Eden—a ruling grace."

California Daffodils.....*San Francisco Chronicle*

The Lady of the Daffodils lives in Haywards. Her father is a painter and she herself sang in opera, and now the artistic feeling that first manifested itself in color and then in sound comes out in form and fragrance, and every one who buys an early daffodil in San Francisco and breathes in its faintly perfumed breath may fancy that he has received in another form the sweetness of Ivy Wandesford's songs—for Mrs. Wandesford Kersey is the Lady of the Daffodils. She grows them by the ton, she counts them by the hundred thousand, she sorts them with fingers that contain a supplementary sense, throwing the perfect ones of proper size to one side and the defective ones of unsymmetrical development to another, like the sheep and goats in the Biblical prophecy—only Mrs. Kersey is very tender with the goats. Then she plants again in the soft brown velvet of the sloping hillside and gives them another chance to grow into strength and beauty, and after a twelvemonth these bulbs that were weighed in her fingers and found wanting are full and globe-shaped and fit to send East to blossom in green and gold.

Eight years ago Mrs. Kersey, who lives with her parents, found that here the daffodils were the best and earliest in all the countryside. The discovery was accidental. There was, behind the house, up the path where the grape-vine and the white fig from the Azores grow, a hillside whose gentle slope stretched in a peculiarly inviting way to the sun. This was the place where the daffodils grew. Something in the golden hearts of the daffodils appealed to the singer, who straightway bought the bulb-lore of the Dutch and began to study. For eight years, with unwearied application, she devoted herself to books on bulbs, until she mastered the daffodil branch, so difficult and complicated a thing is the growing of lilies—those lilies of the field, which, of all flowers, seem to grow most by themselves, without human interference, with no cutting or pruning or transplanting. On the nourishment and care of bulbs an entire literature has been built, and Mrs. Kersey, with the painstaking zeal of the specialist, has confined herself to one branch, hence her success. She admits that she is only an amateur in the matter of hyacinths, of tulips, but on daffodils she is an authority. She is only just beginning to see beyond the rim of her daffodil beds. She has

begun the cultivation of the yellow Spanish iris and of the large and interesting narcissus family, but the children of Narcissus are banished from the carefully fenced precincts where the daffodils grow, and the best that they can do in the spring is to peep between the pickets at the sheets of yellow, where thousands of favored daffodils are carefully sheltered.

The daffodil garden is on a sloping brown hillside. Just now part of the hill is resting under a coverlid of brown weeds. Under the weeds sleep thousands of daffodils, each parent bulb surrounded by its young family. In the spring all these bulbs will wake up, and by January the whole hillside will be like the field of the cloth of gold. The fragrance of the place may be inhaled for a mile, and people passing on the road—unromantic people hurrying to market—vaguely turn their faces toward the house that plays hide-and-seek in the trees and wonder what that breath of spring means in the winter time. The daffodil garden is divided into sections by pear trees. Instead of impoverishing the soil they seem to improve it, and the rows of trees serve to separate varieties. But the pear trees have something more to do than to act as rows of gendarmes separating one handsome flower family from an envious neighbor. Sometimes in the spring there comes a week of sudden sunshine, hot, penetrating, and under the searching rays the daffodils shrink and the beautiful petals of beaten gold are transformed into a mummy's dry and crackling skin. The daffodils, shade-loving and moisture-craving, shrink into themselves and all the beautiful cups go brown. The flower is literally cooked on its juicy and pipe-like stem. The friendly and protecting arms of the pear trees, bare of leaves at that season, are utilized as tent-poles, and from them bolts of cheesecloth are spread over the field of the cloth of gold to protect it from a sun which must envy its beautiful color and seek to draw it to himself.

From three to five weeks before anybody else's daffodils are ready to burst their slender, boatlike shells, Mrs. Kersey's flowers are showing a faint line of yellow against the green, and therein lies her success. It is the early flower that catches the market. In time for the Christmas trade her daffodils are in the shops, and their golden tissue shines at many a Christmas dinner and lights the dark corners in many a wintry room. When clouds hang low and skies are glowering, her daffodils shed a radiance which seems like the sun himself. For at least a month she has a monopoly of the market. Five of the leading city florists are supplied by her, and their clamor is ever for more, more. Prices are good, and the little buds

cannot come out fast enough to suit the demand. Even the daffodils forced under glass do not blossom as quickly or as freely as these open-air flowers on the warm hillside which they find so congenial. Suddenly the floodgates are opened. Everybody else's bulbs start abloom and the market is flooded. Prices go down, the flower-boys hawk daffodils on the street and the golden age of the daffodil is over. When the blossoms are sold at a cent apiece Mrs. Kersey no longer bothers about cut flowers, but devotes herself to her bulbs, which is the main business of the year. She has many orders from the East, for they find it cheaper there to buy new bulbs than to plant the old bulbs after forcing. A daffodil bulb, like everything that has been forced, must rest some time, and the Eastern growers find that it takes years for the life and health to come back to the exhausted bulbs which have been hurried into early blooming by their persuasive furnaces and glass roofs.

The chatelaine of the daffodils is exceedingly careful of the diet of her pets, for they must be fed, like anything else. They are very light eaters, with dainty appetites. Manures are for heavy feeders, and daffodils will not grow in manured grounds until some grosser flower has first been put in to take the superabundant nourishment from the soil. Fertilizers are used by Mrs. Kersey and what they are she would refuse to tell you, if you were ill-bred enough to ask, for this is her own secret, part of the lore which she has learned from those Dutch tomes over which she has been poring early and late for years.

It is by no means all play on the daffodil farm. The heavy work is done by a gardener, assisted by a scraper and two horses. The gardener does some of the planting, but all of the work is under the close personal supervision of the mistress. The daffodils, blooming, resting, waking, sleeping, are scarcely out of her sight for a single day. The blossoming host she watches herself, for the whole wealth of the year lies garnered there. She knows the bulbs so well that she can tell most of the varieties without knowing which row of pear trees sheltered them. Each season brings its own labor. On the first of September Mrs. Kersey begins her planting. Then comes the time for tending the narcissus, of which several varieties are grown. In August the garden is full of exquisite dahlias, which go to the florists for decorating. There are great crimson and white ones, their heads almost too heavy for their slender throats. But these are only side issues, as are the sturdy gilly-flowers and the dragon-snappers—the daffodil's the queen of this garden and the rose is only a secondary thing.

The mistress's heart is fixed on a daffodil which is advertised in one of the magazines devoted to the flower—a creature with a long Latin name which does not fit a flower half as well as it would fit a steam plow or a threshing machine. This particular daffodil is a giant and the bulbs only cost \$60 apiece. They are transported at the owner's risk, and if the bulb be barren the loss is the buyer's. But if it should bloom—that is a possibility which the lover of daffodils cannot contemplate without a prickling in the hair. There is something about flower-growing which makes the dweller among flowers more human, more gentle, more worth living with.

The last sentence contains a truth which has been felt for many years. Sir Walter Scott knew it, when in drawing the character of Rose Bradwardine, whom Waverley found more "worth living with" than the majestic Flora MacIvor, he added the delicate touch that she was a lover of flowers. The hero of the novel found the major domo of Tully-veolan "just amusing himself in the meantime with dressing Miss Rose's flower-bed," and on ascending to her boudoir saw that the gallery before her window was "crowded with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection." We must, however, leave the reader to discover the truth of the statement in his or her own daily life. Here is another passage which shows how much we owe to the love of flowers, not merely for additions to our pleasures, but for the development of natural resources:

Flower Farms of California.....Land of Sunshine

In the shadow of the old Mission of San Buena Ventura, sheltered by the hills and almost touched by the sea, is a garden worthy of permanent preservation as a landmark of the State. Here Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd began in her home yard the work which ended in a distinct industry for Southern California. Her confidence in soil, climate and local conditions made her the successful pioneer in a movement encouraged and commended by so wise and careful a horticulturist as Peter Henderson, and richly developed and demonstrated by one so great as Luther Burbank. As a result of that small beginning, knowledge and interest in a business hitherto practically unknown in the West have grown until all along the favored coastwise strip are farms from which go seeds, plants and bulbs that take high rank in home and foreign markets. The bulb-growers of Holland, Italy and Bermuda find in California no mean competitor, and the rose gardens of France may some day have a formidable rival.

The young industry advances not by ounces and pounds but by acres and tons. Holland seedsmen place large wholesale orders every year in California, and many American dealers have their principal grounds here: Broad fields of sweet peas yield seeds by the ton, to be cut, threshed,

and handled like beans or wheat; whole ricks of snowy Blanche Burpee, pink cupid, numberless crimson, rose, purple and lavender beauties, piled up like hay in Eastern fields. A hundred acres of sweet peas in one plot; field after field of calla lilies and freesias harvested, and sacked like potatoes; these are typical items on the California seed-farms. This generous planting is only the natural order of a land where you may ride all day through one wheat field; the gathering of things rare and unusual, the hybridizing and the actual creation of new families of beautiful plants are what have drawn the eyes of the world to these modest, sun-bathed gardens.

Mrs. Shepherd's grounds, of a few acres only, contain more rare things than could be found elsewhere in many times the space. Terraced up from the street, a wave of heliotrope two hundred feet long breaks over the wall in foam and spray of purple blossoms, trailing its sweetness on the walk six feet below as it borders the grounds and hints of rarer things beyond. Right and left are beds of brilliant color; and the pepper-tree walk, banked with giant geraniums, is alone worth a journey to see. A rare tree-fern from Australia holds the central place; and climbing over lath frames and lattices are tropical vines seldom seen outside their native forests. Borders of papyrus from the Nile, beds of cacti in strange and fantastic shapes and scarce varieties, aloes and agaves spotted, striped and blotched, some tinted like the wing of a mountain quail or the breast of a partridge, hold the attention at every turn. Wonderful passion-vines steal in and out among the pepper-trees; and not far away the largest passion-vine in California, said to be the largest in the world, has swung itself across two trees and forms a giant screen of great, rosy blossoms such as no hot-house ever fostered.

California has the honor of having originated the most famous sweet pea of modern times, the dwarf Cupid, from the Morse farm of Santa Clara; the lovely Redondo carnations, some rarely beautiful asters, and many more great floral novelties. The Cosmos, which is more and more rivaling the chrysanthemum as an autumn favorite, was perfected in Mrs. Shepherd's gardens; there, too, the great moon-flower, "Heavenly Blue," and a California poppy of wonderful size and beauty. Many notable successes have attended her work as a hybridizer, and a splendid new race of begonias stands a monument to her genius and the favoring conditions of California climate. Taking these almost human plants, she has created a new race. "The finest begonias in the world," they have been called, and foreign florists unite in praising them.

Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious, Queer

Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear.....Jour. of American Folk-Lore

One year Brer Bear he have a pen of fine hogs just ready for the smoke-house. But just before the Christmas season come on, every morning when Brer Bear fetch out his corn to feed the hogs, Brer Bear he done count them, and he find one gone; and the next morning Brer Bear done count them, and he find one more gone; and so it go twell nigh 'bout the latest one of Brer Bear's fine fat hogs done gone.

Now Brer Bear he 'low he bound to find out who the thief what steal his hogs; so all enduring when Brer Bear holidays Brer Bear he visit 'bout among his neighbors constant, and they all say, What come over Brer Bear, he getting that sociable.

But when Brer Bear visiting, Brer Bear he be a-looking, and he be a-looking, and he be a-smelling for them fine hogs.

Well, Brer Bear he go to visit Brer Fox, and he don' see nothing and he don' smell nothing; and then Brer Bear he go visit Sis Coon, but he don' smell nothing and he don' see nothing; then Brer Bear he call on Brer Wolf, but he don' see nothing and he don' smell nothing.

Then Brer Bear he call on Brer Rabbit. Brer Bear he knock on the door, and Miss Rabbit she open the door, and invite Brer Bear in. Brer Bear he say, "Where Brer Rabbit?" and Miss Rabbit she say, "Brer Rabbit gone to quarterly meeting," being as he one of the stewards of the church. Miss Rabbit say, "Brer Rabbit just feel bound to 'tend quarterly meeting."

Brer Bear he say he want a fresh drink, and he go out to the well-house, and he see where they been killing hogs. Now Brer Bear he know Brer Rabbit didn't put no hogs up in the pen. Brer Bear he walk round and round, and he say, "I smell the blood of my land."

And Brer Bear he fault Miss Rabbit with Brer Rabbit stealing all his fine hogs, and Brer Bear he say how he going straight up to quarterly meeting to church Brer Rabbit, and he a steward of the church, and Brer Bear he roll his hands and arms in the blood and he say he going take the proof.

Now Miss Rabbit certainly are a faithful wife. When Brer Bear start off down the big road toward the quarterly meeting, Miss Rabbit she take a short cut through the woods, lipity clipity. She get there before Brer Bear.

Miss Rabbit she go in and take a seat longside Brer Rabbit. She whisper in his ear, "Trouble,

trouble, watch out. Brer Bear he say he smell the blood of his land, trouble trouble." Brer Rabbit he say, "Hush your mouth," and he go on with the meeting. Now Brer Bear ain't the onliest man what has been losing hogs that Christmas. Brer Wolf he done lose some o' his fine shotes; somebody done take his onliest hog outen Brer Fox pen. They take it up in meeting and make it subject of inquiry. They put it on old Brer Rabbit, so the old man don' know which way he going to 'get to, when Brer Bear walk in, and his hands and arms covered with the blood, what he take to prove up old Brer Rabbit before the meeting.

Directly Brer Bear walk in the door with the blood on his hands, Brer Rabbit he clap his hands and he shout, "Praise the Lord, brethren! The Lord done deliver me and bring forth his witness!" and the people all that distracted they don' listen to a word poor old Brer Bear say, but they all talk, and take votes, and they church old Brer Bear right there; and that why old Brer Bear ain't no churchman. But Brer Rabbit he run the church yet, and they say how he never miss quarterly meeting.

An Arabian Nights Tale...Sir Edwin Arnold...Lon. Daily Telegraph

Scheherezade, in *The Thousand and One Nights*, does not hesitate to interrupt the flow of her romantic and fantastic tales with some remarkable stories about animals, though these seldom or never are given in the current versions of the book. On the 146th night of the immortal work she says to the Sultan and to her sister Donyazade, "If you have admired the history of King Omar-el-Neman, how much would you not like to hear the birds and beasts discourse?" "By Allah!" cries the Sultan, "that would be truly delightful," and so the inexhaustible raconteuse of *The Thousand and One Nights* tells an entertaining story of the wilderness, which is perhaps as old as anything in Lokman or Esop, and may have given to La Fontaine himself ideas, although by channels unknown to the great Frenchman. I will shorten one curious apologue of the kind here, chiefly drawing from the translation which Dr. Mardrus has made of it in French out of the Arabic text. Thus runs the antique Arab fable:

It came to me, O Lord of Fortune! how, once on a time a peacock and peahen were living in peace and happiness on a beautiful island, in a lake apart from all troubles, and the island was covered with fruit trees and blossoms, and they

were very happy. But one day there flew thither a wild-goose in great trepidation, with fluttering wings and wild cries, to which the two birds bade kindly welcome and asked the cause of its fright.

"Ah," whimpered the goose, "I am still sick with terror. I have seen a man, an Ibn-Adam! Allah, deliver us all from the Ibn-Adam!"

"Calm thyself," the peahen said. "Be Ibn-Adam ever so terrible he cannot disturb us here, protected as we are by the water."

"Most beautiful lady," the goose responded, "you do not know Ibn-Adam. He can make the fish come to him out of the sea and the hawks and eagles fall down from the air. Feeble, contemptible, ugly as he is, he can tame the huge elephant himself and take his big white tusks away to make cups and ornaments. But I will tell you why I dread the Ibn-Adam."

"I was still flying from the evil vision I had seen of a man, not daring to stop for food or drink, when I saw at the entrance of a cavern a young lion, with a red mane, of lordly demeanor, who also observed me, and bade me approach, asking my name. 'O Prince of Lions,' I said, 'I am a wild goose, of the race of birds.' 'Why dost thou tremble so, wild goose?' he inquired. Then I related how I had dreamed of or seen a living man, and was astonished when he replied, 'I also have dreamed about the thing you call Ibn-Adam, and have heard my father say that it is a creature to be distrusted. But I have never seen one and have no fear of them.'

"Then I spake, 'Oh, eldest son of the Sultan of all animals! what glory to thee if thou could'st rid the earth of the plague of man! How would all creatures of the earth, and air, and water, praise and thank thy valor!' Thus did I encourage and flatter the young lion until he had resolved to go forth with me, and to find and slay this common enemy."

"So the young lion paced forth from his cave, fiercely lashing his back with his tail, I following behind. We had not gone far in company before we saw a cloud of dust in the thicket, which, drifting away, disclosed to us an ass without saddle or bridle, rolling in the sand from side to side, his four feet in the air."

"At sight of this my young lion was somewhat astonished, since he had wandered little outside his cavern, and knew nothing of the world; but he called the ass to him and said: 'Thou senseless object, what art thou, and why dost thou in so foolish a manner roll and bray?' The beast replied, 'Noble master! I am thy slave, an ass, and have fled hither to escape Ibn-Adam, the man, my master.' The young lion said with a laugh, 'Thou art long-backed and lusty, why should'st

thou fear the feeble thing, a man?' Spake the donkey, gravely shaking his head, 'Prince of the Forest! it is clear thou knowest not this creature. I do not fear that he will kill me; but he does much worse to me than that. While I am young and strong he places upon my back a thing he calls a pack-saddle, fastens round my belly a tight girth, puts an iron ring under my tail, the name of which I forget, though it galls me horribly, and buckles in my mouth a contrivance of steel which makes my tongue bleed, and is called a bit. Then he jumps on me, and, to make me go faster, beats me behind and before; and if, fatigued, I slacken my pace, he rains upon me the abuse of such shocking words before all the world that cause me, though I am only a donkey, actually to shudder. If I lie down and roll he also gives way to expressions which I dare not repeat to you, being a prince. When I am old he will sell me to some water-carrier, who will tie a wooden yoke on my back and load me with skins and pitchers of water until at last even my patient strength will succumb, and I shall die. Then he will throw my carcass to the dogs and vultures. Do I not well, therefore, O my Lord, and thou, too, good goose! to roll myself and rejoice at liberty, now that I am quit of Ibn-Adam?'"

"'Truly,' I said, 'this ass seems very excusable,' and the lion was for taking him as a guide to find the man. But the ass begged off, pleading that he wished to put a day's journey at least between himself and his master; and so he went away, his ears cocked for listening in every direction."

"Scarcely had the dust of his going settled down, when a beautiful black horse drew nigh, having a white star like new silver upon his forehead; handsome, stately, in splendid glossy condition, and neighing loudly. On seeing my friend the lion he stopped respectfully, and would have retired. But the lion—charmed by his exceeding elegance and strength—cried aloud, 'Who art thou, beautiful animal; and why dost thou gallop so furiously through these wilds in seeming terror?' 'Prince of the Wilderness,' he answered, 'I am of the race of horses, and your most humble servant; and I gallop to get away from Ibn-Adam.'

"Hearing this, the lion was at the limit of astonishment, and observed, 'It is shameful of thee to speak thus, O horse! noble and vigorous as thou art, about a miserable being whom thou could'st surely dispatch with one kick. Look at me! I am not so big as thou, but I have promised the goose here to rid the earth forever of this ridiculous tyrant, Ibn-Adam, by eating him up entirely.' To this the horse made answer, 'Far be from thee such untoward thought, O jungle

prince! Make no mistake about thy strength and swiftness or mine in dealing with Man. In his hands my vigor is as water! He fastens heel-ropes upon my hoofs, and ties my muzzle up to a ring upon the wall, so that I can neither run away nor lie down. Then he hitches a saddle on me with two strong girths, and puts a twisted metal bit in my mouth with a bridle that makes me go where he will, and, being so mounted, he forces me hither and thither with horrid things called spurs that cover my body with blood. When I am old and weak he means to sell me to some miller, who will make me turn the millstones night and day until I drop. Then the knacker will kill me, and bargain my skin away to the tanners and my long hair to the weavers, who make ropes and bags. That is why I am flying away from Ibn-Adam.'

"The young lion was greatly affected at this and roared out aloud, 'It is time indeed that I cleared the earth from such a scourge! Tell me, friend horse, where can I find this thing, a man?' and the horse replied, 'I ran away from him at noon. He is coming this way. Have a care!' Just as the horse was speaking a new cloud of dust in the desert so alarmed him that he went off at a sudden bound, and we saw approaching a huge camel, with long legs and swaying neck, uttering hoarse grumbings. And he, too, told his tale of the terrible Ibn-Adam and fled away.

"Then, all of a sudden, there came out of the thicket a little old man, with cunning eyes and weather-beaten aspect, carrying over his shoulder a basket of carpenter's tools, and on his head eight or ten large planks of wood.

"My lord Peacock and my lady Peahen! At sight of this I, the goose, could not utter a word to warn the lion, but was struck dumb with fear. He, meanwhile, vastly amused at the appearance of this small, withered being, stalked nearer to examine him; whereon the carpenter flung himself flat and said in a humble, deprecating voice: 'O mighty Prince and most famous! who dost fill the highest place of all created things, I wish thee good-day and the blessings of Allah. I myself am a poor creature who entreats thy protection from the evils of the oppressor. Therewith he began piteously to sigh and weep.

"Touched by his tears the young lion lowered his proud tone and asked, 'Who, then, hath oppressed thee, most polite and best-spoken of all animals, even though thou art the ugliest?'

"The other answered, 'Lord of all woodland things! I am a poor beast that is called carpenter, and my oppressor is Ibn-Adam. Ah, my lord Lion! Allah keep thee from his tricks. He makes me work all day long without pay, and now

dying with hunger, I am gladly running away from the place where he lives.'

"On this the lion was more furious than ever; the foam fell from his mouth, his eyes flashed lightning and he roared loudly. 'Where then is this Ibn-Adam, this father of calamities, that I may smash and crush him and avenge his victims?' The man answered, 'Sire! thou wilt soon see him. He is now after me, furious at having no one to build him houses.' The lion said, 'O little beast! that goest so ill on thy two foolish feet, and art called carpenter. What are houses, and whither dost thou wend?' The man replied, 'A house is for rich ones to live in, great Prince! and I am now going with this basket and these planks to build a house for the wuzeer of my lord's father, the leopard, who desires to have an abode where he may shelter himself from Ibn-Adam, who is expected in these parts.'

"Thereon the young lion waxed jealous of the leopard and said to the carpenter, 'By my life! it is an extreme presumption on the part of thy father's wuzeer to build himself a house when we have none. Get thee to work at once and construct me here this abode. As for the wuzeer, let him wait!' 'My lord,' the carpenter answered, 'I promise to come back when the leopard's order is finished. His anger will otherwise be too terrible. And then will I build thee not indeed a house, but a palace.' But the young lion being impatient, did but pat the man on the breast with his great paw and down he went on the sand with his planks and basket. Thereat the lion shook his great flanks with laughter, seeing the terror of the miserable little fellow, who had picked himself up and began to get to work, full gloomily.

"Right carefully did the carpenter take the measure of the lion in length and breadth and in height, and soon he had erected on the sand a solidly-built box with a narrow entrance. He had so driven the nails that the sharp points all came through inside and he had left a few small holes for draught; all which being finished, he respectfully invited the lion to go in. The lion objected that the door was too low. Quoth the carpenter, 'Bend down thy princely back, O Sovereign Master! and so enter. Once inside, my lord will find room enough.' On this the lion crouched and wriggled his body within the construction, leaving his tail outside; but this the carpenter quickly curled up and stuffed in along with the rest of him, afterward hastily closing the door with a plank and nailing it down.

"Thereupon the hapless lion tried to burst the walls, but the sharp points of the nails pierced his skin in a hundred places, so that he became covered with blood and mad with pain and roared

forth, 'Wretch of a carpenter! What kind of house hast thou made for me, and what are these points that pierce me?' The man, with a voice of triumph, replied, 'It is Ibn-Adam's house, and those are the nail-points of Ibn-Adam! Dog of the desert! thou shalt learn now whether Ibn-Adam, little, feeble, and ugly as he is, cannot get the better of thy lordly and ferocious force.'

"Uttering these terrible words, the little old man kindled a torch, swept the chips up all round the box, and set it on fire. And thus I, the goose, speechless with surprise and consternation, beheld my noble companion consumed alive and dying the most dreadful death, whilst Ibn-Adam, the man, went off laughing to himself with his basket of tools."

Secular Prophecies.....Chambers' Journal

Peter the Hermit, speaking three days before the Feast, prophesied that before Ascension Day John would have ceased to reign; and within the time named the king had yielded the imperial crown of England to the papal legate. Shakespeare has made us familiar with the prophecy on which Henry IV. relied—namely, that he should die in Jerusalem—and with its fulfilment in his decease in the Jerusalem Chamber; and a goodly list might be made of oracular utterances which in their accomplishment have "kept the word of promise to the ear and broken it to the sense." Pope Sylvester received a similar assurance, and he died in a church named after the Holy City in Rome; the Duke of Somerset—this incident, too, is recorded by Shakespeare—had been warned by Jourdain to fear danger "where castles n^ounted stand," and he died in an inn at St. Albans whose sign, the Castle, was hung on high. The famous Michael Scot prophesied that Frederick II. would die near the "iron gates in a town named after Flora." It was thought that this pointed to Florence, but the emperor died in the castle of Fiorentino, in a room built on the site of an old gate of which the iron stanchions still remained. The same famous wizard, it may be mentioned, is said to have foretold the exact manner of his own death—by a blow from a stone received in church; and one day when he was hearing mass a stone ornament from the roof became dislodged, and, falling on his head, killed him on the spot. It is believed to have been in consequence of a vagrant prophecy that Henry V. was so anxious that the birth of his heir should take place anywhere but at Windsor. When he was informed that Catharine had neglected to comply with his request, with the result that her accouchement took place at the inhibited castle, he assumed the mantle of prophecy himself:

I, Henry born at Monmouth,
Shall small time reign and much get;
But Henry of Windsor shall long reign and lose all;

and it must be admitted that the rune was amply fulfilled. Perhaps it was intelligent prescience rather than prophetic afflatus which made this same Henry of Windsor declare of young Henry of Richmond when quite a youth, "This pretty boy will wear the garland in peace for which we so sinfully contend"; but, if so, it was prescience of a very high order, considering the position of dynastic affairs at the time.

Then there was the prophecy, which Shakespeare makes "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" refer to, that Edward IV.'s issue should be disinherited by some one whose name began with "G." The prediction was, as is well known, fulfilled by Richard of Gloucester; though, according to the tragedy, Clarence himself was thought by the king to be pointed at, his Christian name being George. Of Richard Crookback, too, a prophecy is recorded. Before the battle of Bosworth he rode out of Leicester in all the pomp and circumstance of war. As he crossed the bridge his foot struck against a wooden projection. Whereupon a beggar by the wayside was heard to say, "His head shall strike against that very pile as he returns to-night"; and when the dead body of the vanquished king was brought back to Leicester, flung across the saddle of Rouge Sanglier, the swaying head struck against that piece of wood.

In the reign of Henry VIII., Friar Hopkins prophesied that the king would return with glory from France, but that the king of Scotland, should he cross the border, would never revisit his dominions. A more awesome prediction with regard to Henry is credited to Friar Peyto. In a sermon preached when the king's church spoliation was at its height, the preacher boldly compared the terrible Henry to Ahab, and declared that as it was with the Jewish monarch so should it be with him: the dogs should lick his blood. And it came to pass that when the "bloat-king" had passed to his account, his coffin rested for a night, unwatched, "among the broken walls of Sion." Owing to the rough journey, or the condition of the body, the coffin had burst, and when the bearers came for it in the morning, beneath the trestles were dogs licking up the blood that had leaked through.

The mention of James of Scotland in connection with Flodden recalls the fact that a more noteworthy seer than Nicholas Hopkins had foretold the disaster. Thomas the Rhymer—True Thomas of Ercildoune—had, more than two hundred years before, seen the banners wave "by Flodden's high and heathery side," and an arrow pierce the Scottish king. The Rhymer is said to

have foretold, too, the death of Alexander III. by a fall from his horse in 1286, the defeat of the Scots at Pinkie, their victory at Bannockburn, and, more explicitly, as rendered by Sir Walter Scott, that:

A French queen shall bear the son
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come
As near as is the ninth degree.

Of that French queen herself, the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, we are told that an equally famous seer foreshadowed her tragic fate. When she was quite a child, her mother, Mary of Guise, took her to the great Nostradamus. "There is blood on that beautiful brow," said the sage, and that blood has become one of the most lurid blots on the canvas of history.

No reference to secular prophecies would be complete which omitted mention of those strange, well-authenticated instances of victims when at the point of death summoning their persecutors to meet them before the divine tribunal within a specified time. Between them Clement V. and Philip IV. procured the condemnation of Molay, the Grandmaster of the Templars, to the stake. As he was led to execution Molay cited his persecutors to appear before God's throne, the king within forty weeks and the Pope within forty days. Within those respective times both died. Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes, condemned to death Fra Moriale. When he had pronounced the sentence the culprit summoned the judge to meet death himself within the month, and within the month Rienzi was assassinated. In 1575 Nanning Koppezoan, a Roman Catholic tortured to death during the religious strife in the Netherlands, recanted his extorted confession when on the way to the scaffold. A clergyman, Jurian Epeszoon, tried to drown his voice by clamorous prayer. The victim summoned him to meet him within three days at the bar of God, and Epeszoon went home to his house and died within that time. While at the stake Wishart openly denounced Cardinal Beaton: "He shall be brought low, even to the ground, before the trees which have supplied these fagots have shed their leaves." The trees were but in the bravery of their May foliage when the bleeding body of the cardinal was hung by his murderers over the battlements of St. Andrews.

Witchcraft.....William Wood.....Cornhill Mag.

It is positively horrifying to read the language in which an old black-letter tract gloats over the execution at Northampton, in 1612, of one of a batch of persons executed for witchcraft: "Thus ended this woman her miserable life, after shee

had lived many years poore, wretched, scorned, and forsaken of the world." And even more pathetic perhaps is the record of another woman condemned to the stake on her own confession, who cried on her way to the scaffold, "My blood be upon my own head! And as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of coming out of prison or ever coming in credit again, I made up that confession on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and choosing rather to die than to live."

So soon as an accusation of witchcraft was formulated a reign of terror was apt to begin. There was no knowing who might not find himself or herself involved in the charge, and it was to the interest of all in the neighborhood that execution should be done as soon as possible on those who were first suspected. This may partly account for the readiness with which such stories were believed. The favorite tests of the crime, apart from confession, were the witch-mark and the water-test. These are laid down gravely by the British Solomon in his Dialogues on Demonology, and the latter especially afforded much amusement to the spectators, as well as supplied any lack of judicial evidence. Each thumb of the accused was fastened with cords to the great toe of the opposite limb, and the wizard or witch (it was generally the latter) was placed in deep water. If the victim floated, as was not infrequently the case, the proof was considered complete, for "God hath appointed," says King James (though he omits to say when or where), "for a supernaturall signe of the monstrous impiete of witches, that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosome that haue shaken off them the sacred water of Baptisme and wilfully refused the benefite thereof." If, on the other hand, the wretch sank and was drowned, it was but a death by misadventure. Other modes subsidiary were devised, besides torture, to investigate the truth. One was to be able to say the Lord's Prayer.

Thus in 1661, Florence Newton was executed at Cork assizes for witchcraft. Judge Archer, who tried the prisoner, suggested to the jury that, although it was not legal evidence, they should ascertain whether she could satisfy this test. She got on all right until she came to the crucial clause, "And lead us not into temptation," which she tried "near half a score of times in open court," but could not achieve anything better than "Lead us into temptation" and "Lead us not into no temptation." So she was hanged.

In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

The Dancing of Sister Ca'line.....F. L. Stanton.....Frank Leslie's

Br'er William play de fiddle—Sister Ca'line hoppin'
light,
En de room a-gwine 'roun' me, ez I swing her lei'
and right
All up en down de hall:
"Swing co'ners!" is de call—
"Bless God, dat Sister Ca'line is outdancin' er 'em
all!"

De flo' wuz des a-creakin' en de frosty winders
shake,
En de ol' folks sorter fidget at de music what we
make;

En betwix' 'em dar's a scuffle,
Fer ter dance de double shuffle,
Sister Ca'line gwine 'roun' 'em wid de flounces en
de ruffle.

"Sister Ca'line—Sister Ca'line, ain't you dancin'
mighty much?"

I mighty 'fraid de preacher gwine ter tu'n you out
de chu'ch!"

But I tu'n en see de preacher—
De sollum gospill teacher—
A-singin' Sister Ca'line ever' time dat he could
reach her!

"Sister Ca'line—I is tired, en 'de fiddle tired, too!
Can't you stop untell de preacher take en marry me
en you?"

But de preacher kick the stubble
Fum his shoes, en swing 'em double:
"I ain't gwine marry any folks—dis ain't no time
fer trouble!"

But w'en we gwine home'ards—'bort de breaking
er de day—

I see de preacher huggin' Sister Ca'line all de way!
En hit sho' did take my bref—

Des lay me on de she'f,
When he 'low: "She hop so lively, I'll des marry
her myse'f!"

Vacation.....El Comanche.....Field and Stream

Lazyin' 'round'n smokin'
'N a quiet country town;
Eatin', sleepin', loafin'
Fr'm sun up to sundown,
Doin' nuthin' 'n particklur,
Only lazyin' 'round.

Watchin' bugs 'n bumblebees:
Ma'by fishin' some,
Nodisin' how th' tree leavcs
Is flickered by th' sun,
'Thout pattern 'n particklur,
Only lazyin' 'round.

Yu watch the posies bloomin'
Watch th' shadders cum 'n go,
'N then lay 'round a moonin'
In th' sunset's afterglow;
Doin' nuthin' 'n particklur,
Only lazyin' 'round.

Children run 'n holler,
Playin' hide 'n seek,
'R else jist sprawl 'n waller
On th' bluegrass, smooth 'n sweet,

Doin' nuthin' 'n particklur,
Only lazyin' 'round.

Yu git tired a talkin',
'N just don't want to think;
Never dream o' walkin',
Too lazy t' even wink;
Doin' nuthin' 'n particklur,
Only lazyin' 'round.

Everything keeps a passin'
'N a kind o' lazy dream,
'N yu ketch yerself askin':
"Is things jist what they seem?"
Jist nuthin' 'n particklur,
While yer lazyin' 'round.

Yu think yu'll go a ridin',
'N then yu guess yu won't;
Er 'low yu'll go afishin',
'N then yu mostly don't.
Yu somehow haint particklur
While yer lazyin' 'round.

Yu've got thet "tired feelin',"
Yer shore to find it out—
Thet there "tired feelin'"
Yu hear so much about;
'N want nuthin' 'n particklur
While yer lazyin' 'round.

But He Always Kept Three Dogs.....Lewiston Journal

Ephrum Eels he had to scratch durned hard to
keep ahead,

—But he always kept three dogs.
He couldn't keep a dollar bill to save his life they
said,

—But he always kept three dogs.
He said he might have been some one if he'd had
half a chance,

But getting grub from day to day giv' Ephrum
such a dance,

He never got where he could shed the patches off
his pants.

—But he always kept three dogs.

They 'bated Ephrum's poll-tax 'cause he was too
poor to pay,

—But Ephrum kept his dogs.
How he scraped up cash to license 'em it ain't in me
to say,

—But I know he kept his dogs.
And when a suff'in neighbor ambuscaded 'em, Eph
swore—

Then in a kind of homesick way he hustled 'round
for more;

He struck a lucky bargain and, by thunder, he
bought four!

—Jest kept on a-keepin' dogs.

At the "Sign of the Smile". . . Josh Wink.....Baltimore American

We're weary a-walking the Highway of Life;
We're fretted and flustered with worry and strife.
Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load,
And rest at the inn at the turn of the road—

Let us tarry a while
At the "Sign of the Smile."

Ho, the "Sign of the Smile" is a jolly inn,
With gargoyles about it that do naught but grin.
There's always a laugh, and a shoulder to whack,
And an echo that ever will answer us back—
Let us tarry a while
At the "Sign of the Smile."

At the "Sign of the Smile" we will linger long
there—
For the strictest of rules is the ban upon care,
And the guests must forget there are such things
as years,
And never shed any but laughter-brought tears—
Let us tarry a while
At the "Sign of the Smile."

There'll be flagons of jollity for us to sip,
And many and many a rollicking quip,
Though the jokes may be old—like the juice of the
vine
They mellow with age to the richest of wine—
Let us tarry a while
At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile"—
Forget all our griefs in the joys that beguile.
Let us pleasure the noon till it changes to-night,
Then up with our loads, and we'll find they are
light—
If we tarry a while
At the "Sign of the Smile."

An Apprehension.....Washington Star

I'll put away de fiddle 'case I's feelin' sad to-night.
I hears de white folks plannin' foh a universal fight,
I useter think de music an' puhcessions was so
grand!
But now I's melancholy when I listens to de band.
I knows it may be callin' foh dem mahchhin' boys
in blue,
De Missus' boy; de neighbor's boy an' mebey my
boy, too.
I's clean perplex f'um thinkin' 'bout de trouble dat
kin come
When dey silences de fiddle wid de music on de
drum.
I's hung it by de chimly, 'case it ain't no time to
play,
I hears de call o' duty an' it doesn't call dat way.
I's gotter keep in readiness to do de bes' I knows,
A-tendin' to de hosses an' a-brushin' soldier clo'es.
I hopes dey won't be needed, but I has a heavy
doubt,
When listenin' to dis talk o' kings an' queens a-fall-
in' out,
I's los' my tas'e foh singin' an' I's feelin' mighty
glum
When dey silences de fiddle wid de music on de
drum.

A Cullud Lady.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

Is you de young w'ite 'oman adbertisin' fer er cook?
Kase I'se de cullud lady wants de place—
But fo' we cums ter bizness I'se disposed ter take
er look,
And see ef I'se impressioned by yer face.
It looks er little sassy, but it mout be lookin' wuss,
Kase w'ite folks has some monst'ous funny ways,
But ef you'se kinder keerful, you an' me ain't gwine
ter fuss,
An' now I'll ax how much er month yer pays?

W'y fifteen dollars, 'oman, is er insult ter ma kind!
'Twould hardly buy dis cullud lady's shoes,
I niver wuks for cheap folks, tell de trufe ter speak
ma mind,
I niver wuks at all unless I choose.

I specks you'll want er ref'rence an' ter know de
reason why,
I didn't keep de job I had befo',
But ef yer wants dis lady fer ter make yo' apple pie,
You'll ax dem kinder ques'tions mouty slow.
Yo terms don't 'zackly suit me, but I kinder lak
yer style,
So ef you'll please ter make de kitchen fire,
I'll be here inde mawnin', jes ter tryer for er while,
I allus laks ter know ter whom I hire.

A Man of Peace.....Hosed Bigelow, Jr.....London Spectator

I du not hold with war myself, I think it's bad and
wrong,
An' would not prod my frens to strife wi' fiery
speech an' song.
I'd sooner see 'em till the toil, an' sow an' reap an'
build,
An' die o' somethin' nat'ral, 'stead uv goin' an'
gettin' killed;
But ef my country does get roused, I plunges inter
sin,
An' don't care whut she's fightin' for—I want to
see her win!
It isn't zackly whut you'd call a real angelic plan,
But man is not an angel—an' he wunt be while
he's man!

Some like to sing them pooty songs uv victory an'
deth,
But while yer hands air full uv work ye'd better
save yer breth;
The poits keep on gettin' up, afore the fightin's thru,
To strut an' flap their wings an' whoop a cock-a-
doodle-do!
But let us hev some peace, says I, until we've licked
the foe,
An' when there's nothin' else to du, the time hes
come to crow.

I stud out ded again the war, but once it wus begun
I thrilled tew read each gallant deed my country-
men hed done;
An' now I git thet warm within tew see the en'my
scoot,
I itch to take a gun myself an' go an' hev a shoot!
There's other peaceful men like me reprove my
wrath an' frown,
But when my country's dander's up, min' wunt
keep lyin' down.

Ez long as airth is simply airth, an' men ain't more
than men,
It seems tew me there's bound to be some fightin'
now an' then,
Fer whut is wrong or right depends upon yer point
of view,
The en'my's always quite convinced he's jest as
right as you.
An' so, in sech a sinful world, there ain't no kind
uv doubt,
Ye've got to fight fer what you want, or want an'
go without!
It isn't zackly whut you'd call a real angelic plan,
But man is not an angel—an' he wunt be while
he's man!

The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

A Hen-Minded Hen..... E. L. Sabin..... Lippincott's

This is a true story, because the remains of the hen are still in circulation.

When the golf epidemic captured Wheatley the victims scoured the country far and wide to find ground suitable for links. Hi Hacock's pasture was selected as being the best site, and negotiations were entered into with Mr. Hacock with a view to leasing, and eventually purchasing, the land.

Hi was wary. For some time he held off. He could not understand why a crowd of town people wanted to acquire so much ground "jes' to play shinney on." To the most casual reader it must be evident that Hi never had indulged in golf.

Finally, after he had been talked to by the mayor, both bankers, and the school superintendent, and other leading citizens, all golfiacs, he consented and gave the lease desired.

Immediately the old pasture became a famous resort. The Wheatley Golf Club, its friends and friends' friends, flocked there. Business in the town of Wheatley was paralyzed. No one had any time for business. Out of this fervor arose a unique incident, which I believe is unprecedented in the annals of golf. Especially is it unique because it is true: I can prove it. In fact, I will prove it at the conclusion of this narrative. But now I will let Hi take up the thread. He says:

"Couldn't see as they'd hurt the land any, tho' they ploughed it an' cut it consider'ble hittin' it with their sticks, an' as they paid my price I rented it to 'em. Then they come out, mornin', noon, an' night, men an' women, with red shirts an' knee-pants tucked into their socks an' short dresses, an' every durn one had about a dozen of them there goff sticks. My boys an' Peters' boys, they made as high as a dollar a day totin' sticks for parties playing', an' I tol' 'em to go ahead, an' I hired han's to do their chores.

"When the players weren't playin', they an' their help—'caddies,' that's what they call 'em, isn't it?—were lookin' for lost balls. The way balls were lost was a caution,—part of the game, I reckon. I dunno who beat. Anyway, these women—you never could tell where their balls was goin' to land—they'd swat at the ball, an' b'gosh, 'twas as likely to go behind 'em as in front. Some of the men, specially them little dudes with stuffed calves, was as bad. Quite often the big fellers would knock a ball clean out of sight—that is,

out of sight—where anybody was expectin' 'twould light.

"I begun to think I'd better go over that pasture with a hoss-rake an' gather in a few hundred balls jes' for luck, when Towser II. come to the front. You mus' have heard of Towser II. Pshaw now! Why, Towser II. was the famousest settin' hen in the hull county. Set? She was a setter from Settersville. Named her Towser after a setter dog we used to own. Both setters—but she was the setterest.

"That hen—why, when we had the hail-storm year ago, with hail big as your fist, she got out in the yard an' tried to set on the hailstones. Set firs' on one lot, an' then she'd think she saw a better place, an' she'd hustle over an' set there. Never saw a hen so frustrated. Job too big for her, I reckon. Leastwise, she like to caught her death-a-cold. But this ain't the p'int.

"About them goff balls. One day we missed old Towser, an' I says to ma, says I: 'Towser's a-settin' ag'in. Johnny'll have to go out in the mornin' an' hunt her up.' So in the mornin' Johnny struck out, an' he follered the gully down through the pasture, while I s'arched the barn. But where do you reckon we foun' Towser? In the dried-up swamp, b'gosh, a-settin' to beat creation, with fourteen goff balls under her! Fourteen, by gum!

"'Wa-al, old lady,' I thought, 'we don't want no ingy-rubber chickens, so I'll jes' relieve you of these here eggs.' With her a-cluckin' an' a-sputterin' at me I put the balls in my hat an' started off. When Towser saw that, she jes' giv' a little flirt of her tail, sassy like, much as to say: 'I'll show you you can't get ahead of me,' and 'stead of takin' after me, as usual, swearin' an' askin' for her eggs, she made way through the swamp-grass as tight as she could go.

"Nex' time we foun' her she was in a corner under the rail fence, settin' on twelve goff balls. She'd c'lected 'em in less'n an hour, I swum, an' was pleased as a peacock. I begun to see I'd struck a real bonanzie. I dumped this second lot 'long with the firs', in a barrel. In about an hour more we rounded up Towser in the swamp ag'in on top of fifteen balls. All day we jes' let her have full swing, an' at night durned if I didn't have a barrel plum heaped with goff balls. Dunno how many dozen, but anyway old Towser had done herself proud.

"With goff balls wuth forty cents apiece, new, as somebody tol' me, I reckoned this was a purty fair day's work. I counted on turnin' Towser

loose every day, 's long as she liked it, an' she'd more'n earn our keep, easy. Of course she could not do as well as this every stretch, for balls wouldn't get sech headstart ag'in, but I figgered on two dozen a day.

"'Twould have panned out all right if the blamed fool hadn't hid herself so we couldn't fin' her for three days. Somehow she carried a lot of them balls off a mile—one at a time, I calc'late—into the timber 'long the creek, an' made a nest in a holler stump. Sot there till we come across her by accident, an' she'd sot so stiddy, fearin' we'd interrupt ag'in, that she'd melted the balls, b' gosh, an' the ingy-rubber was all roun' her legs an' on her stomick, an' she was about all rubber, so we couldn't get her apart. She died from it."

"And you sold her to Mrs. Robinson's boarding-house," I added.

"Durned if I didn't! How do you know?" exclaimed Hi, astonished.

"We had her for dinner," I replied. "And, Hi, they hadn't been able to get the rubber off yet!" Hi laughed.

A Difficult Test.....Col. Baden Powell.....London Mail

We had been out on a two days' reconnoissance, George Garbett and I, and were making the best of our way to rejoin the Fort Salisbury column, which we calculated to find at the Upper Drift of the little Inyati River. But our horses were pretty well done and we were not able to make the progress we had hoped.

Evening was already drawing on when we found ourselves still some twelve or fifteen miles from our point. And on that open, rolling veldt, with nothing but the slight track to guide one, we had agreed that the safest way was not to try and push ahead in the dark; so, twilight being but a short entr'acte here in Africa, George and I were already beginning to look for a suitable spot to make our bivouac for the night.

Suddenly he exclaimed: "Heavens! there they are."

I saw nothing, but he had eyes like a hawk, and I always trusted him to see things; while I received his reports with an invariable calmness, which, I flattered myself, counterbalanced his usual impetuous, eager haste.

So on this occasion I merely remarked: "It's rather a case for 'hurrah' than 'heavens,' I think."

"You idiot!" he replied. "It's not the column that I see; it's a lot of niggers, hang them! Right in our path, too, waiting for us. Here, we had better get out of this."

And as we wheeled our horses sharply round several Matabele heads popped up among the

grass and bowlders of the rough ground over which we were then traveling much nearer to us than the first that he had seen. We could even recognize the nature of their headdresses, of which there were two or three varieties, and hence we gleaned that several regiments lay close by.

And so we cantered off with the idea of making a wide detour to work around their flank and to regain our road, if possible, beyond them.

But in the meantime we meant to ascertain all we could about their strength and probable intentions.

There is something of delight in the shock of surprise in coming suddenly upon an enemy. It is in its way not unlike a plunge into cold water and its invigorating after effects. For a moment the heart tightens, and then from a tired, dragging creature you are suddenly transformed into a man endowed with a fresh flow of life and keenness. And in acting men against men, there is an excitement such as transcends anything one feels when contending with a mere wild animal—for against you you have allied all the cruelty and cunning of the beast, coupled with the human intelligence and an aptitude for fighting as great if not greater than your own.

So it was with George and me. Put on our mettle our fatigues were forgotten, and we proceeded with all alacrity to investigate more nearly the enemy's dispositions. But in doing so we soon saw enough to make us consult our own present safety. At one point, indeed, we nearly ran into a party of them who had crept rapidly down a donga with the intention of cutting us off; but just in time we viewed them, and as we wheeled about and galloped off we were saluted by a shower of assegais. Luckily for us we were just beyond their range, but the ringing grate and clatter as they fell among the stones had an ugly sound, more so even than the banging of a few rifle shots whose bullets whistled high and harmless overhead. And dodging in and out among the stones, we cantered off, laughing at our escapade while still the same dropping shots were fired as in salute.

I was riding slightly in advance when suddenly I heard a crash behind me and turning, I saw poor George's horse pitch heavily forward on its head, half rolling over on its rider. The final parting shot had struck it. Through the twilight I could see the agony in poor George's face and eyes, and as the horse in its convulsions rolled back off him he tried to raise himself upon his hands, but dropped down flat, insensible.

I turned back to him, slid from the saddle, and, flinging the reins over old Toulon's head, in a moment I was on my knees beside him. He was

evidently in a bad plight; his horse dead, shot through the neck as it had turned to pass an ant heap, and poor George himself injured to an extent which I only discovered when, on passing my arm between his legs to raise him on to my shoulders, I found him bleeding from a crushed and broken thigh.

As I approached my horse with my burden the old brute tossed up his head, and, not liking my appearance, began for the first time in his life to work anxiously away from me. For a moment it looked as if he would break into a trot and then into a wild, senseless canter, and my heart sank within me; but luckily the dragging reins caught under his feet and jerked him back to reason and obedience. Shouldering my poor friend on to the pommel of the saddle so that he lay face down across the wallets, I mounted and headed away into the friendly darkness, which was now gathering over the veldt.

A few shots were fired as we cantered laboriously away, and within a minute I could hear the bloodthirsty "chugga" cry of the Matabeles as they went to work on the dead horse with their stabbing assegais. This, like a carcass thrown to the wolves, most luckily delayed them, and gave me just the start I wanted, and not many minutes later we were well beyond pursuit.

For an hour or more I steadily pressed along, keeping a straight course away from the enemy, and then turning in the direction of the Southern Cross, which now was beaming bright athwart the sky, once more I headed toward the probable line of our main force.

All this time poor George had practically remained unconscious. Now and again he would rouse himself and then with a quivering cry fall back into limp insensibility.

I had reined into a walk, and had got him more comfortably rested in my arms, when consciousness at length returned to him, but his anguish was evidently unbearable, his former sick insensibility was better far than this later train of torture, spasms mixed with deep-groaned curses. At first he held out manfully, and gnawing the end of my wallet-strap between his teeth he faced the pain; but nature could not stand it long, and finally he begged me just to drop him where he was.

At first I refused to dismount, and pointed out to him the danger that our foes might still be hunting on our track, and happily once more he swooned away. But it did not last long; once more he woke to consciousness and pain, and this time he ordered me so earnestly to lay him down that, coming to a rock donga in which a small spruit gurgled invitingly, I halted there, and, dis-

mounting, lowered him as gently as I could upon the ground. I gave him a sup of whisky and water from my flask, and, after knee-haltering Toulon, lit a small fire in the hollow of the rocks and put the billy on to boil some soup.

And then I turned to George to try and dress his hurt. Poor chap! his eyes were open, but evidently without intelligence, and quick-drawn sobs showed how this pain was racking him. Ripping up his blood-soaked breeches I saw, by the feeble glint of firelight, enough of the mangled thigh to show how hopeless was his case. I poured him out a stiffish dose of whisky mixed with chlorodyne and waited, miserably watching, till he should awake. What could I do? Those jagged ends of bone could never be so bound as to stand the move and jolting of the horse. We could not rest here long away from food and friends and close beside the enemy. His ghastly pain put such a thought into my head as made my better mind recoil in horror, and yet—

Just then he spoke, but in a voice I hardly knew for his.

"It's no good, James," he said. "I'm done for this time, old chap! And I couldn't have dreaded more pain about it than I'm getting now. I want you, old boy, to—to be my old pal to the last—and—help me out."

I shuddered that he had almost read my thought, and he gripped my hand.

"I've not had a gaudy time in this world, and I don't suppose I should ever have improved on it much. I suppose it was partly my own fault. I feel no desire to carry it on. My people expected and wanted me to do great things—I preferred the veldt. That is my only regret—not the veldt, no, there I have been happy, but my selfishness—that's what hurts me now. I wish I had done a bit more for other chaps in my time. Only see now—when it is too late—what a useless lump I've been. But it's too late to cry over spilt milk now. Only to end this as soon as I can. Now, old friend, just get your revolver—I'm longing for it. Oh! for God's sake—" He groaned, and again dropped into a swoon.

Ah, the miserable tension of my indecision! Though he had prayed me for it I could not bring myself to do the thing he wanted. I reflected now, even if he were found by friends within the next few hours, which was more than improbable, it would not necessarily mean the saving of his life, and meantime he would have to drag on in this awful agony. And even as I pondered his pain writhing had given a sickening twist to the limb. I waited no more.

I kicked up the fire for a better light. I put the muzzle to his temple, steeled my heart, and

in a moment his pains were ended by the hand that would have given itself to save him.

Happily, no time was given me for reflection, for my horse, standing on the dongabank, at this moment gave a snort of alarm—not at the pistol shot, he was too old a campaigner to notice that—and he stood silhouetted against the stars staring into the darkness beyond the fire. There was a feeling rather than a sound of movement on the veldt beyond. In a few seconds I was beside him, and while I loosed his knee halter and tightened his girths I could hear the rattle as of the flasks of armed men running. A moment more and I was on his back and flying for my life. The Matabeles had followed closely on our tracks or a new party had been attracted by our fire.

Indiana Member of the Legion of Honor..... New York Tribune

Near the obscure village of Mill Grove, ten miles from Hartford City, Blackford County, lives a young woman who has received the unusual distinction of being invited to be the guest of honor of the National Humane Society of France at the Paris Exposition, and she is likewise the youngest person and the second American, it is said, who was ever entitled to wear the golden star of the French Legion of Honor, an order which was established by Napoleon Bonaparte, and membership in which has been coveted by thousands who had won enviable reputations in science, letters and art. Yet this modest American girl, so obscure in her origin and living near a little flag station, where nothing more momentous than the passing of a passenger train was ever known to happen, is hardly known outside of the environment in which she was reared, and is seemingly oblivious to the fact that she had done anything to merit the distinction that has come to her, and which has now been emphasized by the invitation to be the guest of honor of the French Humane Society.

Jennie Creek, an orphan girl, ten years old, lived near the flag station of Mill Grove, which is on the Pan Handle Railroad, between Dunkirk and Hartford City, in 1893. She was a great favorite with every one in the village, and especially with the section men, and rode up and down the road with them day after day on their hand car and knew them all by name. She was a mite of a thing, even for her age, and her principal playground was along the railroad track, which lay within a few rods of the farmhouse, where she lived with her foster parents. On the afternoon of September 10, 1893, she was playing as usual along the railroad track, when she smelled the odor of burning wood. Walking up the track, she came to a bridge, which crossed a

deep ravine, and saw that the timbers were on fire. As she stood watching the ascending smoke, the flames burst out around her, and she hastened over the bridge with the thought in mind to warn the section men, who had passed up the road two or three hours before.

She had proceeded only a short distance when it occurred to her that it must be near the time for the World's Fair Special to pass. The train did not stop at Mill Grove, but went by the little station at a rate of fifty miles an hour. As the thought of the train entered her mind, she heard the whistle of the locomotive less than three miles away. She started forward at the top of her speed to signal the train, and as she ran she took off her red apron and began waving it over her head. The train came around a curve and the engineer, Frank Williamson, saw the object ahead of him, and caught the color of the red calico apron that the child was frantically waving in the air. He applied the air brakes to the train, and it was brought to a standstill on the very edge of the burning bridge. As soon as the train stopped the child passed around the bridge and crossed the ravine, and was walking leisurely up the track toward her home when she was stopped by the hallooing of a number of the passengers.

By this time all of the travelers had been informed of the miraculous escape from almost certain death, and the child was carried about and introduced to all of the passengers. Some of them spoke a language that she could not understand, but she knew from the kisses they gave her and the demonstrations they made over her that she was being extolled as their deliverer. Then some one passed around among the passengers, and presently the little red apron was tied up at the four corners and something like a quart of dollars, half-dollars and quarters was poured into it. There were also some large bills, and when the child's foster-parents counted the money over the sum reached nearly \$200. Several weeks after this event there came a letter to Jennie Creek, at Mill Grove. It bore a foreign postmark and was the first of the kind that had ever reached the office, and was the subject of much comment when the postmaster showed it to the loungers about the store. The letter contained the five-pointed golden star of the French Legion of Honor, and informed the child that she was entitled to wear it by reason of the deed of heroism that she had performed in connection with the World's Fair Special. It was then that she learned that the strangers whose language she did not understand were prominent French persons, who had been at the World's Fair, and were returning East when her heroism averted the accident to the train.

Mickey Finn's Goat.....*New York Sun*

Researches in natural history regarding the goat by Mickey Finn disclosed the information that the animal was a mammiferous quadruped, with hollow horns, and a tongue more rough than any other animal. The mammalian reference was Greek to the student, but he was delighted to learn that in the early history of Ireland the goat was used as an instrument of torture, which for devilish ingenuity rivaled any of the stories printed in the Book of Martyrs. The offender was strapped on a table, the bottoms of his feet were carefully washed, and the moist surface of the skin liberally sprinkled with salt. The goat then licked the salt with his sandpaper tongue. Unless the victim recanted his belief, even in his own existence, he was literally tickled into eternity.

Mickey learned also that the goat has thirty teeth, and that a black goat is of Oriental heredity. Moreover, he found that in Eastern countries goatskins were used as vessels in which to carry wine. He was particularly interested in the species of goat found in the elevated mountain chains of Central Asia, called jahral, because of their reputed gymnastic feats in falling from high places upon their horns, "jist for divarshun," as Mickey put it.

These facts were placed by the youthful historian before the family in conclave assembled after the supper dishes had been removed and Mr. Finn's pipe was intermittently glowing like a mammoth firefly. It was a matter of congratulation to the Finns that the goat showed indications of aristocratic lineage in his long, silky, jahral-like hair, his black color, and in his majestic port. But they could not deny the existence of a Celtic stain in his blood because of his culverin proclivities. It was decided that he should be called Hircus (he-goat) because the name sounded nice, the last syllable being peculiarly appropriate. But that portion of Mickey's researches of peculiar interest was the fact that the skins of Hircus' remote ancestors were used as growlers, so to speak, for, in order to fully appreciate this veracious chronicle it must be understood that the recent inebriety of the goat was the cause of not only the research but the discussion in the Finn shanty.

Alcohol, usually in the form of mixed ale, had always formed a part of the Finns' menu; but the retainers of the family, notably the billy and the nanny, had seldom shared in the delights of this palatable mixture, Mr. Finn's thirst intervening. Consequently, it was argued at the fireside, the billy could not have acquired the debasing habit at home. There were some more or less hazy suggestions on the part of the senior Finn

that it might be a matter of heredity; that the skins of some of his ancestors, perhaps, had been used as wine-vessels and thus a taste for liquor had been transmitted. But Mrs. Finn's cogent reasoning to the effect that the goats must be dead before their skins could be used easily disproved this unnatural hypothesis.

Nor was it in an acrimonious manner that these discussions were carried on; but, rather, in a tone of genial pleasantry suggested by the goat's manner when his knee joints bulged from the perpendicular. And when in this condition he slowly unfolded the curtains of his dusky eyes his expression was so inexpressibly droll that the family burst into a cyclone of laughter.

It is probable that in a prohibition atmosphere the goat's intemperance would have excited disgust and even recrimination on moral grounds; but in the simple ethics of the Finns it was purely a matter of economics. Where did he get the whisky? was the question of serious import. Or, if it were not whisky, what other potential agency produced the hilarious result? It was always after an absence of several hours, Mrs. Finn recalled, that the goat brought his jag home, evidently for exhibition purposes. Indeed, for months the goat had shown Ishmaelitish tendencies. To paraphrase a deservedly popular quatrain:

"He was a wandering goat, buck goat,
He did not love the fold;
He would not heed his master's voice,
He could not be controlled!"

And yet when he returned from his wanderings the kitchen door was always open to receive him. When he laid his heated head in Mrs. Finn's sympathetic lap, and looked up in her face with pleading and repentant eye, her woman's intuition saw that his coppers were hot and she cooled them with spring water. Oh, woman, woman, blessed servitor! Deft sorceress! Even Bacchus is repulsed by thee, either with a tear or a brickbat!

And so the days went by, odorous with the breath of sweet brier, melodious with the songs of katydid and locust. And with the evening came the voices of the frog orchestra croaking for rum, rum, rum, with cheery iteration. And the goat came back loaded to the guards, and rolling like a coal barge off Point Judith.

The Finn family became alarmed. The health of Hircus was failing. Mr. Finn was fearful that "sorosis" of the liver already had set in. Loss of appetite and restlessness at night were the most marked symptoms. A physician was suggested, but he was an expensive luxury and the Finns were poor. They compromised on the dream book, in the hope of finding some conjuration, or spell, or device which would cure the goat. Under the head of events foretold by planets they

found Capricorn, or the horned goat. Here they gained information to the effect that a goat born under this sign will be of an ambitious, turbulent and restless disposition, troublesome to himself and to others, of a dull and lazy habit, void of reflection, and of unpleasant manners. In life he will be unhappy and unfortunate, owing to his own rashness and want of consideration. In love he will be much attached to the female sex, rather fickle in his affections, but kind and loving to his wife and punctual in the discharge of his marital duties. He will make a bad father, but a good husband.

These wise words caused a good deal of discussion in the shanty, the consensus of opinion being that while they were very fair autobiography, still they were not specific when considered from a remedial standpoint. A further recourse to the dreambook, this time in regard to drinking, revealed the alleged facts that for a goat to dream that he is drinking when he is very dry is an assured sign of sickness, especially if this dream be near the break of day and the dreamer be of a sanguine complexion or lying on the left side.

When the Finns had exhausted themselves in suggesting remedies, when liver invigorators, diluted liniments and boneset tea had proved abortive, it was suggested by Mickey that an attempt be made to shut off the goat's source of supply. This was hailed as a genuine inspiration and Mickey was appointed a detective to dog the goat in his wanderings next day.

The most eventful day in the history of Hircus broke over Cooney Island in the commonplace July fashion. The bantam rooster hustled his mate off the perch to hunt for the early worm. O'Brien's ducks waddled serenely down to the pond. Murphy's sow guzzled all the swill and Hircus, alert and unrepentant, rambled over to the shanty and breakfasted daintily on several tulip bulbs carelessly left outside the kitchen door by Mrs. Finn, causing a cyclone in the demesne. Two stove-plates and an iron pot clanged off his ribs, and a broom and several anathemas assisted his departure. He lit out so suddenly that Mickey did not have time to follow him.

Brady's "caffay" has never achieved architectural distinction. It contains no ornate bar to challenge sarcastic prohibition remarks about art work misplaced. But along both sides of the room are ranged tiers of barrels containing O-bejoyful of various brews, stills and vintages. Old ale was the liquid more largely in demand. Resting upon the sawdust under the spigot of the ale barrel was a pan into which the brown liquid drip-drip-dripped as an icicle melts in the sun.

At about noon of the day already alluded to Hircus walked into the "caffay." He nodded gravely but cordially to Brady and went directly to the dripping pan. Lowering his majestic head he drew through his teeth a draught of brown October ale such as would have put Robin Hood under the table. Having taken the keen edge from his thirst he lapped the ale up like a cat, until the pan was empty as a gourd. A gentle glow suffused him. There was a faint buzzing in his ears. He yawned sleepily and lay down under the table.

In the transaction of business Brady forgot all about the goat, the day drew slowly to its close, and when 9 o'clock came Brady locked the door of the "caffay," put the key in his pocket and went home, leaving the goat a prisoner. Gentle reader, it were preferable, in the interest of morals, that this narrative should end right here, with the goat under the table and only partially how-came-you-so. But truth, ever lovely, urges that the tale be carried out to its inevitable but sad conclusion, with the hope that the lesson to be learned may strike home to the heart of some poor, bibulous sinner and save him from Hircus' untimely fate. It is recorded with a heavy heart that when Hircus awoke at midnight from his dream of peace, and saw within the moonlight an empty dripping pan, a great fear fell upon him and he was sore afraid that he would have to carry his thirst until Brady came in the morning. This terrible thought stirred the goat's brain to unwonted activity. Hircus was not of a mechanical turn of mind. His natural tendency was toward botany and kindred subjects, but he walked up and down the "caffay" with drooping head and his brain in a whirl of desire and introspection. The astral body of the goat whose skin furnished a shield for Jupiter appeared and whispered in his ear that he should use his horns as the claws of a hammer to twist the spigot.

Whisper! He twisted the spigot as he was told and the ale gushed out and filled the dripping pan, the pan overflowed and the ale kept on running, bubbling, flowing over the floor, where it formed a lake. The goat drank of the flood until he could hold no more. Then he lay down in the lake.

Mickey Finn was waiting to get a half pint of whisky for his mother's rheumatiz, when Brady opened the door in the morning. Said he:

"'Tis happy you ought to be now, you larrup you! You're well soothered there, wid your skin soakin' on both sides! Is it in Paradise you are?"

The goat opened his eyes and in them was an expression of ecstatic bliss. Transported and satisfied, he fell into a sleep of beatific content.

Sport, Recreation and Adventure

Deerfoot the Indian Runner.....Chicago Chronicle

Deerfoot, the greatest Indian runner of the nineteenth century, who surprised the world thirty-seven years ago by his wonderful exhibitions on the race track, is dead and has been honored in a fitting way. A few days ago the body of Deerfoot was removed from the Indian cemetery on the Cattaraugus reserve and reinterred in the Red Jacket plot, Forest Lawn cemetery, Buffalo. The plot is owned by the Buffalo Historical Society. Four years ago this remarkable athlete died at his home on the Seneca Cattaraugus reserve and was buried in an obscure little Indian ground. His death scarcely awakened attention beyond a mere mention of his death. Old Indians who knew Deerfoot from boyhood and in the zenith of his fame occasionally placed wild flowers over the lonely little mound.

Deerfoot was born near where he was first buried. His first appearance of note on a race track took place in a small town named Fredonia, N. Y. It is not many miles from the Indian reserve, which Indians frequent, especially during county fairs. The fair of 1856 was notable by reason of Deerfoot's performance in winning a purse of \$50 by running five miles in twenty-five minutes.

In the fall of the same year he ran at Buffalo against twelve Indians and one white man, winning a ten-mile race in fifty-eight minutes. This record he subsequently lowered. His one-hour performance remained unbeaten for over a quarter of a century. Here are the figures: Eleven miles, 56:62; eleven and a half miles, ninety-nine yards, in 59:54; twelve miles in 1:22½ seconds. In an hour he covered eleven miles, 970 yards. The record was Deerfoot's last, to be beaten in 1897, when F. E. Bacon ran eleven miles, 1,243 yards in an hour.

Deerfoot, before going to England in 1861, continued racing on various tracks against men and horses throughout the United States. George Martin, an English trainer, induced Deerfoot to cross the ocean and defeat the flower of England's professionals. James Putney, the champion long-distance runner of all England, failed to accept a challenge from Deerfoot for a ten-mile championship race, so the race was awarded to the Indian without contest. The Indian ran so well the betting fraternity was nonplussed. His fame became so great that in November he was specially invited to Cambridge University at the command of the Prince of Wales. The Prince entertained his

guest royally. Among other tokens of friendship the Prince gave the Indian a watch. As soon as he did Deerfoot volunteered to run against time. He ran six miles in thirty-three minutes.

A story which has been current for years relates how Deerfoot's financial backers became uneasy owing to the Indian's wonderful successes. They contrived to influence the betting by taking the famous runner into confidence and advised him to let his opponent win. They assured him his prestige would not be tarnished. "But he can't beat me," indignantly replied Deerfoot. "We know," his friends assured him. "But we want you to make believe. Give him the race. People will say Deerfoot has lost one race and they will bet. We will make money." Deerfoot simply shook his head in a gentle way and assumed the stoical silence peculiar to his race. He ran the race and won. It was his greatest achievement. He ran twelve miles in 1:02:02½. This extraordinary performance took place at London, England, April 3, 1863.

Amid surroundings of England's beauty and wealth an Indian stepped out to toe the mark clad in the attire of a North American red man—a noble physical example of a once nobler race, a comparatively just realization of Fenimore Cooper's type of Indian manhood, tall, lithe, sinewy, full of vigor. His strong loins, it is said, were decorated with his native kilt of light cloth, ornamented with porcupine quill work and beads. Circling his jet black flowing hair was a fillet of silver adorned with an eagle feather plucked from the bird which in former times did duty as the emblematic symbol of high ideals and aspirations of the ancient Iroquois. His feet were incased in a pair of moccasins beautifully worked. Above them the bare muscular legs displayed a development seldom if ever seen among the Indians of to-day. At the word "Go!" he gave a quick, defiant glance at the spectators, lifted his chin slightly, with teeth set, he shot along the track with the steady flight of "an arrow from a Tartar's bow." Mile after mile he moved onward with an unswerving determination born of Iroquois ancestral training on the chase and warpath. The ungovernable enthusiasm of a vast multitude did not disturb him. The cheering became deafening at last.

Has civilization contaminated the physical well-being of the once great Indian race of America so badly that they are no longer the fleet-footed pride of the American people at large? Surely

not. Down among the Arizona Indians a messenger will carry your love letters, gossip letters and letters of state concern a distance of thirty or forty miles for a fee of 30 cents. The Seri Indians of Mexico are said literally to follow the chase to exhaustion. They frequently cover a distance of 100 miles in one day. Among most, if not all, Indian tribes on the continent the prevailing idea exists that certain herbal preparations if used judiciously will develop a man or a woman into a very fast runner.

The Survival of Valuable Game.....Quarterly Review

It is the rifle that destroyed the bison: Mr. Roosevelt gives incontrovertible proof of this. The red man's arrow, while supplying his modest wants, was as powerless to exterminate the bison as were the assegais of Kaffirs against the rhinoceros, or the poisoned arrows of Somali Midgans against the elephant. The most destructive combination is the untiring native armed with a modern rifle. So far as concerns mere head of game, without reference to the species, the worst offenders in North America have probably been the fur-hunters; but, generally speaking, the skins in which they deal are those of small carnivora, largely regarded as vermin. Thus, in 1892, the Hudson Bay Company's warehouse in Montreal received 134,814 furs of bear, beaver, ermine, lynx, marten, mink, otter and other animals. Vast as is the slaughter entailed, it has in these cases some justification, for the animals do irreparable damage to the settler's stock when alive, and serve a distinct purpose in providing warm furs when dead. It is with earth's big game that these remarks are mainly concerned; but mention may be made of the fact that, whereas fifty years ago travelers were charmed with the spectacle of myriads of white egrets fringing the lagoons of Florida, only a stray group or two of these birds can nowadays be seen. The reason for this change, as exposed recently in the Times, is that, according to consular returns, the animal slaughter of these beautiful birds, harmless and insectivorous, for the sake of their plumes, must be reckoned at a million and a half of victims. It may be noted, in connection with another beautiful group of feathered creatures much persecuted in the interests of millinery, that in a single week's sales in London no fewer than fifty thousand humming-birds have been known to change hands. The curse of the gunner broods over the close of the century in a manner that attracts the execration of a great part of the civilized world.

"A vast gulf," says Baker, "separates the true sportsman from the merciless gunner. The former

studies nature with keen enjoyment, and shoots his game with judgment and forbearance, upon the principles of fair play, sparing the lives of all females should the animals be harmless; he never seeks the vain glory of a heavy game list. The gunner is the curse of the nineteenth century; his one idea is to use his gun, his love is slaughter; indiscriminate and boundless, to swell the long account which is his boast and pride. Such a man may be expert as a gunner, but he is not a sportsman, and he should be universally condemned."

This is almost as apt a reflection on some modern bird battues as when Drayson wrote: "I think the amount of slain is no criterion of the amount of sport." The pity of it all is that the rifle has the power of destroying in a few years a type that has taken fifty ages in the making. Every year the danger increases that the moose and the eland may follow to extinction the wild bison and the true quagga. Such types, each of which may have its useful lesson for us, can never be replaced when once the gunner has been allowed to do his worst. They may cease to be, before scientific inquiry has reached the stage at which they are essential to its progress.

The modern measure of protecting survivors of the threatened species in vast sanctuaries is of American origin, and the game reserves already existing have received their latest addition in the South Bronx Park, a domain of over one hundred and fifty thousand acres. From North America this plan of fencing off great game areas communicated itself to South Africa, where Mr. Rhodes and the De Beers Company maintain such preserves for all manner of game. Mr. Selous, the well-known lion hunter, tells us of a similar praiseworthy effort on the part of two Dutch farmers in the Orange Free State to preserve an animal threatened with early extinction. These gentlemen, it appears, preserve black wildebeest on their farms, and Mr. Selous regards the extermination of that grotesque antelope as among the first probable results of the carrying of war into that State. For all that can be said, however, in favor of such animal parks as a makeshift, it cannot be forgotten that park-fed animals depart in a very short time from the wild type, and their offspring are apt to develop characters yet more divergent. Least satisfactory among all the projects suggested are those for transplanting exotic specimens to sanctuaries in this country. Wapiti and axis deer, and perhaps one or two more, have done moderately well in confinement and in small numbers, and there is no certainty that the eland and hartebeest do not stand as good a chance; but we have no room for such under-

takings on any but an experimental scale, and the principle is, on climatic and other grounds, a wrong one.

Meanwhile, the work of extermination proceeds on all sides, the greatest trouble being that the rarer any animal becomes the heavier is the price put on its head by the collector, and the nearer looms the danger of its extinction. The greater quadrupeds are the first to be threatened, though we have, in the extinction of the large copper butterfly and of many of the most beautiful orchids, instances of equally ruthless and reprehensible greed in other fields. The great wild beasts are, as if on the principle of "noblesse oblige," the heaviest sufferers. In many quarters every man's hand is against them. That even the fiercest among them, however, have their uses, was well illustrated by the alligators of Florida, for the protection of which special laws were enacted when it was discovered that they were instrumental in keeping down hordes of destructive rodents. That certain noxious animals may justly be kept under is a maxim that few would care to deny. In South Africa, for instance, lions have always been a source of some danger, and Cumming and others relate losses of beasts and even of men. The alleged nobility of the lion in sparing weak victims has been the theme of poets rather than of practical hunters; and Harris and Delegorgue both testify to the fact of all the damage being done by night, while Moffatt gives evidence showing the animal's cowardice in daylight. Those who know the African lion consistently depict it as the enemy of the comparatively well-to-do stock-owner, but not of the poorer agriculturists or native hunters, while some bush tribes have been known to subsist, like jackals, on scraps from the lion's table. As to the more ferocious character given by Gérard to the lion of Algeria, something must perhaps be allowed for literary effect or for the French hunter's point of view. A century ago South African lions must have swarmed in districts in which they are rarely if ever seen nowadays. The Boers, in trekking out of Cape Colony about 1835, are said to have slain no less than three hundred and eighty lions, and the warlike Moselekatsé also killed large numbers. In the more settled districts of South Africa, lions can never again become seriously dangerous, though accidents do from time to time come to our notice, even on the beaten track. Formerly they were a continual trouble. Native tribes were forced to reside in trees to escape their violence, and the brutes would hunt in bands, killing antelopes in large numbers. This last fact derives an adventitious interest from the reflection that the

sportsman whose bag includes half a dozen lions may have been the indirect means of saving at least a hundred antelopes.

Dangerous beasts, like warlike tribes, take a long time to exterminate. The most familiar, as also the most interesting, case of legislation for the systematic suppression of noxious animals is found in the policy of the Indian Government, which has long paid out generous sums annually for the destruction of venomous snakes and wild beasts. The warfare of civilization against such dangerous creatures may, as Sir Alfred Lyall suggests, be regarded as the "perpetuation of a blood feud." The barefooted native treads silently on sudden death, and every year krait and cobra claim their twenty thousand victims, while two or three thousand more are killed by tigers and other quadrupeds. On the other hand, no fewer than half a million snakes and twenty thousand dangerous animals of other kinds have been killed for reward in the course of a twelvemonth, bringing the Government payments for that period to nearly Rs. 200,000.

A Lonely Night in a Mexican Meson.....New York Sun

About four years ago I met Mr. Frank Coles, one of the Eastern directors of the Copper Jack, at Bisbee. He was out West for the first time and was on his way to inspect the property. When we left Bisbee I had \$21,000 of the company's money. I didn't tell Mr. Coles, for fear he would feel uneasy traveling across a wild mountain country with a companion carrying such a sum. But I had made only three or four trips with the payroll by way of Ojo, and didn't suppose it was generally known that I carried money. Then, too, it was a daylight ride from Ojo to Monclova and from Monclova to Copper Jack.

It was late in the afternoon of a winter's day when the train arrived at Ojo Calientes. Mr. Coles and myself went immediately to the Meson del St. Maria. We intended to get an early start in the morning and drive in a buckboard to Monclova by night, and the next day, with fresh horses, to reach Copper Jack. The meson was crowded with a miscellaneous throng of vaqueros, gamblers, miners and half-breed village loafers.

After a supper of peppery Mexican dishes, for which neither Mr. Coles nor I had any relish, we sat under the portales, smoked our cigars and observed the people moving about the courtyard and in and out of the cantina. The saloon was a lively place where red oaths and fiery tequila and mescal enlivened a roystering, swaggering lot of cow-punchers, grizzly prospectors and pink-shirted Mexican monte dealers. It was a motley crowd, with the usual sprinkling of refugees from

American justice, and Mexicans in gay sombreros and fancy zarapes.

Early in the morning we set forward toward Monclova in an old rattle-trap buckboard drawn by four Spanish mules. The way was a mere trail through the mountains, and so rough we could seldom go at a trot. My companion's head grew dizzy sometimes when the buckboard wound along a ledge above a deep abyss. Had the mules become frightened, or had they made a misstep we would have tumbled a thousand feet down the mountain. Once we passed an arriero with eight burros. It was a tight squeeze to get by and one of the burros missed his step and fell over and over down the declivity. The Mexican could make no effort to get it out, and it would have been useless. Mr. Coles insisted on paying for the burro, but I explained it was not usual and he might besides set a precedent which would inspire an arriero to lose a burro every time he met an American outfit in a tight place. The brown mountains towered high into the sky about us, the air was clear and crisp, and nature everywhere seemed piled up in the utmost confusion. Mr. Coles was appalled at the scenery—the great, treeless, blue-red hills, gaping barrancas, and gulches, the bottoms of which we could seldom see.

Toward sunset we wound slowly up a steep hill. When we attained its summit we saw Monclova spread below us in a narrow valley. It was a quaint adobe village walled in by jutting hills, with a little river winding through it. Many of the buildings were covered with pink plaster, and some had an upper story with ponderous batten shutters and little iron galleries. We entered the main street, which was not more than fifteen feet wide, and rattled over cobblestones past the plaza and the old stone church of Guadalupe and came to a stop in front of the wooden gate of the meson. We were driven into the patio where the mesonero welcomed us with great gusto. To his discerning eye Mr. Coles was a person of considerable importance, and he knew that I was surface superintendent of the Copper Jack and that I made a monthly trip to Bisbee to get the payroll of the company. He was an avaricious, cunning little man, with small, fat hands and almost imperceptible black eyes that danced under heavy down-drawn brows. He wore a shabby, dusty-brown suit, outlandish tan shoes and a black derby hat of ancient block. By way of being cordial he invited us to drink, so we crossed the patio and entered the cantina. To please our host we asked for tequila and salt, which neither Mr. Coles, who never tasted the liquor before, nor myself relished. But the mesonero, when he swallowed the liquor and licked the salt from the back of his

hand, smacked his lips for joy of the delicate flavor that lingered on his palate. Then he fumbled in the upper pockets of his vest for cigars, and as he threw back the lapel of his coat I saw the curiously wrought handle of an old Spanish poniard. He was a very inquisitive person and endeavored to draw us on to talk about ourselves, and especially Mr. Coles. But he received slight gratification.

When we had supped and smoked and were ready to retire the mesonero approached and said he would show us to our rooms. He carried a candle and walked before us. We climbed the stairs leading from the patio and followed a long gallery. The mesonero stopped in front of a dark, windowless apartment and said it was Mr. Coles' room; and then two doors further he ushered me into my own. It was a curious apartment. There was a bunk in one corner, a table holding a tin-plated bowl and pitcher, a towel, two chairs with buckskin bottoms, and a frayed yellow mat that covered a portion of the stone floor. The door was the only source of ventilation. The room was papered with spotted crushed-strawberry paper, which had a bloody appearance in the funereal glow of the tallow dip; it presented many fantastic images in the mellow light. The mesonero, after a moment, lighted the glass lamp and hesitated to leave, as if actuated by some unsatisfied curiosity.

"I wish you a pleasant night's sleep, señor," he said.

"Thank you," I replied, indifferently, and then, "we would like our team at daybreak," I added.

"I understand you go to Bisbee once a month?" said the mesonero, with a simulated cough.

"Quite true," I answered.

"You used to have a guard before the railroad came, señor."

"I am never without one," I answered, throwing my belt and pistols on the bed and removing my coat.

The \$21,000 of the Copper Jack Company's money was in a hand-satchel which I had dropped on a chair. The mesonero's eyes continually wandered from that to my belt and from my belt to my coat, which I had tossed on the edge of the bed. I knew the landlord's thought, and it seemed I could read the greed in his unsteady eyes.

"Good-night, señor," he said, and he bowed low with a sidelong glance at the money bag.

"Good-night," I replied, "and remember, señor, we leave at daybreak."

I placed the valise of money under my pillow, closed the door, propped a chair against it—for there was no key in the lock—and got into bed.

The room was close, since there was no ventilation; and had it not been for the Copper Jack Company's money I would have left the door open, for I was accustomed to fresh air and a bunk in the sand and nothing above me but the heavens and the stars.

For some time I lay thinking of many things; I could faintly hear the noise in the cantina and the courtyard below; but I was weary from the day's journey and soon slept soundly.

I was awakened by an imperceptible movement of the pillow under my head. Instantly I seized a wrist and I received a blow, which was misdirected—a forearm fell across my chin and I felt a slight sting in my shoulder as if a knife had touched and pricked the skin. Then I grasped the other wrist and a desperate struggle ensued. It was pitch dark. Not a word was spoken. We wrenched one another's arms like madmen. I was at a disadvantage for I lay upon my back. The robber sought to press down my arms, but the mental vision of a deadly dagger gave me strength. Once, twice, more than that I thought the point of the weapon was at my throat and I would perish. But I held his wrists with a vice-like grip, meanwhile striving to gain my feet.

Presently I threw him to the side of the bed. I got my feet upon the floor and sat beside him. Then we stood, but I tripped in the loose bed covering and fell to the floor, pulling my assailant down with me. I felt his knee upon my chest, and once or twice the chill of steel was on my arm. Finally I gained my feet, for I was stronger, and this gave me hope. Exhausted by the combat the robber ceased to struggle. He stood still. His respiration was short and audible. But in a moment he made a desperate lunge, and freed himself from my grasp. And as he broke away the weapon he held clanged upon the floor.

I found my pistol, and with a to and fro motion of my left hand I sought the robber. A death-like stillness followed the struggle. Momentarily I expected a renewal of the assault, and continued to move my hand in the darkness as if I would grasp him at the onset. I listened for the sound of his breathing, but I could hear only my own respiration and the beating of my own heart.

Five minutes more or less passed, and still all was silent in the darkness round me. I stepped back a pace or two and stooping moved my hand back and forth near the floor. I imagined the robber before me, then behind, and then crouching near the wall with uplifted poniard, and I knew not what moment he would attack me and sheath his weapon in my breast or back. That he stood with one hand extended and the other raised to strike the moment he should touch me I did not doubt.

I kept my pistol pointed to the front, and my finger upon the trigger, and I resolved if die I must I would kill my enemy while he murdered me. Each step I took was with caution and each was slow. I moved my arm here and there quickly. Then I stood still I know not how many seconds. Then I advanced another step and moved my hand again. What the shape and color and what the size of the fiend that had attacked me I could not tell. But I know it was a man, for I had wrestled with him and he had tried my strength. I sometimes thought I could see his grinning face and his blinking, wicked eyes; but it was only a vision and would vanish. Once it seemed I felt his presence, and I turned my head to the left. There was only darkness around me.

At length I groped my way to the wall. I followed it, moving slowly, for I knew not if I went to the left nor to the right from the bed. I came upon the table. I struck a match. I looked quickly about the room. The robber had vanished. I lighted the lamp, and then I examined the apartment. The door was barred as I had left it. The chair that propped and held it fast was undisturbed. The room held no person save myself. The light fell upon the shining poniard; it glittered like a piece of glass in sunshine; I stooped and picked it up. It was a curious Spanish weapon and the handle seemed the counterpart of that I saw concealed beneath the coat of the mesonero. Yet I could scarcely believe it was the same.

Carefully I searched for some secret passage or trap door. Following round the walls I pressed my hands against them, and now and then I thumped upon them with the butt of my pistol. Everywhere a solid sound was given back. I examined the cracks and rents in the dingy tattered paper. And once I thought I found the outline of a secret door, but I must have been mistaken—still the wall was solid.

I looked at my watch. It was half past four. I dressed, lighted a cigar, and sat down to wait for daybreak. Very soon I grew impatient. The air, too, within the room was stale and stifling. I unbarred the door and looked without. The moon shone brightly in the courtyard, and illumed the opposite side of the meson. No one stirred and the stillness was only broken by the distant crowing of the cock.

It occurred to me that perhaps it would be well to arouse my companion. I knocked at his door and instantly heard a rustling and a patter of feet on the stone floor. Mr. Coles threw open the door. The light was burning dimly and I could read the consequences of a sleepless, unquiet night in his face. He held a book in one hand and a revolver in the other.

"Not ghost or fiend, Mr. Webb," he said, and a kind of grin—a half sardonic smile played upon his face.

"Why, have you seen a ghost?" I asked.

"Not exactly—but there's been h—l to play in this bloody bastille of a hotel," he answered.

"When I got into bed," he continued, "I drew the light near me and began to read Davy Smithers. The tale grew interesting from the very first. Several hours elapsed, and I was suddenly startled by a slight creaking noise. I looked up. The wall was moving. At least a part of it was. I uttered some involuntary exclamation. It ceased, and then I lay watching for a long time. Again and again the paper appeared to move, and directly, it seemed, the room grew to half its common size. I looked at my light and saw that the oil was half gone, so I turned the flame low and resolved to keep a vigil. And here I have lain, pistol in hand, all the night long."

"Your imagination, perhaps," I suggested.

"Not at all. I would swear the walls have been moving—half opening and shutting in places."

"A ghost and afraid of the light," I said, laughing.

Presently we descended the stairs and walked across the patio. The wooden gate opened and a mozo entered with our team and buckboard. He turned round in the patio, and the mules stood facing the entrance. I tossed the hand-satchel containing the Copper Jack Company's money on a seat. Then I said: "Twenty-one thousand dollars are in that grip, Mr. Coles," and I raised my voice, for I saw the door of the cantina open slightly not far from where we stood and two dancing greedy eyes peering at us in the dawning light. When we were seated in the trap I turned to the mozo, elevating my voice so that it would reach the cantina door, and, drawing from my pocket a Spanish poniard said:

"Present that to your master, hombre, and tell him that when I come again to Monclova I hope to drink to his very good health."

Water Pageantry.....London Field

Until aquatics had risen to the dignity of a pastime in our islands there was little opening for competition in them; and hence it is that in earlier records of water "fêtes" in Britain pageant and pomp, in Venetian style, seem to have been the main characteristics of such gatherings. At the beginning of the nineteenth century one great aquatic pageant still survived, viz., the state voyage of the Lord Mayor on Lord Mayor's day from Westminster to the City. The journey out was in coaches, but the return by river was in state barges. Each trading city company sported its

own state barge, and a pictorial sketch of this annual pageant figured as the frontispiece of the original Illustrated London News when that journal made its bow to the public in the early forties. A royal state barge, said to date from the days of James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, used to lie at Teddington, in charge of the late James Messenger, ex-champion and Queen's waterman; while the very titles and appointments of Queen's waterman were of themselves a record of the tradition of the sovereign periodically taking to the water in state. The nearest approach to royal aquatic "fêtes" within the memory of current readers of the Field will be found in those periodical royal picnics on Virginia Water at the close of an Ascot week, in which the Prince and Princess of Wales indulged when their children were younger and unmarried. Somehow, the old mayoralty aquatic "fête" died out, and the city barges lay rotting at moorings until the developing aquatic spirits of Oxford conceived the idea of buying them up and locating them at Oxford as floating college clubhouses. These old imported craft were really the pioneers of the present brilliant riverine façade of barges at Oxford; but the Oriel barge is the only genuine one left; the rest long since gave place to modern and more convenient vessels, while those colleges which never could pick up a city barge soon appreciated the social value of such craft, and obtained modern substitutes. Queen's College bought and brought to Oxford the latest of the old city craft in the early sixties; but her timbers were out of repair, and she was one of the first to be condemned as unsafe. Certainly, the appearance of Henley Reach, illuminated on the final evening of a modern Henley regatta, would be hard to beat, even with "Venetia rediviva" and the old palaces once more inhabited and reflecting myriad lamplights on gondolas thronging the grand canal.

The old-fashioned water pageant, to be revived in originality, would entail not only much special costume, but also much special shipbuilding of obsolete craft, in order to reproduce the old illusion; and the building part of the programme would entail a very deterrent outlay. But for this drawback we suspect that long ago some nominal charity scheme would have given excuse for reproductions of a gate-money water "fête" on antique lines. But, meantime, so long as the public can enjoy water sports for shillings, and can meander through post-regatta lanterns and fireworks at the cost of cheap railway fares, the enthusiast who would attempt a Venetian "fête" on Thames "per se," and independent of a daylight racing regatta as a preliminary to bring the public to the spot, would be disappointed.

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

A Story of Horace Mann.—The story is told of Horace Mann, that one evening as he sat in his study an insane man rushed into the room and challenged him to a fight. Mr. Mann replied: "My dear fellow, it would give me a great pleasure to accommodate, but I can't do it, the odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature, two against one! It would never do to fight." The insane man answered: "Come ahead, I am a man and a man beside myself, let us four have a fight."

A Literal Version.—At the dinner table one Sunday, some reference was made to the invisibility of the Creator by Mr. W., father of a flock of promising youngsters. "But, father," exclaimed one hopeful, "you can see God. A man got up in church this morning and said, I am the Lord, thy God."

The Toast.—The teacher of the Senior Fourth Class gave this sentence to his pupils for correction: "The toast was drank in silence," and seeing an expression of supreme confidence on one face, called upon the youngster for his correction. The boy was evidently not conversant with the manners and customs of diners-out, and his correction, "The toast was eaten in silence," quite flabbergasted the pedagogue.

"Ole Miss."—The reverence and awe with which "ole miss," their master's wife, was regarded by the old-time negroes caused some of them to make ludicrous mistakes. Once, in antebellum days, when my uncle was a small boy, he overheard two little pickaninnies discussing babies. "I jes wonder whut kin' er baby ole miss wus?" said one, referring to my grandmother. "Go way, nigger; doan 'yo' know ole miss ain' never bin no baby," retorted the other wrathfully.

A Private Rehearsal.—A pretty story is told of Jenny Lind. A veteran musician, who has recently died, wrote once to a friend that he had heard Jenny Lind in a most unexpected way. "I was then," he said, "clerk in a music publishing house. One day a well dressed, quiet little woman entered and asked me to show her some music of a classical nature. We struck up quite a conversation, in the course of which I asked her if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who was

then the talk of the town. She laughed and said: 'Oh, yes; I have heard her. Have you?' I told her that I had not had that pleasure and that I had very little prospect of hearing her, the price of admission was so high. She laughed again, and then handed me a song she had picked out and asked me to play the accompaniment for her while she tried it. She sang so beautifully that I played like one in a dream. When she had finished she thanked me, and, with a rare smile, said: 'You cannot say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind.' She thanked me again, and left me quite dumfounded."

Dr. Reid's Memory.—Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," she said as she quitted the room, "No. 1 Chesterfield street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget Number One."

Well Meant.—A charming American hostess, on the occasion of a gathering of distinguished people, was endeavoring to add to the pleasure of a French gentleman by conversing with him in his native language. Noticing that her lack of fluency was irksome to the lady, and desiring to relieve her embarrassment, with praiseworthy amiability the foreigner said: "Pardon, madame, somewhat the French is difficult for you. I am able to understand your mean-ness if you will speak English."

A Startling Announcement.—In the days when the late Countess of Dartmouth was taking out her daughters—the Ladies Legge—one evening at Stafford House it fell to the lot of a somewhat deaf functionary to announce the trio. "Lady Dartmouth," called out the man, who had only caught half the sentence. "And the Ladies Legge," repeated her ladyship. "And the lady's legs," echoed the servant!

Enough for Two.—Mike had been too healthy a man to know much of pain, and during his first severe illness he thought he was doomed to a speedy death. He had been a Protestant for many years, but his wife was a devout Catholic. Mike's own minister had been summoned, and the sick man waited impatiently for his coming. At last, his fears overpowering him, he exclaimed

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

"Maggie, me darlint, ye'd better send for yer praste—I must be havin' somebody quick!" "But, Moike dear," returned the astonished wife, who stood in great awe of the priest, "what if they should come together?" "Niver ye moind, Maggie. Shure, the two av thim together will have all they can do to git me over!"

She Knew the Law.—Out in Indiana, a good many years ago, a certain old lady, summoned as a witness, came into court wearing a large poke bonnet, such as was then much affected by rural folks. Her answers to the questions put to her being rather indistinct, the court requested her to speak louder, though without much success. "The court cannot hear a word you say, my good woman," said the judge. "Please to take off that huge bonnet of yours." "Sir," she said, composedly, and distinctly enough this time, "the court has a perfect right to bid a gentleman take off his hat, but it has no right to make a lady remove her bonnet." "Madam," replied the judge, "you seem so well acquainted with the law that I think you had better come up and take a seat with us on the bench." "I thank your Honor kindly," she responded, dropping a low courtesy to the court, "but there are old women enough there already."

Approved by the Enemy.—An ex-President of the United States recently had occasion to attend his wife to the railway station preparatory to her setting out upon a long journey alone. "If you should happen to need advice or assistance of any kind," the ex-President advised his wife at parting, "don't hesitate to call upon this gentleman across the aisle; I like his looks," indicating a perfect stranger, but one whose appearance and manner were such as to inspire trust. The journey was accomplished safely, and the wife had no occasion to follow her husband's advice. But at an evening reception, shortly after her arrival in the city of her destination, a man was presented to her whom she at once recognized as her fellow-traveler. She related the incident. "Will you please tell your husband," said the man, "that that is the first speech I ever heard of his that meets with my hearty approval? I belong to the opposite party."

The Artist Menzel's Idea of a Rest.—The German artist, Adolf Menzel, is a great favorite, and his vagaries afford endless amusement to the Berlin art fraternity. It seems that Menzel was engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a scaffolding in his studio, on which his model was requested to stand. For two long hours the poor "poseur" stood up aloft in a most fatiguing

posture. Menzel, in the meantime, worked at his sketch, heedless of the fact that his model was growing tired. At length the model found it necessary to speak. "Herr professor," said he, "how about a recess?" Menzel apologized profusely for his forgetfulness. "Certainly, certainly, my dear sir," said he. "Come down and rest yourself a bit." The model had clambered from the scaffolding to the ladder, which led down from it to the studio floor. "Stop!" cried the artist, suddenly. "That pose is fine! Don't move a muscle!" And once more the model was forced into strained rigidity, while the enthusiastic draughtsman set about sketching him. At the end of half an hour Menzel looked up from his work. "There," said he, "that will do nicely! Get back on the scaffold. We have had our rest. Let us get back to work again."

What to Do With the Picture.—Archbishop Temple, of Canterbury, is always made impatient of bores, especially clerical bores. One of the clergy of his diocese who had pestered him a good deal recently wrote an inordinately long letter describing a picture which he proposed to put up in the chancel of the church, and asking permission to do so. By the time His Grace reached the end of the epistle his patience was quite exhausted, and he replied on a postcard: "Dear Blank—Hang the picture!" The clergyman is still wondering how he ought to regard the reply.

For Occasional Use Only.—A woman in a small Welsh farmhouse—Whittington is on the border of Wales—being taken very ill, a neighbor went for the clergyman, who said he would come directly. The neighbor, going back to the farmhouse, said they had better get out a Bible, as the parson might ask for one. The farmer thereupon told the woman she would find one, he thought, at the bottom of an old chest, "for, thank goodness," he added, "we have had no reason for them sort of books for many a long year—never since the old cow was so bad."

A Misunderstanding.—An Irishman who had but recently arrived in this country applied to a Scotchman for a job. The Scotchman decided to give Pat a trial—also a little advice. "It will be your own fault if you don't get ahead in this country, Pat," said the Scotchman. "Twenty years ago I landed in New York with but one shirt to my back, but since then by my own exertions I have managed to accumulate a million." "Faith, an' Oi'd loike to be after knowin' phwat any man wants with a million shirts!" exclaimed Pat. "he can't wear more than wan at a toim, begorra!"

Society Verse: Songs in Lighter Vein

The Girl in the Khaki Dress.....Chicago News

There she goes in the shopping square,
The men look back, the women stare;
The critics' remarks are passing loud
As she wends her way through the gaping crowd;
But she hears them not and she cares much less—
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

She passes the cop on the shopping beat;
He smiles and points out into the street;
"The color's the same," he says with a grin,
"The same as the mud she's walking in."
But she hears them not and she cares much less—
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

The newsboy grins: "Get onto her nibs!
Now, wudn't dat tickle yer under de ribs?
'Tis awning stuff wid a mustard smear;
Take it away! It don't go here!"
But she hears them not and she cares much less—
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

'Tis a gantlet run for a thousand eyes,
But she braves the "Whews!" and the rude "Oh,
mys!"

And the girls who gape and love to say,
"She looks like a road on a rainy day!"
But she hears them not and she cares much less—
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

Time's Changes..... Chicago Times-Herald

"She used to sit upon my knee,
& And I would tell her stories;
When I was twenty, she was three—
She used to sit upon my knee
And fondly cuddle up to me—
Ah, those departed glories!
She used to sit upon my knee
And I would tell her stories.

"I'm forty, she is twenty-three,
And lovelier than Venus;
She shies as if afraid of me—
I'm forty, she is twenty-three,
Ah, shall the sweet old candor be,
Some day, restored between us?
I'm forty, she is twenty-three
And lovelier than Venus."

Her Answer.....Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times

"Dear Nell," he wrote, "these violets
I've made so bold to send to you,
Shall be my mute ambassadors;
And each shall tell how deep and true
The sender's love is, craving yours
For him. What messengers more meet?
Are they not typical of you,
They are so sweet?"

"Dear Jack," she wrote, "your violets
Have just this moment been received.
Their message took me by surprise,
'Twas something scarce to be believed.
I send my answer back with them;
What fitter messengers for you?
So typical of how you'll feel,
They are so blue!"

Miss Muffet and the Spider.....G. W. Carryl.....London Sketch

Little Miss Muffett discovered a tuffet
(Which never occurred to the rest of us),
And, as 'twas a June day and just about noonday,
She wanted to eat—like the best of us.
Her diet was whey, and I hasten to say
It is wholesome, and people grow fat on it;
The spot being lonely, the lady not only
Discovered the tuffet, but sat on it.

A rivulet gabbled beside her and babbled,
As rivulets always are thought to do,
And dragon flies sported around and cavorted,
As poets say dragon flies ought to do:
When, glancing aside for a moment, she spied
A horrible sight that brought fear to her,
A hideous spider was sitting beside her,
And most unavoidably near to her!

However unsightly, this creature politely
Said, "Madam, I earnestly vow to you
I'm penitent that I did not wear my hat. I
Should otherwise certainly bow to you."
Though anxious to please he was so ill at ease
That he lost all his sense of propriety,
And grew so inept that he clumsily slept
In her plate—which is barred in society.

This curious error completed her terror,
She shuddered and, growing much paler, not
Only left tuffet, but dealt him a buffet
Which doubled him up in a sailor knot.
It should be explained that at this he was pained;
He cried, "I have vexed you, no doubt of it!
Your fist's like a truncheon." "You're still in my
luncheon."

Was all that she answered; "get out of it!"
And the moral is this: Be it madam or miss
To whom you have something to say,
You are only absurd when you get in the curd,
But you're rude when you get in the whey.

A Rambling Rhyme.....Arthur Cheney Train.....Harvard Advocate

When ye Crocuss shews his heade
& ye Windes of Marche have flede,
Springe doth come, and happylye
Then I thinke of
Dorothy.

Haycockes fragrant in ye sun
Give me reste when taskes are done:
Summer's here, & merryle
Then I dreame of
Dorothy.

Scarlette leaves & heapinge binne;
Cyder, ye cool Tankard in;
Autumn's come. Right jollylye
Then I drinke to
Dorothy.

When ye Northe Wynde sweeps ye snowe
& Icyclles hange all belowe,
Then, for soothe, Olde Winter, he
Letts me dance with
Dorothy!

Child Verse

When Pa Takes Care of Me....Francis C. Williams....Lippincott's

When Pa takes care of me,
He says to Ma, "By Jing!
It seems that everything
Comes on me when I've got the most to do,
But I suppose I've got to get it through
With; so you needn't fuss one bit about
Him; I'll take charge of him while you are out."
But Ma makes him repeat all she has said
About what he's to do; guess she's afraid
To let him try his way
Of watching me, the day
When Pa takes care of me,

When Pa takes care of me,
He puts me on a rug,
Gives me a kiss and hug,
Then brings in every pillow he can find,
And piles them up in front, at sides, behind
Me: "So that you can't hurt yourself," he says.
And then he gets my picture-books, and lays
Them down beside me, and my blocks and toys,
And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the noise
You want to; I don't care."
And I sit there and stare,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
No book or toy or game
Seems, somehow, just the same.
And, by and by, I'm through with every one,
And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you begun
Already? What's the matter, anyway?
There's everything you own! Why don't you play?
Stop crying now! You won't? Well, what is
wrong?
Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts some
song
About "Bye, Baby Bye!"
And I lie flat and cry,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
He grabs me up at last,
And starts to walk, real fast,
And talks to me, and pats my back, and tries
To act as if he liked it; but he sighs,
And sighs, and keeps a-lookin' at the clock,
And out of the window, up and down the block,
For sight of Ma; and when she does come in,
She grabs me quick, and says, "It is a sin!"
And Pa looks mad, and—I—
I'm glad the time's gone by
When Pa takes care of me.

Accounted For.....Harper's Young People

I am not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see,
I had some ice cream 'cross the way.
And pancakes home for tea.

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds, too;
And when I met with Tommy Wells,
A stick of fine tulu.

But I was careful with each one,
Too much of none I ate—
It can not be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies oft before;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda water couldn't make
Me ill — 't was Billie's treat;
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

The Musical Lion... ..Oliver Herford.....St. Nicholas

Said the lion: "On music I dote,
But something is wrong with my throat.
When I practice a scale,
The listeners quail,
And flee at the very first note!"

An Orthographical Adventure...A. B. de Mille...Youth's Companion

I once went a-riding, although
My friends told me not to do sough;
As a matter of course
I fell off my hourse,
Who left me in tatters and wough.

A man passing by in a sleigh
Saw my sorrowful plight as I leigh,
And said, "You're a muff!
But it is rather tuff,
So I'll just lift you out of the weigh."

He fitted me into a seat—
I was bruised from my head to my feat,
I had ruined my clothes,
I had broken my nothes;
And truly the cushions were sweat!

Then he hustled me over the snow
As fast as his horses could gow,
And drove me up straight
To a doctor's front gaigh—
"Hi, doc! Here's a vision of wow!"

The doctor was drinking his tea,
But he came and considered of mea:
"He can't use his tongue,
And he's spoiled his right longue,
And his ribs are not where they should bea.

"There's unusual puffiness here,
And his shoulder-blades seem out of gere;
This ear's coming off,
And that singular coff
Is rather less pleasant than quere."

But he settled my various aches,
And he splintered my numerous breaches;
And the lesson I learned
When my powers retearned
Prevents any future mistaches.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

The Passing of the Empires. 850 B. C. 1330 B. C. By G. Maspero. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Translated by M. L. McClure. With Maps. Three Colored Plates and Numerous Illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co. \$7.50.

With this volume Professor Maspero's great work on the history of the ancient East is concluded. The preceding parts brought the narrative down to the time of the Assyrian revival, the reigns of Assur-nazir-pal (885-860) and Shalmaneser III. (860-825), and the present instalment carries it on to the Macedonian conquest. The period covered by the latter—a period somewhat poetically entitled by the English editor, Professor Sayce, "the Passing of the Empires"—is one of very great interest, and one for which the sources of accurate information are relatively abundant. The monumental evidence is voluminous, and it is supplemented by that of classical and Hebrew writers, though, as Professor Sayce remarks, the latter sometimes increase rather than lessen the historian's perplexities. It hardly needs to be added that recent scientific literature dealing with this evidence and with every phase of the history and life of the period is enormous. Of all this material Professor Maspero—though not by profession an Assyriologist—has made himself master, and he presents it in a manner which for clearness and exactness leaves nothing to be desired. One is amazed at the prodigious amount of work which he has accomplished, and at the skill with which he has wrought an immense mass of disconnected details into a well-ordered narrative. Fragmentary and imperfect in numberless ways, of course, the materials, even when the most is made of them, remain; but whatever of consecutive history they are at present capable of yielding is certainly to be found in this volume. One almost regrets that it must be added that Professor Maspero's labor, vast and successful as it has been, could not, from the nature of the case, produce permanent results. So rapid is the progress of discovery in Oriental archæology that almost anything that the specialist writes to-day may have to be rewritten to-morrow. To quote from Professor Sayce's preface: "Since the first volume of Professor Maspero's work was published excavation has gone on apace in Egypt and Babylonia, and discoveries of a startling and unexpected nature have followed on the wake of excavation. Many pages of the volume will have to be rewritten in the light of them; such is always the fate of the historian of the past in this age

of rapid and persistent research. Ages that seemed prehistoric step suddenly forth into the daydawn of history; personages whom a sceptical criticism has confined to a land of myth or fable are clothed once more with flesh and blood, and events which had been long forgotten demand to be recorded and described." In fact, it may be said that exploration and, probably, discovery have only just begun. However, the scholars who, as Professor Maspero has done, from time to time sum up the results of research, and set them forth in a form that is intelligible to the layman, render the reading public a service of the very greatest importance.—New York Tribune.

World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century as Influenced by the Oriental Situation. By Paul S. Reinsch. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Although the plan of this book lacks unity, the view of the relations of the great Powers which it presents is instructive, and the account of the Oriental situation is certainly timely. In fact, we need not hesitate to say that this is exactly the book which a great many people have been wishing for. It discusses, in a philosophical way, the modern development of the principle of nationalism, with its inevitable attendants, international rivalry in commerce and in territorial expansion. Machiavelli is recognized as anticipating the modern tendencies, and the relations of the ideas of world empire and national imperialism are contrasted. Commercial expansion, it is shown, has led to colonization and attempts at colonization. Colonies have led to increased navies, and wherever merchants and missionaries have gone outside of Christendom there have been demands for the extension of the authority of the States from which they have come. These general tendencies are illustrated by the example of the new German Empire, and by references to the new conditions under which our own country finds itself. The Chinese question is recognized as the true centre of interest in international politics, and the study of that question is one of the most valuable parts of the book. Nowhere else can we find, within equal space, so clear an account of the social and political characteristics of China, and of the actual nature of the interests acquired by foreign nations in the Chinese Empire. Of nearly as great value are the chapters on the political influence of the great Powers in China, the policy of Russia and the probable effect on Europe of the contest over the partition of that

country, of the struggle to obtain spheres of influence. In spite of some repetitions, the treatment of these subjects is so condensed as not to admit of being summarized. We can hardly say that Professor Reinsch reaches our conclusions; he points out tendencies and shows what they involve unless they are checked, but he does not assume to predict whether they will be checked or not. But he shows clearly enough what dangers are involved in the present situation, and in the relations which must prevail between the governments of the world so long as they are administered in the present spirit.—Independent.

Problems of Expansion. By Whitelaw Reid. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

It would be hard to place an exaggerated value upon this collection of essays and addresses. It appears at a particularly appropriate interval, and will enable many persons to form an intelligent opinion on the problem of American expansion. Mr. Reid, it will be remembered, was one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty with Spain two years ago. He deals very frankly with his mission in Paris, and with the various issues which have resulted from the ratification of that treaty. The volume opens with an essay on *The Territory With Which We Are Threatened*, which was written just before the author started for the French capital, and therefore indicates his then attitude on the question of expansion. From this attitude he does not depart in the subsequent papers, the last of which is the address delivered April 12, 1900, at the farewell banquet in San Francisco to the Philippine commission. The *Open Door*, an address delivered before the American-Asiatic Association, in New York, is full of meaning at this present portentous moment. In *A Continental Union* the author strikingly presents the arguments against an extension of the Constitution in the full sense to the new possessions in the West Indies and the Orient. In addition to these and the seven other papers, the volume contains many explanatory foot notes, and in the appendix are the protocol, the treaty with Spain, various Congressional resolutions and some memoranda prepared by Mr. Reid to elucidate the text. Altogether, this is a book to be reckoned with—which it is not extravagant to designate as a permanent contribution to the literature of American politics.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Book for All Readers. By Ainsworth R. Spofford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

We are afraid Mr. Spofford's book will not reach "all readers," but it would be well for them if it did, for in it is the wisdom of a long experi-

ence devoted to the history of books, their collection, housing, care, use and distribution. First of all, it is a book for all book lovers; second, for all book collectors; third, for all who handle books either to sell, lend or safeguard them. It is largely professional, and somewhat technical, but its style is easy and always clear; it is full of information, and every intelligent person will find it interesting, instructive and helpful in a great many ways. It begins with those first principles—the choice of books. It discloses the art of buying books; it shows how to shelve and inscribe them; it guards against their enemies and pests; it fixes the rank of the pamphlet and the periodical; it expounds the fine art of reading and the accompanying gift of remembering what we read; it has a number of chapters on libraries, both historical and practical, chapters of great importance considering the rapidity with which the public library is spreading over the country. And then in this connection it goes into the details of library structure and arrangement, classification, cataloguing and administration, with sound and sensible remarks adequate to set up a library and keep it going on a generous and judicious basis. The chapters on rare books and on bibliographies are full of valuable facts and figures, and an index brings the whole within the easy reference of the reader.—Literary World.

Evolution of the English Novel. By Francis Hovey Stoddard. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

After stating the impossibility of tracing an exact evolution of the novel from any other form of literature, or even of working out a chronological sequence in the development of its different forms, the book is divided into sections treating of the novel of personality, the novel of history, the novel of romance, the novel of purpose, and the novel of problem, and through it all is traced the underlying law of literary tendency, that "the depiction of the external, objective, carnal, precedes, in every form of literary expression of which we can have record, the consideration of the internal, the subjective, the spiritual." The writer says, "I shall endeavor to apply this theory to the novel with intent to suggest that such development of expression as we find in form of novels advances from the depiction of far-off occurrences and adventures to the narration and representation of contemporaneous, immediate, domestic occurrences; and, finally, to the presentation of conflicts of the mind and soul beneath the external manifestations. If the theory is true we may expect to find at the beginning of novel expression a wild romance, and at its end an intro-

spective study into motive." On such lines the much-questioned novels of purpose and problem find a closely studied vindication, while the end of the book points out the mission of the modern novel as the real critic of life.—Book Buyer.

Alexander the Great. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Charlemagne. By H. W. Corless Davis. Heroes of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The valuable Heroes of the Nations series has received two important accessions in these books. President Wheeler indicates the point from which he treats his theme in his sub-title, "the merging of East and West in universal history." He begins with the strong statement that "No single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon." The author points to the life of Alexander as a proof of the power of the individual to sway destiny. His life "stands in stubborn protest against that view of history which makes it a thing of thermometers and the rain gauge, of rivers and mountains, weights and values, materials, tools and machines. It is a history warm with the life blood of a man. It is instinct with personality, and speaks in terms of human will and the soul." The documents for a biography of Alexander are numerous enough, but their authenticity is not all that could be desired. President Wheeler has not attempted the almost hopeless task of sifting out the demonstrable personal details of his life, and does not hesitate to add picturesque touches from traditional sources of doubtful weight. His chief concern is to tell the story of Alexander and his conquests in a popular and effective manner, and to give a clear conception of the world the great Macedonian found, and the one he left at his death. In all this he has been highly successful. The sketch of the geography and characteristics of ancient Greece, for example, is a clear-cut and instructive piece of writing. Throughout his study of Alexander he keeps prominent his idealization of his character.

Mr. Davis puts the keynote of his life of Charlemagne in the sub-title, "The hero of two nations," and his comparison of the French and German elements in the great medieval monarch is interesting. He was not a Frenchman, says the author, he was not a German. If his training drew him to the Latins, his origin bound him to the Teutons. His aspirations may perhaps be termed Latin; the traditions of social and political life, to which he rendered an unwavering homage, are most certainly Teutonic. Both strains met and mingled

in his many-sided nature. He belonged, in fact, to no nation of modern growth, but to the only nation which, in his day, deserved the name, to that nation in which local or racial differences were suppressed or transcended—to the nation of the Catholic Church. Mr. Davis says: "As the servant of the Church he humbled the Saxon, treated with the Dane, and cowed the Slav; as the servant of the Church he led his armies first across the Alps and then across the Pyrenees. The civilization which he fostered was catholic, like his religion, and the patrimony of Christendom was large." The illustrations in this book are of exceptional interest, culled as they are from the vast wealth of medieval art which dealt with Charlemagne, and it would have been well to add fuller explanatory notes for the benefit of the casual reader who is not versed in the symbolism of such art.—Springfield Republican.

Travels in England. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

It is a profound though perhaps unpopular theory that the perfection of traveling consists in the absence of companionship. To appreciate solitude, it is said, you must be either a god or a beast. But there is a third genius to whom refuge from his fellows is frequently indispensable—the poet. "Unhappy and too solitary he," observed Cowley, "who loves not his own company." And surely a poet's must be the best company in the world! At all events, Mr. Le Gallienne has thoroughly enjoyed his travels. With liberty, landscape and a bicycle the most sensitive nature can find delight. And if the æsthetic should harbor any misgiving, all doubts can be set at rest now that Mr. Le Gallienne (whose delicacy is unquestionable) has proclaimed to the world that Pegasus lacks neither swiftness nor refinement from being shod in India rubber. Travels in England is a pleasant book for a tired mind. It makes no demand upon the fiercer emotions, is woven through with cultured fancy, and is never dull. One catches in it something of the author's holiday humor—a serene and mellow contemplation, filled with tenderness for the beautiful and pity for the vulgar. As a cyclist coasts easily down a gentle slope, so do we skim with equal facility through these pages. There is no responsibility, no worry. Business is put aside and town forgotten. We are instead regaled with many a pretty sentiment, some agreeable trifling and a great deal of literary allusion. Mr. Le Gallienne, like a perfect host, not only welcomes you to his private hearth, but at once presents you to all his most distinguished guests. Almost every chapter is devoted to some literary celebrity. We visit

the homes of Shakespeare, Hazlitt, White, William Morris and Lord de Tabley—and this not cursorily but with a very cordial appreciation. The chapter entitled *Books touches upon the fascinating subject of knapsack literature*. Stevenson, if we remember right, “plumped” for Hazlitt, and failing that, *Tristram Shandy*, or a volume of Heine’s songs. Mr. Le Gallienne commends Charles Lamb, and for more impassioned moments Swinburne.—London Speaker.

The Cardinal’s Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland, New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

A very pretty and romantic rendering of the old, old story. Peter Marchdale, while at a theatre in Paris, sees a woman whose beauty makes her his ideal. He sees her several times in as many years, not knowing who she is nor even of what country she may be, but only that she is beautiful with a beauty that touches his imagination and finally his heart; and he writes a novel, of which he makes her the heroine, giving her all the qualities of mind and nature that he feels to be consistent with her outward self. When he shuts himself in his room to write, he fancies that they are alone together and the world shut out, and the woman whose face he has seen and whom his imagination has created becomes inseparable from him and more and more the mistress of his mind and heart. Several years later he rents a villa in a quiet little Italian hamlet, where he hopes to find in its restfulness and beauty an incentive for his work. On the afternoon of his arrival, while admiring the landscape as viewed from his garden, he hears a voice, and, looking up, beholds the exquisite face and form that have haunted him through all these years. Peter is confused, not to say dazed; and she introduces herself as his landlady. He learns from his servant that this personage is the Duchessa di Santangiolo, and from a friend to whom he writes for information, that she is English, “the daughter of a lord, the widow of a duke and the niece-in-law of a cardinal—and, as if that were not enough, a bigoted Roman Catholic besides.” She also writes for information, and, having been told that Marchdale is a writer, sends for his books and becomes intensely interested in the one of which we have spoken, and, incidentally, in its author. Of course, Peter and the Duchessa marry. There isn’t anything else for them to do. It is not the story that makes this book attractive; it is the telling of it. The description of the picturesque little village with its cross, and shrines, and pink houses, the quaint, sweet garden and the pomegranate-blossoms, and the vista across the blue green river, puts one in just the humor for a love story. The

conversations are witty and the situations piquant; and one reads the book to the last page without wishing to put it down.—Bookman.

The Touchstone. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$1.25.

There can hardly be any higher praise of *The Touchstone* than to say that it fully answers the expectations excited by a collection of short stories from the same hand published less than a year ago under the rather enigmatical title of *The Great Inclination*. They were sketches rather than stories, all fragmentary; episodes or studies in a transient light, never the complete history of any one of the “*dramatis personæ*.” They were very clever, very subtle, very urbane; quick, too, with the trained and polished wit of a woman of the world. But the author’s extreme fastidiousness, her almost morbid fear of overlaying and overworking, prevented her from finishing anything. One or two of the stories ended, and ended effectively enough, in the middle of a sentence. The characters were all taken from the “*milieu*” of clubs and ballrooms; but within these conventional limits the novelist found material for the most serious and searching psychological study. She is indeed no mean psychologist, and all the rare qualities of the earlier essays are seen to even heightened advantage in the new book. *The Touchstone* is a more sustained effort than any one of its predecessors, and it is well sustained. The analysis of the hero’s mental struggle goes deeper; the ethical conclusion is more unhesitatingly drawn. The simple story need not be repeated here. It was plainly suggested in the first instance by the publication of the *Browning Love Letters* and is replete with echoes, reflections, reminiscences from the lighter literature of many lands and languages. There is one distinguished contemporary writer, indeed, whose influence is too plain to be overlooked. Mrs. Wharton has sat at the feet of Henry James, and in the way of her art she has unquestionably learned much from him. But she would now do well to rise from her deferential attitude. Better things than he can inspire are, we believe, within the scope of her still widening possibilities. The American city whose high life the author of *The Touchstone* has depicted without a trace of vulgarity (no common feat!) is New York.—Atlantic Monthly.

Whilomville Stories. By Stephen Crane. Illustrated by Peter Newell. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

It is said that the late Stephen Crane had a particularly soft spot in his heart for the brief

Whilomville Stories now brought together in a volume. His partiality is easy to comprehend. These pages may well have made him feel that he was drawing nearer than ever to the goal of his ambition, to the point where his mode of writing would shake off the crudities which disfigure the bulk of his work and achieve at once truth and the effect of art. Traces of his immaturity survive. On the other hand, there is not enough of this to spoil the downright merit of the stories. They are characterized to a considerable extent by the very quality most conspicuous by its absence in the author's other publications, the quality of humor; and, best of all, they are written with the spontaneity and spirit for which hitherto one has looked in vain among his books. All along he sought to win success by dint of treating commonplace facts with candor. Usually he fell short of his object, through the dead weight of inexperience and an undeveloped imagination. But when he wrote the *Whilomville Stories* the gods were kind. He wound himself thoroughly into his subject before he began to treat it. His touch is sure where it was wont to be tentative or flatly presumptuous, and the relish with which he followed the adventures of his boys and girls is reflected happily in his work. The little minds are open to him and he reports what he finds therein without pedantry or patronage. Altogether this post-humous volume is capital. It should not be put down without a word for the illustrations. The maker of these, Mr. Peter Newell, whose art is always amusing, has entered perfectly into the spirit of his task. His droll drawings put the finishing touch to a volume which we believe will remain the best memorial to the talent of Stephen Crane.—*New York Tribune*.

Room Forty-five. *Bride Roses*. By William Dean Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Each 50 cents.

Mr. Howells' farces make excellent reading, even if theatrical managers do not rate highly their acting qualities. Presumably, players find the works too literary, as they would phrase it, to meet their requirements on the boards. Two of Mr. Howells' recent efforts in the light, amusing comedy vein, which seems the pleasantest relaxation for him, are *Room Forty-five* and *Bride Roses*. As is usually the case with Mr. Howells, the plot is not a matter of intricacy; it is in the dialogue and in the manner of development that the skill is displayed. Indeed, the thread of a story in each farce is beautifully simple. *Room Forty-five* has for its theme the sad experience of a man and his wife at a hotel where they

are so unfortunate as to be quartered in the immediate vicinage of an able-bodied individual who snores. Here, of course, the fun is dependent upon exaggeration; the first idea of the wretched couple is that the noise made by the sleeper is an explosion, but finally the true cause of the disturbance is understood. The description of the snoring process is an example of Mr. Howells' ingenuity: "A low, hissing noise makes itself heard. It deepens, and passes into the effect of escaping steam. It becomes like the respiration of a locomotive in starting. It changes into the sound of stoking an engine. It changes again into the sound of sawing wood, of planing knotty lumber, of chopping ice, of pouring out potatoes and ends in lumps and hooks and bounces of sound." Such a reception to persons on a vacation, tired from travel, makes for misery; the night clerk of the hotel comes to the rescue, but before he affords relief he waxes facetious in his characterization of the snorer: "Some nights I've heard him do a symphony; kind of soft and low, to begin with, like the wind in the leaves, and shepherds dancing; then drums in the distance, and cannon firing; then the tramp of soldiers, and army wagons creaking, and horses neighing; then musket-firing along the whole line. That usually wakes him up, and he turns over for a fresh start." *Bride Roses* is not so bright nor half so diverting as *Room Forty-five*. It might have been written by Richard Harding Davis, and appeals to the matinee girl, whose hero is Van Bibber—next to E. H. Sothorn. It is one of the "marvelous coincidence" tales, the impossibility of which is supposedly covered by deft treatment. The German florist is merely a bore, whereas he is meant to be humorous to a degree.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Liberty Poems. By Various Authors. James H. West Co. 75 cents.

Of the output of anti-imperialists poets seventy-three examples have been collected by the New England Anti-Imperialist League and issued in this attractive volume. Among the authors represented in the volume, are Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Hezekiah Butterworth, John W. Chadwick, Ernest Crosby, Wm. C. Gannett, and Dr. Solis-Cohen. The verses range from a tone of passionate invective and appeal to one of humor and satire not unworthy of Lowell or Whittier. However one may feel regarding the politics of the Philippine situation, it is unquestionable that the opponents of expansion have the better of the literary end. The volume is very prettily printed and bound.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

—An illustrated edition of David Harum, reprinted from new plates by the De Vinne Press, will be published by the Appletons at an early date.

—Last Songs from Vagabondia, a collection of poems by the late Richard Hovey and Bliss Carman, is soon to appear from the press of Small, Maynard & Co.

—The first number of a little periodical called Noon, devoted to the reprinting of popular and famous poetry, has been issued by William S. Lord, of Evanston, Ill.

—Little, Brown & Co. will shortly issue a Life of Francis Parkman, by Charles Haight Farnham. The biographer has had the assistance of the historian's family and friends in gathering the material.

—E. P. Dutton & Co. announce a beautiful handy edition of the Life of Dante, by E. H. Plumptre, Dean of Wells, edited by A. J. Butler, which will be ready in the early autumn.

—The copyright on Balzac's works expired in August and the fifty volumes for which Michael Levy paid the novelist's widow 80,000 francs fifteen years after the death of the author has now become public property.

—Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, has completed another story, which, like its predecessor, is an historical romance. The scene of action is in the time of Charles II.

—The friends of the late Alphonse Daudet are collecting the money for a monument at Paris to the dead novelist; and the famous sculptor M. René de Saint-Marceaux has engaged to execute the work.

—Thirteen manuscript diaries, covering the years 1747-1776 of Garrick's management of Drury Lane Theatre, written by his stage manager or treasurer, were sold in London lately for \$300; Mrs. Garrick's diary for 1769 brought \$100.

—Winston Churchill follows his famous story Richard Carvel with another novel which he calls *The Crisis*, and which will be illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, a combination of writer and illustrator, which will undoubtedly attract wide attention.

—According to Mr. Leslie Stephen in the *National Dictionary of Biography*, Wordsworth, as Poet Laureate, wore the same coat to levees that Samuel Rogers had worn, and the coat passed subsequently to Tennyson, when he became Poet Laureate.

—The astonishing total of \$485,000 has been realized from Kipling's *Absent-Minded Beggar* in various ways, the proceeds going to the families of the men fighting in South Africa. This is at the rate of \$10,000 a line, which doubtless breaks the poetry record.

—Early in the autumn The Macmillan Company will issue Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea and Nay*, a story of the life and death of Richard Cœur de Leon. It is expected that this novel will make an even greater mark from a literary point of view than did the same author's *Forest Lovers* last year.

—The Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, has lately sent out a little book, about two inches square, advertising its publications. It is called *A Booklet of Successful Authors*. It offers one of the many evidences which we have had of late that activity in American publishing is not confined to New York, Boston and Chicago.

—To Captain A. T. Mahan of the Royal United Service has been awarded the Chesney gold medal—the first awarded—for Works bearing upon the Welfare of the Empire, the works specified being *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, *The Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution and Empire*, and *The Life of Nelson*.

—An interesting note on Francis Parkman's historical writings has been offered by Dr. George R. Perkin, principal of Upper Canada College. "Lord Roberts once said to me," he writes, "that he considered Parkman's volumes on Montcalm and Wolfe as among the most perfect and to a soldier the most instructive bits of military description that had ever been written."

—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton says that there will be no authorized biography of Ruskin. It seems that the literary remains at Brantwood have not been found extensive nor for the most part suitable for publication. What is to be done in the way of collecting his correspondence remains to be seen. Mrs. Severn for the executors has announced that permission to print will not be given to the owners of Ruskin's letters.

—Unlike most German authors, Gerhart Hauptmann is a wealthy man. He had some means by inheritance, and added to them a great deal by an early marriage, while his plays are profitable, too. Building villas is his favorite way of investing his earnings. His first villa was in Silesia, the second near Berlin, the third in the Giant Mountains, and at present he is building a

fourth, in accordance with his own plans, at Blasewitz, near Dresden.

—A new volume of short stories from the pen of Frank R. Stockton is being prepared for early publication by Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be entitled *Afield and Afloat*, and will be the first volume of brief fiction that Mr. Stockton has published since *A Story Teller's Pack*, issued about three years ago. It will contain a selection from the stories written during this time and will make a full and varied volume in the author's perhaps most popular field.

—The International Catalogue of Scientific Literature is now well under way, and publication will begin next year. Seventeen subjects will be comprised, and a volume for each subject will be ready some time during the year. The price of subscription is £17, and the Smithsonian Institution will receive applications from this country. Three hundred sets must be subscribed for in order to secure the production of this work, and the forty-five sets allotted to the United States should be taken up without delay.

—Although Thiers was a prolific writer, yet no less than fourteen good-sized boxes of documents were found, constituting his literary resources that have not yet been used for the press. These include chiefly his correspondence and literary notes, of considerable value for the political and literary history of at least fifty years of the annals of France. These writings have recently been presented to the National Library in Paris, but with the proviso that they are not to be published during the lifetime of the donor, a Mademoiselle Dosne.

—The report of the United States Fish Commissioner for the year ending June 30, 1899, just issued from the Government Printing-office, is distinguished from its predecessors by Notes on the Foreign Fishing Trade and Local Fisheries of Porto Rico. These have been contributed by the Commission's agent, Mr. W. A. Wilcox, who accompanied the Fish Hawk expedition to the island in January of last year. The paper is accompanied by photographic illustrations. The remarkable water-color drawings of Porto Rican fish made on this occasion have been beautifully reproduced lithographically by Julius Bien & Co., and will in due time be published by the Commission. A curious chapter on sturgeon fishing on Delaware River and Bay concludes the present report.

—One of the most novel and interesting newspapers published in the Far West is the *Cherokee Advocate*, edited by William T. Loeser, and published at Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. The paper, which is issued weekly, con-

tains four pages. Two of these are in English, two in Indian with the letters of the Indian alphabet used. Unfortunately, the *Advocate* does not furnish a key to the "Indian half" of the paper—which is undoubtedly the better portion—so we are unable to do more than guess at the contents thereof. The Chinese question, the war in the Philippines, and national politics are well handled. The paper is published by the Cherokee Tribe and sells for \$1.00 a year.

—McClure, Phillips & Co. have acquired the publication rights of a remarkable book which claims Abraham Lincoln as its author. It is a small scrap-book compiled by Lincoln for use in the political campaign of 1858, and it contains, so Lincoln writes in it, "the substance of all I have ever said about negro equality," with explanatory notes and a long letter in Lincoln's handwriting. One of Lincoln's supporters, Capt. Brown, was also a candidate for political honors, and it was to him that Lincoln gave this little book. Capt. Brown used the book in 1858 and 1860 and on his death it passed to his sons, with whom its present publication has been arranged.

—Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts draws a parallel, in the *Criterion*, between literary London and literary New York to the effectual disparagement of the latter. "In New York," says Professor Roberts, "the literary atoms, so to speak, have not yet coalesced into an atmosphere. They are too few, too scattered. Each floats in more or less glittering isolation. More successful authors are to be found here than in any other city on the Continent, but they have no background of tradition to support them. All is fluctuation and restlessness. It may be said as a hasty generalization that New York authors seldom know each other very well. To meet and really know the New York author one should go to London."

—The title of Mr. Kipling's new story, *The Kim of the Rishti*, has been the occasion of much comment, but no effort seems to have been made to interpret it as the author intended. "Kim" is short for Kimball, which is the name of a little boy who is the son of a "Tommy Atkins" in India, and who has been brought up in the barracks. *Rishti* signifies surroundings or quarters; so, after all, there is nothing very weird or mysterious about the name of the forthcoming book. Mr. Kipling has spent seven years in writing this story, hence critics are debarred at once from accusing him of pot-boiling in this instance. "Kim" is known by the natives as "Little Friend of all the World," and the chief theme of the tale is the search made by a Llama priest for the river of life.

Magazine Reference for September, 1900

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

Art Among Club Women: A. S. Hall.....Chaut.
 Art and Agony of Toe Dancing.....Metrop.
 Art Education for Men: C. N. Flagg.....Atlan.
 Art of American Indians: C. H. Bartlett.....Chaut.
 Art of Sweden and Norway at Paris.....Artist.
 Book-Born Plays: L. Richardson.....Metrop.
 Chinese Theatre in New York.....Bookm.
 Christian Art: K. F. M. O'Shea.....Cath. W.
 Dramatic Art in Japan: D. E. Amsden...Overland.
 Grand Opera as a Business: M. White...Munsey.
 Great Cartoonist: A. L. M. Garrison.....Cosmop.
 Landscapes by Wm. Wendt: Browne...Brush & P.
 Outlook for American Art: C. Beckwith...Metrop.
 Picturesque Chicago: A. Fleury.....Brush & P.
 *Players and Old Plays: F. Wedmore...Nine. Cent.
 Portrait Painting: F. Fowler.....Cosmop.
 Public Advertising: F. L. Omsted.....Brush & P.
 Roof Garden Entertainments.....Metrop.
 Salon of 1900, The.....Artist.
 Sculptor-Potter, A.....Artist.
 Sculpture at Paris: H. Frantz.....Mag. of Art.
 Songs of Freedom: Leon Mead.....Chaut.
 *Tolstoy's Theory of Art: A. Maude.....Contemp.
 Two French Medalists.....Mag. of Art.
 *What Are Immoral Plays?: A. Laidlaw...West. R.
 Work of Bessie Potter: H. Zimmern...Mag. of Art.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Alice Barber Stephens: W. B. Dyer.....Brush & P.
 Collis P. Huntington.....Am. R. of R.
 *Eleanora Duse: Arthur Symons.....Contemp.
 Eva L. Watson: W. B. Dyer.....Brush & P.
 Gen. Adna R. Chaffee: W. Fawcett.....Home.
 Gerhart Hauptmann: M. Müller.....Atlan.
 Jacob Heminway: B. J. Hendrick.....New Eng.
 James Maris: R. A. M. Stevenson.....Mag. of Art.
 James Martineau: C. C. Everett.....Atlan.
 *John Morley: T. Bouran.....West. R.
 King Humbert of Italy.....Am. R. of R.
 Kipling As I Know Him: M. G. White...Metrop.
 Minnie Maddern Fiske: Huntington.....Metrop.
 Mr. Stoddard at 75: J. B. Gilder.....Critic.
 Père Didon: Th. Bentzon.....Cent.
 *Progressive Viceroy, A: Civilis.....Contemp.
 Richard Holt Hutton: A. Church.....Critic.
 Sir Thomas Troubridge: W. J. Fletcher...Cornhill.
 Tolstoy Under the Ban: C. Brenton.....Critic.
 *Walter Bagehot: Leslie Stephens.....National R.
 *Who's Who in China: D. C. Boulger.....Contemp.

Educational Topics.

Child Training at Home: J. S. Campbell....Chaut.
 Cuban Summer School.....Harvard Grad.
 Cuban Teachers at Cambridge: Camp.....Chaut.
 Economics in Secondary Education: Ely...Educ. R.
 Educational Use of Music: Hofer.....Kinder. R.
 Era of Education in Cuba: M. C. Francis...Munsey.
 Failure of Popular Education: J. D. Miller...Mind.
 Field Work in Teaching Sociology.....Educ. R.
 Kindergartens and Schools: Newman...Kinder. R.
 Manual Training During Infancy...T. Motherhood
 Milwaukee School System: D. Mowry...Educ. R.

*Magazines starred are August numbers of English periodicals.

Munsterberg on the New Education.....Educ. R.
 Normal School Problems.....Education
 Oberlin College: G. F. Wright.....New Eng.
 *Salaries in Secondary Schools: Rouse...Contemp.
 Secondary Education in Germany.....Educ. R.
 Sociology of Kindergartens: West...T. Motherhood.
 Synthesis of Herbert and Froebel.....Educ. R.
 Text Books and Public Schools: Vert...Education.
 Vacation Schools.....Kinder. R.
 Winchester's Kindergartens: Suter.....Kinder. R.

Essays and Miscellanies.

American School of Historians...International M.
 Antiquity of Chewing Gum: Sterns...Pop. Sci. M.
 Art of R. L. Stevenson: Omond.....No. Am. R.
 Assassination Mania: F. L. Oswald...No. Am. R.
 Care of the Soldier's Feet.....J. of Mil. Ser. Inst.
 Chances for Success: C. B. Rouss.....Metrop.
 Children and the Theatre.....T. Motherhood.
 Conduct of American Magazines.....Atlan.
 Cost of Rapidity, The.....Blackwood.
 Feasts in Fiction: W. E. G. Fisher.....Cornhill.
 Great Hoboken Fire: R. L. Foster.....Munsey.
 *Imaginative Faculty: R. C. Witt.....West. R.
 *Imperial Note in Victorian Poetry.....Nine. Cent.
 *Limits of Experimentalism: Oldfield.....West. R.
 Maeterlinck and Mystery: W. Archer.....Critic.
 Minor Beauties of Life.....Cent.
 New Philosophy of Fashion: H. C. Ecob...Chaut.
 Nihilism and Anarchy: C. Johnston...No. Am. R.
 Omar Khayyam as a Bore: A. Lang.....Critic.
 Patriotism: W. Everett.....Harvard Grad.
 Plagiarism: B. Samuel.....Bookm.
 Poetry and Science: L. W. Smith...Pop. Sci. M.
 Press and Foreign News, The: R. Ogden...Atlan.
 Printing Press in Politics: J. D. Miller...Munsey.
 Recent American Fiction.....Atlan.
 Recent Books on Japan: J. Inouye.....Atlan.
 *Sharks: Matthias Dunn.....Contemp.
 Study of Lyric Poetry: B. A. Heydrick...Chaut.
 Surnames and Christian Names.....Chaut.
 Times and Manners: A. V. Godley.....Cornhill.
 *Women's Work.....Blackwood.

Historical, National and Political.

America and China: W. N. Brewster...Am. R. of R.
 American Boss, The: F. C. Lowell.....Atlan.
 American Claims in Alaska: Wright.....Donahoe.
 American Interests in Africa: D. A. Willey...Arena.
 *American View of Boer War.....Nine. Cent.
 Associated Fists: G. T. Candlin.....O. Court.
 *Australasia: A. Stout.....Contemp. R.
 Can China Be Saved: T. Williams...Am. R. of R.
 Can the Italian Monarchy Endure?: Cath. W.
 Cause of Indian Famines: Southerland...New Eng.
 China Against the World: P. S. Reinsch...Forum.
 *China and the Powers: Bainbridge...Contemp. R.
 China and the Powers: J. B. Walker...Cosmop.
 China, Past and Present: C. W. Currier...Donahoe.
 China's Defensive Strength: J. H. Wisby...Arena.
 *Chinese Revolt, The: F. Greenwood...Nine. Cent.
 Commercial Aspect of the Yellow Peril...N. Am. R.
 Conflict in China: E. Buckley...International M.
 Conquest of the Tropics: G. G. Groff...Pop. Sci. M.
 Crime of the Powers: F. C. Owen...Munsey.
 Democratic National Convention: Lewis...Munsey.

Duty of the Gold Democrat: Ingalls...No. Am. R.
 *Education of Naval Officers: A. C. D. N. Service.
 Empire of the Dead: F. E. Clark.....No. Am. R.
 *English Midshipmen, 1807.....Longman.
 Expansion of Russia: Rambant.....International M.
 Fifty Years of the Golden State: Street.....Ainslee.
 *Forces in North China: E. H. Parker...U. Service.
 Government in the Philippines: Reinsch...Arena.
 *Having Eyes, They See Not.....National R.
 Historic Sale of U. S. Bonds: Boutwell...McClure.
 *Hospital Scandals in South Africa.....Contemp. R.
 India's Famine: W. Brough.....Arena.
 *Irish Landlords: D. S. A. Cosby.....Westm. R.
 Is Socialism an Element of Bryanism?.....Arena.
 Japan's Attitude Toward China.....Forum.
 Japan's Attitude Towards China.....Am. R. of R.
 Latest Phase of Trust Problem: Clark...Guntton.
 *Lessons of the Boer War.....National R.
 *Lessons of the War.....Nine. Cent.
 *Moral Influence in Politics.....Nine. Cent.
 National Feeling in Germany: Eaglesfield...Arena.
 National Prohibition Partv: Wheeler...Am. R. of R.
 Needs of the Philippines: Parker...Am. R. of R.
 *New Commonwealth, The: Berry.....Nine. Cent.
 *New Light on Egypt: G. St. Clair.....Westm. R.
 Open Door: E. Durall.....Atlan.
 Philosophic Basis of Chinese Conservatism...Arena.
 *Press Gang, The: C. Bridge.....National R.
 Revolution in China, The: R. Van Berger...Cent.
 Root of Evil in Japan: A. B. Hulbert...Guntton.
 Root of the Chinese Question: Foord...No. Am. R.
 Russia's Interest in China: B. Adams.....Atlan.
 *Sins of Lord Salisbury.....Macmillan.
 *Sir Alfred Milner and His Work.....Contemp. R.
 Spirit of Revolution: N. Duncan.....McClure.
 Status of the Natives: E. A. Belcher.....Anglo-Am.
 Teuton Tug of War: J. Ralph.....Harp.
 Things We Owe to Greece: C. C. Taylor...Chaut.
 *United States in China: J. Quincy...Contemp. R.
 Vain Hope of the Filipinos: Wilcox...No. Am. R.
 *Vengeance and Afterwards: E. Dicey...Nine Cent.
 Western World and China: D. Z. Sheffield...Cent.
 What China Really Is: J. B. Dane.....Cosmop.
 What Russians Want: W. Durban.....Anglo-Am.
 What Shall Be Done With China: Fassett...Home.

Religious and Philosophic.

Are Chinese Missions Worth While?.....Home.
 Bible and the People: C. F. DeCosta.....Cath. W.
 *Broad Church Party: C. P. Roberts...National R.
 Catholic Church in China.....Cath. W.
 Catholic Rights and Needs: McFaul...Donahoe.
 Catholics and American Citizenship...No. Am. R.
 Confucianism in 19th Century: Giles...No. Am. R.
 Evolution of Religion: J. T. Patch.....Mind.
 Feud Between Philosophy and Art: More...Atlan.
 German Catholic Church.....Ideal R.
 God—The Absolute Principle: V. D. Clark...Mind.
 Greek Religion and Mythology.....O. Court.
 Imperialism and Christianity: Farrar...No. Am. R.
 Jew in Europe, The: C. S. Starbuck...Cath. W.
 Last of the Great Reformers: Johnson...Munsey.
 Making Men Better: J. Ravenscroft...Mind.
 Man: Spirit, Soul, Body: H. K. Jones...Ideal R.
 *Missionaries in Egypt: A. Ward.....Nine. Cent.
 Missions in China: J. S. Dennis...Am. R. of R.
 Our Asiatic Missionary Enterprise.....Arena.
 Pioneer Catholic Mission in Northwest...Cath. W.
 Practical Talk: H. Van Anderson...Mind.
 Religion of the Future: K. Weller...Mind.
 Tiny Homily, A: M. C. Allen.....Mind.

Scientific and Industrial.

Birds as Flying Machines: Lucas...Pop. Sci. M.
 Building a German Ocean Greyhound...McClure.
 Cattlemen and Sheepmen: McClintock...Ainslee.
 Concept of Change: A. E. Davies.....Phil. R.
 *Economic Revolution in Germany...National R.
 Electric Automobiles: W. Baxter...Pop. Sci. M.
 *How to Breed Horses for War: Blunt...Nine. Cent.
 Human Eye, The: T. O. Reik.....Cosmop.
 Life Saving at Sea: H. H. Lewis.....Munsey.
 Modern Occult, The: J. Jastrow...Pop. Sci. M.
 Psychology as Science of Selves.....Phil. R.
 Records in Locomotive Building.....Cassell.
 *Richest Goldfield in the World.....Macmillan.
 Rural Free Delivery: C. B. Todd.....Guntton.
 *Small Industries of England.....Nine. Cent.
 Stages of Logical Thought: J. Dewey...Phil. R.
 Submarine Torpedo-Boats: W. W. Kimball...Harp.
 Training of Great Cats: S. H. Adams...McClure.
 Noglodyte Dwellings in Cappadocia...Cent.
 Use of Bacteria in Food Products...International M.

Sociologic Questions.

Best Form of Organized Charity.....Cath. W.
 *Domestic Problem: Mrs. Major.....Macmillan.
 Eight Hour Day by Legislation: E. Maxey...Arena.
 Expenditure of Working Classes.....Pop. Sci. M.
 *Factory Acts: S. W. Belderson.....Westm. R.
 Great Britain and the Trust Problem...Arena.
 *Land Nationalization: F. Thomasson...Westm. R.
 Municipal Trading: R. Donald.....Contemp. R.
 Profit Sharing: L. Katscher.....Cath. W.
 *Radicalism and Labor: W. Diack...Westm. R.
 Responsibilities of the Leaders of Labor...Cent.
 Study and Needs of Sociology: Van Ornum...Arena.
 Tendency in Trade Unionism.....International M.
 Trusts in Europe: C. C. Adams.....Ainslee.
 Truth About Tenements: C. McGovern...Home.
 Work and Wages in France: W. B. Scaife...Forum.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

Across Atlantic on a Freight Liner: Willey...Home.
 African Boer: Olive Schreiner.....Cosmop.
 American Consulate in China: Krout...Chaut.
 Amusements of the Exposition: Schopfer...Cent.
 Bit of Japan in America: Bede.....Chaut.
 Buffalo and Her Exposition: S. G. Blythe...Cosmop.
 Chinese Life in San Francisco: Jones...Brush & P.
 City of Pines, The: A. Sieveking.....Cassell's.
 Civilizing the Natives of Alaska: Harris...Ainslee.
 Colorado Desert: D. P. Barrows...N. Geographic.
 Cruise in Canadian Gulf Waters.....Anglo-Am.
 Detroit Bicentennial Memorial: Matthewson...Cent.
 Elephant Hunting in Siam: C. S. Braine...Cornhill.
 Fishes and Their Meals: F. G. Aflalo...Cornhill.
 Four Days in a Medicine Lodge.....Harp.
 *Glimpse of Erin: W. J. Hardy...Blackwood.
 *How We Escaped from Pretoria...Blackwood.
 Hunting Big Game With a Camera.....Metrop.
 Metuen, Massachusetts: C. W. Oliphant...New Eng.
 More About Retrievers: H. Smith...Blackwood.
 *Naturalists' Rambles: G. A. B. Dewar...Longman.
 Ober-Ammergau in 1900: H. D. Rawnsley...Atlan.
 Oklahoma: H. C. Candee.....Atlan.
 Our Country Towns: C. N. Hall...New Eng.
 Paris Athletic Games: G. W. Orton...Outing.
 Paris in 1900: E. Insley.....Harp.
 Peasants and the Passion Play: Lewis...Munsey.
 Sporting Spirit, The: G. Hibbard...Outing.
 *Subaltern in the Bush, A.....Macmillan.
 Summer Holiday in Bering Sea: Burroughs...Cent.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman: Elizabeth Gould: David McKay.....\$1 00
 Daughter of Peter the Great: R. L. Nesbit Bain: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co.....4 00
 First Published Life of Abraham Lincoln: John Scripps, The Cranbrook Press.....
 Jeffersonian Cyclopaedia, The: John Foley: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co.....7 50
 Letters of Cicero: Tr. by Evelyn S. Shuckburg: The Macmillan Company, v. 4.....1 50
 Men and Measures of Half a Century: Sketches and Comments: Hugh McCulloch: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 50
 Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville): 1700-1788: George Paston: E. P. Dutton & Co.....3 00
 My Mother's Life: Mary Henry Rossiter: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co.....
 New York State's Prominent and Progressive Men: Mitchell C. Harrison: N. Y., Tribune Pub. Co.....
 Richelieu and the Growth of French Power: J. B. Perkins: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.....1 50
 Tolstoi: Alice B. Stockham: Chicago, Alice B. Stockham & Co.....1 00

Educational Topics.

- Anatomy Physiology, and Hygiene: Henry F. Hewes: N. Y., American Book Co.....1 00
 Art of Study, The: B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., LL.D.: American Book Co.....1 00
 Brief Course in General Physics, A: George A. Hoadley: N. Y., American Book Co.....1 20
 Continuous Contracts for Teachers: C. W. Bardeen: Syracuse, C. W. Bardeen.....50
 Curious Questions: Sarah H. Killikelly: David McKay, v. 3.....2 00
 Graded Literature Readers: Ed. by Harry Pratt Judson: Fourth Book: N. Y., Maynard, Merrill & Co.....50
 Modern English Grammar, A: Huber G. Buehler: N. Y., Newson & Co.....60
 Practical Composition and Rhetoric: W. E. Mead: Boston, Sibley & Ducker.....

Essays and Miscellanies.

- All About Dogs: A book for doggy people: Charles H. Lane: N. Y., John Lane.....2 50
 Anglo-Saxon Review, The: Ed. by Lady Randolph Churchill: v. 5, June, 1900: N. Y., John Lane.....6 00
 Art of Debate, The: Raymond M. Alden, Ph.D.: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co.....1 00
 Book for All Readers, A: A. R. Spofford: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.....2 00
 Economics of Modern Cookery: M. M. Mallock: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.....1 00
 First Aid to the Young Housekeeper: Christine T. Herrick: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 00
 Natural History of Selborne: Gilbert White: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.....1 50
 New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare: Parke Godwin: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Patriotism or Self-Advertisement? Marie Corelli: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co.....25

- Principles of Chess: James Mason: London, Horace Cox.....
 Temperance and Social Reform: Joseph Rowntree: N. Y., Truslove, Hanson & Comba....2 00
 Wall Street Point of View, The: Henry Clews: N. Y., Silver, Burdett & Co.....1 50
 Wedding Day in Literature and Art, The: C. F. Carter: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.....1 50
 World's Best Proverbs, The: Geo. Howard Opdyke: Chicago, Laird & Lee.....1 50

Fiction of the Month.

- Afield and Afloat: Frank R. Stockton: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 50
 African Nights' Entertainment: A. J. Dawson: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.....1 50
 African Treasure, An: J. Maclaren Cobban: N. Y., New Amsterdam Book Co.....1 25
 Anima Vilis: Marya A. Rodziewicz: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.....1 50
 Comrades True: Annie Thomas: N. Y., F. M. Buckles & Co.....1 25
 Claré Duval: Clement Wilkes: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham & Co.....1 50
 Courtesy Dame, The: R. Murray Gilchrist: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.....1 50
 Dishonor of Frank Scott, The: M. Hamilton: N. Y., Harper & Bros.....1 50
 Father Anthony: Robert Buchanan: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham & Co.....1 50
 File No. 113: Emile Gaboriau: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 25
 Fireside Battles: Annie G. Brown: Chic., Laird & Lee.....1 25
 Flowers of the Flock, The: W. E. Norris: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.....1 00
 Gateless Barrier, The: Lucas Malet: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.....1 50
 Handsome Brandons, The: Katharine Tynan: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co.....1 50
 Honor of the Name, The: Emile Gaboriau: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 25
 In South Africa With Buller: George C. Musgrave: Bost., Little, Brown & Co.....2 00
 Linnet: A romance: Grant Allen: N. Y., New Amsterdam Book Co.....
 Maid of Maiden Lane, The: Amelia E. Barr: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.....1 50
 Man's Foes, A: E. H. Strain: N. Y., New Amsterdam Book Co.....50
 Master Christian, The: Marie Corelli: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.....1 50
 Monsieur Lecoq: Emile Gaboriau: N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons.....1 25
 Mystery of Orcival, The: Emile Gaboriau: N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons.....1 25
 Odd Tales: Thirteen Short Stories: W. B. Crane: M. Witmark & Sons.....1 00
 Other People's Money: Emile Gaboriau: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 25
 Pair of Knaves and a Few Trumps, A: M. D. Flattery: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....1 00
 Plain Miss Cray, The: Florence Warden: N. Y., F. M. Buckles & Co.....1 25
 Princess Ahmedée: Roland Champion: N. Y., G. A. S. Wieners.....1 25

- Second Lady Delcombe, The: Mrs. Arthur Kennard: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Seven Gardens and A Palace: E. V. B.: N. Y., John Lane 1 50
 Sun Maid, The: Evelyn Raymond: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 1 50
 Uncanonized: Margaret Horton Potter: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 50
 Until the Day Break: Robert Burns Wilson: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50
 Whilomville Stories: Stephen Crane, N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Whom the Winds Carry: Cora Sewell: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham & Co. 50
 Widow Lerouge, The: Emile Gaboriau: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 25

Historical, National and Political.

- Battling for Atlanta: Byron A. Dunn: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 25
 China's Open Door: Rounsevelie Wildman: Bost., Lothrop Pub. Co. 1 50
 Crisis in China, The: George B. Smith and others: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Early Babylonian History: Rev. Hugo Radau: N. Y., Oxford University Press.
 History of New York: William R. Prentice: Syracuse, N. Y., C. W. Bardeen. 1 50
 History of Political Parties in the United States: J. H. Hopkins: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons 2 50
 Introduction to English Politics, An: John M. Robertson: N. Y., The New Amsterdam Book Co. 1 50
 Napoleon III at the Height of His Power: Imbert De Saint-Amand: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50
 Public Papers of George Clinton: Albany: State Printers
 Rome: Its Rise and Fall: Philip Van Ness Meyers: Boston, Ginn & Co.
 Russia Against India: The Struggle for Asia: Archibald R. Colquhoun: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Side Lights on the Reign of Terror: Memoirs of Mlle. des Echerolles: N. Y., John Lane. 4 00
 South America: Social, Industrial, and Political: Frank G. Carpenter: Akron, O., The Saalfeld Pub. Co. 3 00
 World Crisis in China: Allen S. Will: New York, John Murphy. 1 00

Juvenile.

- Animals of Africa: H. A. Bryden: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 00
 Baby Goose: Fannie E. Ostrander: Chicago, Laird & Lee. 1 25
 Fairy Tales: Hans Christian Anderson: N. Y., G. H. McKibben. 40
 Fiddlesticks: Hilda Cowham: N. Y., E. & J. B. Young
 Mr. Bunny: His Book: Adah L. Sutton: Akron, O., Saalfeld Pub. Co. 1 25
 Randy's Summer: A story for girls: Amy Brooks: Bost., Lee & Shepard. 1 00
 Through the Looking Glass: Lewis Carroll: N. Y., G. H. McKibben. 40
 Types of British Animals: F. G. Allalo: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 00
 Wonderful Wizard of Oz, The: L. Frank Baum: Chic., George W. Hill Co. 1 00

Poetry of the Month.

- America and Other Poems: Bertrand Shadwell: Chic., R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co. 1 00
 Freckles and Tan: R. C. Bowman: Bost., Alfred Bartlett 35
 Leaves of Grass: Walt Whitman: Phil., David McKay. 1 25
 Liberty Poems: Various authors: Bost., The James H. West Co. 75
 Poems from Shelley and Keats: S. C. Newson: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 25
 To an English Sparrow: Wm. S. Lord: Evanston, Ill., Wm. S. Lord.
 Toil: Daniel F. Leary: San Francisco, Whitaker & Ray Co. 25
 XXIV Quatrains from Omar: Set Forth by F. York Powell: N. Y., F. Mansfield. 1 00

Religious and Philosophic.

- Church, Past and Present, The: Rev. H. M. Gwatkin, N. Y., Thomas Whittaker. 2 50
 Evolution: An Explosion of Christian Logmas and Pagan Myths: P. J. Cooley: N. Y., Peter Eckler 25
 L. Annaeus Seneca: I—Tranquillity of Mind: II—Providence: W. B. Dangsdorf: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 00
 Living Universe, The: Henry Wood: Bost., Lee & Shepard 10
 Revivals and Missions: Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman: N. Y., Lenthion & Co. 60

Scientific and Industrial.

- Analysis of Pig Iron: Seymour R. Church: San Francisco, R. Church. 2 50
 Child of Light, A: Heredity and Prenatal Culture: N. Riddell: Chic., Child of Light Co. 2 00
 From India to the Planet Mars: I'h. Flaurnoy: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 General Physiology for High Schools: M. L. Macy: N. Y., American Book Co. 1 10
 Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture: John Duncan Quackenbos: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 25
 Methods in the Art of Taxidermy: Oliver Davie: Phil., David McKay. 2 50
 Our Forests and Woodlands: John Nisbet: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 3 00
 Perfect Eyes: Benjamin F. Stephens: N. Y., B. F. Stephens.
 Practice of Typography, The: Theodore Low DeVinne: N. Y., The Century Co. 2 00
 Trusts, The: William M. Collier: N. Y., The Baker & Taylor Co. 1 25
 You and Your Doctor: Wm. B. Doherty, M.D.: Chic., Laird & Lee. 1 00

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

- Arabia: The Cradle of Islam: Rev. S. M. Zwemer: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co. 2 00
 Brook Trout and the Determined Angler, The: C. B. Bradford: N. Y., E. P. Grow Pub. Co. 60
 Hunting: J. Otho Paget: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 3 00
 London and Environs: Karl Baedeker: Leipzig, Karl Baedeker.
 Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West: Rev. C. T. Brady: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons 1 25
 Travels of Sir John Mandeville: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50

Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

645. *Alice D. Jenkyns, Frederick City, Md.:*

[In looking over the files of Current Literature, since the publication of your query last month, we chanced upon the poem for which you then inquired. Your quotation—

An hour before she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And kissed me all the while;
Then, after some sweet parting words
She seemed among her flowers and birds,
Until she fell asleep.

—is the first stanza entire. There are four other stanzas in the poem, which is entitled *Asleep*, and is credited to the English journal, *All the Year Round*, from which Current Literature copied it, in June, 1891. Back numbers of the magazine can be had at this office.]

646. I am trying to retrace a poem which appeared in *Searchlight* (Pearson's) some eight or nine years ago, entitled either *Dreaming of Home* or *When I Go Home Again*. First verse goes something like—

I think of it often at twilight,
When the firelight sputters low—
And the dim, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago.

And the last—

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the evening shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs,
To the plash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

Do you know if Kathleen Watson has written anything other than *Litanies of Life*, published by James Bowden, London?—W. E. Grundy, Sydney, Australia.

647. Would you be kind enough to answer the following questions on your Open Question page? 1. Which of Mayn Reid's books treat particularly of natural history? 2. Where can I secure a copy of an old book entitled *Folk Lore*? Who is the author of it?—John C. McCracken, Avonmore, Pa.

[The *Plant Hunters*, or *Adventures Among the Himalaya Mountains*, and its sequel, *The Cliff Climbers*, are the works of Captain Mayn Reid you have in mind. 2. There are so many books, both new and old, on *Folk Lore* that we are unable to give any opinion with so little data furnished on the subject of your second query.]

648. Will Open Questions kindly furnish me with the information where I can get a copy of the poem beginning:

The king, the last of his line,
Waits in his home to-day,
Unheeding the rare sunshine
Or the breezes that round him play.

It was published as a tribute to James Russell Lowell about the time of his death. I think it was published in the *Boston Transcript*, but of that I am not sure.—L. C. Burroughs, Providence, R. I.

649. *Miriam*: Could any reader tell me of a book, the heroine of which is named *Miriam*, and whose most striking characteristic is that she makes a home out of every house she enters? This is all I can remember about the book, but it is not *Miriam* by Marion Harland. If any one will reply to me direct, I will gladly send them the postage, and any information will be thankfully received.—W. J. Carmonche, Box 92, Plain Dealing, La.

[*Miriam May*, a *Romance of Real Life*, is the title of a book published in London in 1860. The author, Rev. Arthur Robins, was chaplain to Queen Victoria from 1878 to 1882. Another work of fiction having a heroine named *Miriam* is Mrs. Catherine Ann Warfield's *Miriam Monfort*, published in New York in 1871. If neither of these *Miriams* be the one you seek, perhaps some kindly correspondent may introduce you to the right one.]

650. Can Current Literature inform me the source of the following lines?

They bait their hooks with bits of cheese,
And sit on a rock and bob for fleas.
We bait our hooks with tigers' tails
And sit on a rock and bob for whales.

—Fred Sheldon, Etna, Cal.

651. Some time ago you published in your monthly a collection of single lines from the practical works of Francis Saltus Saltus, stating that later would be published a work entitled *The Anatomy of a Soul* by the same author. Where can a copy of this work be obtained, and what is the price of it?—Thos. Quirk, St. Paul, Minn.

[Apply to G. P. Putnam's Sons, West Twenty-third street, New York City, or to Mr. Edgar Saltus, care of Collier's Weekly, New York City.]

652. *Thomas Brown*: Will you kindly help me to find an old poem of my childhood entitled, *Thomas Brown*, a publication of over sixty years ago. The first verses run thus:

On a fine Sabbath morn in the sweet month of May,
When the hawthorne in blossom was seen;
When perfumes filled the air, and all nature looked
gay,
And the fields wore a livery of green,

Thomas said to his wife, The morning is fine,
Come, let us walk out at our leisure.

And the fields will afford us much pleasure.
—An Ohio Reader.

653. Under the head of Open Questions in Current Literature, will you please answer the following? From what poem, and by whom, are these lines written:

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year.

And if possible publish the poem, All Quiet Along the Potomac, which I have been unable to find after a careful search.—A. Reader, Great Falls, Mont.

[Your quotation is from William Cullen Bryant's familiar and beautiful poem, The Death of the Flowers. It will give us pleasure to print in the Treasure Trove department of an early number the equally familiar poem for which you ask.]

654. *He and Bess*: Will you kindly inform me through your Open Question column who is the author of *He and Bess*, always advertised as companion books to *She and Jess*, by H. Rider Haggard, giving me both the author's real name and his pseudonym.—R. T. D., Blockton, Ia.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

513. *Baby Stuart Again*:

[There is still a difference of opinion, it seems, among our correspondents on this subject. We told all we knew in this department for June and August, and now print the two following letters without comment, other than the gentle reminder to E. M. H. that in Sir Robert Strange's famous engraving James, Duke of York, is in his mother's, not his sister's, arms.]

I think your trouble comes from the fact that you do not really know what is meant by the Baby Stuart picture. I enclose the only one ever sold under that name, and you will see that it is not at all the one from the group where James of York is in his sister's arms. This one is from a group in which this picture of him is at the extreme right of the group. It is the only one, I am very sure, where he appears in this guise, and this is the only picture popularly known as Baby Stuart. It is evidently not a girl.—E. M. H., Pittsfield, Mass.

Since there is so much discussion regarding the famous picture, Baby Stuart, I thought a little sketch I copied from an old St. Nicholas might be interesting to some one. "Baby Stuart was the daughter of Charles I., her name, Princess Anne. She was born on St. Patrick's day, 1637. She died when not quite five years old. An old writer says of her death: Being minded, he says, by those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of death were upon her, I am not able, saith she, to say my long prayer (meaning the Lord's Prayer), but I will say my short one, 'Lighten my eyes, O Lord! lest I sleep the sleep of death.' Thus the dear little lamb gave up the ghost."—Rushie Whedbee, Hertford, N. C.

610. *Counsel Again*: Several years ago (I think in 1882) I cut from a magazine an article called, Parting, by Coventry Patmore, which I still have in my possession among a collection of poems. To-day I notice the same article in your August journal, under the name of Counsel, by M. E. M. Davis, but with slight and rather inferior alterations in some of the lines. I beg to call your attention to the fact, and request you to inform me if some one is not stealing some one else's thunder, and who is the thief. I send you herewith a copy of Mr. Patmore's verse, which is much more poetically written than the one in your journal of this month.—J. C. M., East Orange, N. J.

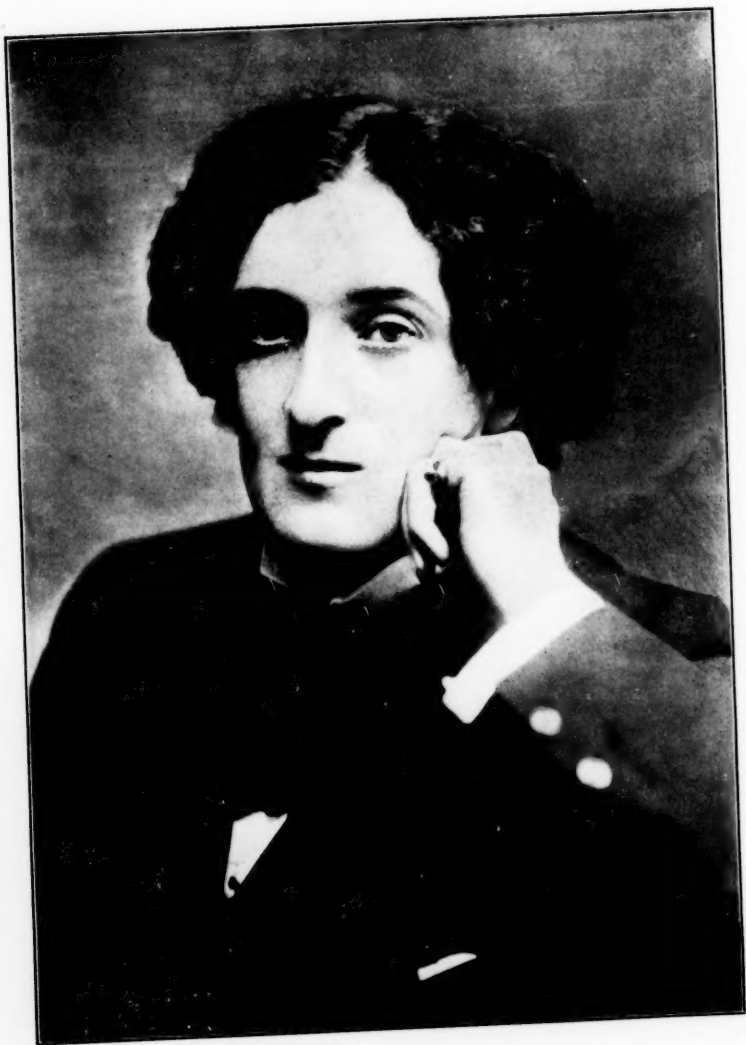
[If our correspondent had read Open Questions for August as well as other departments of the magazine, he would have had his answer earlier. Also, if he had stopped to scan the lines of the copy attributed to Coventry Patmore, which he encloses, he should have been answered. In it every law of scansion, rhyme and reason has been violated. Space will not permit us to print this garbled version of Mrs. Davis' beautiful poem, but we should like to do so as an Awful Example of injury done to delicate workmanship through, in the first place, no doubt, a faulty memory and ignorance of verse structure, then the perpetuation of the error through repetition in going the rounds of the press. This excoriation is not intended for J. C. M., but we are beating over his shoulders the first editor or "copy-maker" who trusted his memory to fill space, and all those that followed blindly in his footsteps. Thanks are due Mrs. Jessie Robinson, Sioux City, Ia., for a correct copy of the poem, sent under the impression that the query which was made in the June number was still unanswered. The poem was printed in our August Treasure Trove department.]

629. *Astrological Predictions*: I noticed in your August number a request for information concerning astrological predictions. Will you please tell G. F. D., of San Francisco, Cal., that he would probably find much to interest him (or her) in a book by Eleanor Kirk called, Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life. (The Idea Publishing Co., Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1.00. Probably any dealer could procure it.) For a more comprehensive work, I should suggest Solar Biology, by H. E. Butler. (The Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Cal., \$5.00.) I came upon these books accidentally, and have found them very interesting and helpful.—N. B. T., Hagerstown, Md.

631. The story of Friendship to which you refer in your query in the August Current Literature, is I believe, The Legend of the Gardener, by Miss Harraden, which I will be pleased to send you if you wish it.—Ethel Hollingshead, New Lisbon, Wis.

[Thank you, Miss Hollingshead. We have lost the address of Miss M., Hopkinsville, Kentucky, whose query you answer; but she will doubtless see this page and communicate with you, if her need of Friendship is not already supplied.]

WFOU



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

(See English Poets of To-Day, page 522)